

The Works
OF
Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

CONTAINING
All his { POEMS,
 { PLAYS,
 { LETTERS, &c

Published by

His Friends (from his own Copies)
to perpetuate his Memory.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Herringman* at the *Anchor* in the
Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1676.

The Works

OF
ST JOHN STECKLING

CONTAINING

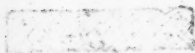
POEMS,

ALL HIS DAYS,

(1611-1633)

EDITED BY

HIS FRIENDS (from his own Copies)
to perpetuate his Memory.



LONDON,

Printed for Wm. Widdowes at the Anchor in the
Lane N. W. of the New Exchange 1633.

FRAGMENTA AVREA.

A Collection of all

THE
INCOMPARABLE PIECES

WRITTEN

By Sir JOHN SUCKLING

*And published by a Friend to perpe-
tuate his Memory.*

Printed by his own Copies.

LONDON, *ps*

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold
at his Shop at the sign of the *Princes Arms*
in *S. Pauls Church-yard*.

1648.

FRAGMENTA AVREA.

A Collection of

THE

INCOMPARABLE PIECES

WRITTEN

BY JOHN BUNNING

And published by a friend to paper
in the year 1710.

Printed by Thomas Cotes

LONDON

Printed for the Author, and are to be sold
at his shop at the Golden Cross
in St. Pauls Church-yard.

Gen. Rec. 21 Dec 1739 MS. A. 16. 70



To the READER.



Hile Sucklings name is
in the forehead of
this Book, these *Poems*
can want no prepa-
ration: It had been

a prejudice to Posterity they
should have slept longer, and an
injury to his own ashes. They that
convers'd with him alive, and tru-
ly, (under which notion I compre-
hend only knowing Gentlemen,
his Soul being transcendant, and
incommunicable to others, but by
reflection) will honour these post-
hume

To the Reader.

hume Idæa's of their friend: And if any have liv'd in so much darkness, as not to have known so great an Ornament of our age, by looking upon these Remains with Civility and Understanding, they may timely yet repent, and be forgiven.

In this age of Paper prostitutions, a man may buy the reputation of some Authors into the price of their Volume; but know, the Name that leadeth into this Elysium, is sacred to *Art and Honour*, and no man that is not excellent in both, is qualified a *Competent Judge*; For when Knowledge is allowed, yet Education in the Censure of a Gentleman, requires as many descents, as goes to make one; and he

that

To the Reader.

that is bold upon his unequal Stock,
to traduce this Name, or Learning
will deserve to be condemned a-
gain into Ignorance his Original
sin, and dye in it.

But I keep back the Ingenuous
Reader, by my unworthy Preface;
The gate is open, and thy Soul In-
vited to a Garden of ravishing va-
riety. Admire his Wit, that cre-
ated these for thy delight, while I
withdraw into a shade, and con-
template who must follow.

P O E M S

&c.

Written by
Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Printed by his own Copy.

The Lyrick Poems were set in
Musick by Mr. *Henry Lawes*, Gent. of the
Kings Chappel, and one of His
Majesties Private Musick.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Tho. Warren* for *Humphry Mofely*, and are
to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the
Princes Arms in *S. Pauls Church-yard*.

1 6 4 8.

2 M E O

22

Admin V

25 JOHN STOCKING

Printed by the State Printer.

The Black Power movement in

Revised by J. W. G. (1980)

all to go for, because it's a

1910

2000

Approved by the Board of Directors

to be left in the hands of the

Chrysomelidae

• 2 2 1



On New Years day 1640.
To the KING.

1.

A Wake (great Sir) the Sun shines here,
Give all Your Subjects a New-year,
Only we stay till you appear,
For thus by us your power is understood,
He may make fair days, You must make them good.

Awake, awake,
and take

Such Presents as poor men can make,
They can add little unto bliss
who cannot wish.

2.

May no ill vapour cloud the skye,
Bold storms invade the Sovereignty,
But gales of joy, so fresh, so high,
That You may think Heav'n sent to try this year,
What sayl, or burthen, a Kings mind could bear.
Awake, &c.

May

3.

May all the discords in your State,
 (Like those in Musick we create)
 Be govern'd at so wise a rate,
 That what would of it self sound harsh, or fright,
 May be temper'd that it may delight,
 Awake, &c.

4.

What Conquerors from battels find,
 Or Lovers when their Doves are kind,
 Take up henceforth our Masters mind,
 Make such strange Rapes upon the place, 't may be
 No longer joy there, but an exasie.
 Awake, &c.

5.

May every pleasure and delight
 That has or does your sence invite
 Double this year, save those o'th night:
 For such a marriage-bed must know no more
 Then repetition of what was before
 Awake, awake,
 and take
 Such presents as poor men can make,
 They can add little unto bliss
 Who cannot wish.

 Living

Loving and Beloved.

1.

There never yet was honest man
That ever drove the trade of Love;
It is impossible, nor can
Integrity our ends promote:
For Kings and Lovers are alike in this
That their cheif art in reign dissembling is.

2.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love,
Good nature now and passion strive,
Which of the two should be above,
And Laws unto the other give,
So we false fire with art some time discover
And the true fire with the same art do cover

3.

What Rack can Fancy find so high?
Here we must Court, and here ingage,
Though in the other place we die.
Oh? 'tis torture all, and couzenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make false love look well.

4.

Since it is thus, God of desire,
Give me my honesty gain,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I'm weary of the State I'm in:

Since

Since (if the very best should now befall)
Loves Triumph, must be Honours Funeral.

1.

If when Don Cupids dart
Doth wound a heart.

we hide our grief
and then relief;

The smart increaseth on that score,
For wounds unsearcht but range more,

2.

Then if we whine, look pale,
And tell our tale,

men are in pain
for us again;

So, neither speaking doth become
The Lovers state, nor being dumb.

3.

When this I do descry,
Then thus think I,

love is the farr
of every heart;

It pains a man when 'tis kept close,
And others doth offend, when 'tis let loose.

A Sessions of the Poets.

A Session was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it (they say)
The Laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And
Therefore the wits of the Town came thither,
Twas strange to see how they flocked together,
Each strongly confident of his own way,
That day thought to carry the Laurel away.

There was Selden, and he sat close by the chair;
Lainman not far off, which was very fair;
And with Townsend, for they kept ne order;
Highy and Shillingworth a little further:

And
There was Lucans Translator too, and he
That makes God speak so big in's Poetry;
Selwin and Waller, and Bartless both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others,

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Repar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the Bayes,
For his were call'd Works, where others were but Plays.

And
Did them remember how he had purg'd the State
Of errors that had lalted many an age.
And he hoped they did not think the silent Woman,
The Fox, and the Alchymist out done by no Man.

Apollo

Apello stopt him there, and bad him not go on;
 'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption
 Must carry't; at which *Ben* turned about
 And in great choler offer'd to go out:

But

Those that were there thought it not fit
 To discontent so antient a wit;
 And therefore *Apello* cal'd him back agen,
 And made him mine host of his own new Inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
 That would not well stand with a Laureat;
 His Muse was Hydebound, and th'issue of's brain
 Was seldome brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And

All that were there present did agree
 That a Laureat Muse should be easie and free,
 Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace
 Consider'd he was well he had a Cup-bearers place.

Will. Davenant asham'd of a foolish mischance
 That he had got lately travelling into France,
 Modestly hoped the handsomeness of's Muse
 Might any deformity about him excuse.

And

Surely the Company would have been content
 If they could have found any President,
 But in all their Records either in Verse or Prose
 There was not one Laureat without a Nose.

To *Will. Bartlet* sure all the wits meant well,
 But first they would see how his snow would sell;
Will smil'd and swore in their judgements they went le
 That concluded of merit upon success.

Suddenly

Suddenly taking his place agen
He gave way to *Selwin*, who straight steps in
But alas! he had been so lately a wit,
That *Apollo* himself scarce knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (pox on him) what made he then?
Was whispering nothing in some bodies ear,
When he had the honour to be nam'd in Court,
But Sir you may thank my Lady *Corail* for't:

For had not her character furnisht you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt,
You and your forry Lady-Muse had been
In the number of those that were not seen.

In hast from the Court two or three came in,
And they brought Letters forsooth from the Queen,
'Twas discreetly done too, for if th'had come
Without them, th'had scarce been let into the Room.

This made a dispute, for 'twas plain to be seen
Each man had a mind to gratifie the Queen:
But *Apollo* himself could not think it fit
There was difference, he said, betwixt fooling and wit.

Sack his next was call'd but did not appear,
But straight one whisper'd *Apollo* in ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the Muses so well as his sport.

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the Trophies of wit,
But *Apollo* was angry, and publicly said
I were fit that a fins were set upon's head.

Tom Montague now stood forth to his tryal,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;

(fo)

But wise *Apollo* asked him first of all
If he understood his own Pastoral.

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the bayes above all the rest,
But the Monsieur was modest, and silence confess:

During these trouble. in the Croud was hid
One that *Apollo* soon mist, little said;
And having spy'd him, call'd him out of the throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

Then *Murray* was summon'd but 'twas urg'd, that he
Was Chief already of another Company.

Hales see by himself most gravely did smile,
To see them about nothing keep such a coil,
Apollo had spied him, but knowing his mind
Past by, and call'd *Falkland*, that sat just behind:

But

He was of late so gone with Divinity,
That he had almost forgot his Poetry,
Though to say the truth (and *Apollo* did know it)
He might have been both his Priest and his Poet,

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which *Will. Davenant* began to swear,
But wiser *Apollo* had him draw nigher
And when he was mounted a little higher.

He openly declared it was the best sign
Of good store of wit, to have good store of Coyn,
And without a Syllable more or less said,
He put the Laurel on the Aldermans head.

One upon another, not a man in the place
But had discontent writ in great in his face.

Onely the small Poets clear'd up again,
Out of hopes as 'twas thought of borrowing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his Crow n
When he lends any Poets about the Town.

Loves World.

IN each mans heart that doth begin
To love, there's ever fram'd within
A little World, for so I found
When fi ft my passion reason drown'd.

In stead of *Earth* unto this frame,
I had a *Faith* was still the same;
For to be right it doth behoove
It be as that, fixt and not move ;

Earth

Yet as the *Earth* may sometime shake
(For winds shut up will cause a quake)
So, of en Jealousie, and Fear,
Stoln into mine, cause tremblings there.

My *Flora* was my *Sun* ; for as
One *Sun*, so but one *Flora* was :
All other faces borrowed hence
Their Light and Grace, as Stars do thence.

Sun

My hopes I call my *Moon* ; for they
Inconstant still were at no stay,

Moon

B

But

But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
Or more or less were sure to be:

Sometimes it would be full and then
Oh too too soon decrease agen;
Eclipt sometimes, that 'twould so fall
There would appear no hope at all.

My thoughts cause infinite they be,
Must be those many *Stars* we see;
Of which some wandred at their will,
But most on her were fixed still.

*Stars,**Fixed
Planets.*

My burning flame and hot desire
Must be the *Element of fire*,
Which hath as yet so secret been
That it as that was never seen:

*Element
of fire*

No Kitching fire nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot but in name;
A fire that's starv'd when fed and gone
When too much fewel is laid on.

But as it plainly doth appear,
That Fire subsists by being near
The Moons bright Orb, so I believe
Ours doth, for Hope keeps Love alive.

My fancy was the *Air*, most free
And full of mutability,
Big with Chimera's, vapors here
Innumerable hatcht as there.

Air.

The Sea's my mind, which calm would be
Were it from winds (my passions) free;

*Sea**But*

But out alas ! no Sea I find
Is troubled like a Lovers mind.

Within it Rocks and Shallows be,
Despair and fond Credulity.

But in this world it were good reason
We did distinguish Time and Season ;
Her presence then did make the Day,
And Night shall come when she's away.

Long absence in far distant place
Creates the *Winter* ; and the space
She carried with me ; well I might,
Call it my *Summer* of delight.

Winter

Summer

Diversity of weather came
From what she did, and thence had name ;
Sometimes sh' would smile, that made it fair ;
And when she laugh'd, the Sun shin'd clear.

Sometimes sh' would frown, and sometimes weep,
So Clouds and Rain their turns do keep ;
Sometimes again sh' would be all ice,
Extreamly cold, extreamly nice.

But soft my Muse, the World is wide,
And all at once was not descry'd :
It may fall out some honest Lover
The rest hereafter will discover.

B 2

Song.

Song.

Why so pale and wan, fond Lover?
 prethee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 looking ill prevail;
 prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute young Sinner?
 prethee why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 saying nothing do't:
 prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
 this cannot take her;
 If of her self she will not love,
 nothing can make her:
 the Devil take her.

Sonnet. I.

1.

Dost see how unregarded now
 that piece of beauty passes?
 There was a time when I did vow
 to that alone;
 but mark the fate of faces;
 The red and white works now no more on me,
 Than if it could not charm, or I not see,

And

2.

And yet the face continues good,
 And I have still desires,
 And still the self same flesh and blood,
 as apt to melt
 and suffer from those fires;
 Oh ! some kind power unriddle where it lies,
 Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.

3.

She every day her Man does kill,
 And I as often die;
 Neither her power then nor my will
 can question'd be :
 what is the mystery ?
 Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
 Have certain periods set, and hidden fates.

Sonnet II.

1.

O F thee (kind boy) I ask no red and white
 to make up my delight :
 no odd becoming graces,
 Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in face;
 Make me but mad enough, give me good store
 Of Love, for he I Court,
 I ask no more,
 'Tis love in love that makes the sport.

B 3

There's

2.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
 it is meer cosenage all;
 for though some long ago
 Lik'd certain colours mingled so and so,
 That doth not tie me now from chusing new,
 If I a fancy take

 To black and b'ew,
 That fancy doth it beauty make.

3.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
 makes eating a delight,
 and if I like one dish
 More than another, that a Pheasant is;
 What in our Watch-s, that in us is found;
 So to the height and nick
 We up be wound,
 No matter by what hand or trick.

Sonnet III.

1.

O H! for some honest Lovers Ghost,
 Some kind unbodied post
 Sent from the shades below!
 I ft angelly long to know
 Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,
 Those that their mistress scorn did bear,
 Or those that were us'd kindly.

For

2.

For what so e're they tell us here.

To make those sufferings dear,
'Twill there I fear be found,
That to the being crown'd

T'have lov'd alone will not suffice,

Unless we also have been wise,
And have our loves enjoy'd.

3.

What posture can we think him in,

That here unlov'd agen
Departs, and's thither gone
Where each sits by his own?

Or how can that *Elizium* be

Where I my Mistress still must see
Circled in others Arms.

4.

For there the Judges all are just,

And *Sophonisba* must
Be his whom she held dear;
Not his who lov'd her here;

The sweet *Philoclea* since she dy'd,

Lies by her *Pirocles* his side,
Not by *Amphialus*.

5.

Some Bayes (perchance) or Myrtle bough

For difference crowns the brow
Of those kind souls that were
The noble Martyrs here;

And if that be the only odds

(As who can tell) the kinder Gods,

Give me the woman here.

B 4

To

For

To his much honored, the Lord Lepinton, upon his Translation of Malvezzi his Romulus and Tarquin.

IT is so rare and new a thing to see
 Ought that belongs to young Nobility,
 In print (but their own clothes) that we must praise
 You, as we would do those first shew the ways
 To Arts, or to new Worlds: you have begun;
 Taught travel'd youth what 'tis it should have done;
 For 't has indeed too strong a custom been
 To carry out more wit than we bring in.
 You have done otherwise, brought home (my Lord)
 The choicest things sam'd Countries do afford;
Malvezzi by your means is English grown,
 And speaks our tongue as well now as his own.
Malvezzi, he whom 'tis as hard to praise
 To merit, as to imitate his ways.
 He does not shew us *Rome* great suddenly,
 As if the Empire were a Tympany,
 But gives a natural growth, tells how, and why
 The little body grew so large and high.
 Describes each thing so lively, that we are
 Concern'd our selves before we are aware:
 And at the wars they and their Neighbors wag'd,
 Each man is present still, and still engag'd.
 Like a good Prospective he strangely brings
 Things distant to us: And in these two Kings.

We

We see what made greatness. And what 't has been
 Made that greatness contemptible again.
 And all this not rediously deriv'd,
 But like to Worlds in little Maps contriv'd.
 'Tis he that doth the Roman Dame restore,
 Makes *Lucrece* chaster for her being Whore ;
 Gives her a kind Revenge for *Tarquins* sin ;
 For ravish first, she ravisheth again.
 She says such fine things after 't, that we must
 In spite of vertue thank foul Rape and Lust,
 Since 'twas the cause no Woman would have had,
 Though she's of *Lucrece* side, *Tarquin* less bad.
 But stay ; like one that thinks to bring his friend
 A mile or two, and sees the journeys end,
 I straggle on too far : long graces do
 But keep good stomacks off that would fall too.

Against Fruition.

S TAY here fond youth and ask no more, be wise,
 Knowing too much long since lost Paradise ;
 The vertuous joys thou hast, thou would'st should still
 Last in their pride ; and wouldst not take it ill
 If rudely from sweet dreams (and for a toy)
 Tho' wert wake't ? he wakes himself that does enjoy.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys,
 And while it pleaseth much the palate, cloy's ;
 Who thinks he shall be happier for that,
 As reasonably might hope he might grow fat

By

By eating to a Surfet ; this once past,
What relishes ? even kisses lose their taste.

Urge not 'tis necessary alas ! we know
The homeliest thing which mankind does it so ;
The world is of a vast extent we see,
And must be peopled ; Children there must be ;
So must Bread too ; but since they are enough
Born to the drugery, what need we plough ?

Women enjoy'd (what e're before't have been)
Are like Romances read, or fights once seen ;
Fruition's dull, and spoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the Plot before :
'Tis expectation makes a Blessing dear,
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leave's us room to guess, so here restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are poor,
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

I.

T Here never yet was woman made,
nor shall, but to be curst,
And oh ! that I (fond I) should first
of any Lover
This truth at my own charge to other fools discover :

You

2.

You that have promis'd to your selves
 propriety in love,
 Know womens hearts like straws do move,
 and what we call
 Their sympathy, is but love to jett in general.

3.

All mankind are alike to them;
 and though we iron find
 That never with a Load stone joyn'd,
 'Tis not the irons fault,
 It is because the Load stone yet was never brought.

4.

If where a gentle Bee hath fall'n
 and laboured to his power,
 A new succeeds not to that Flower,
 but passes by,
 'Tis to be thought, the gallant elsewhere loads his thigh.

5.

For still the flowers ready stand,
 one buzzes round about,
 One lights, one tastes, gets in, gets out
 all, all ways use them,
 'Till all their sweets are gone, and all again refuse them.

Song.

Song.

I.

N O, no, fair Heretick, it needs must be
But an ill love in me,
And worse for thee ;
For were it in my power,
To love thee now this hour
More than I did the last ;
I would then so fall
I might not love at all ;
Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.

3.

True love is still the same : the Torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones
It must not know :
For love grown cold or hot,
Is lust, or friendship, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would die
Held down, or up too high :
Then think I love more than I can express,
And would love more, could I but love thee less.

To

*To my Friend Will. Davenant
upon his Poem of Madagascar.*

WHat mighty Princes Poets are? those things
The great ones stick at, and our very Kings
Lay down, they venter on, and with great ease,
Discover, conquer, what, and where they please.
Some Flegmatick Sea-Captain would have staid
For money now, or victuals; not have waid
Anchor without 'em; Thou (*Will.*) dost not stay
So much as for a wind, but go'st away,
Land'st, view'st the Countrey, fight'st, putt'st all to rout,
Before another could be putting out!
And now the News in Town is, *Davenant's* come
From *Madagascar*, fraught with Laurel home;
And welcom (*Will.*) for the first time, but prethee
In thy next Voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

*To my Friend Will. Davenant on
his other Poems.*

THou hast redeem'd us, *Will.* and future times
Shall not account unto the Age's crimes
Dearth of pure wit: since the great Lord of it
(*Donne*) parted hence, no Man has ever wit
So near him, in's own way: I would commend
Particulars, but then, how should I end
Without a volume? Every line of thine
Would ask (to praise it right) twenty of mine.

Love

1.

Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
 Three mates to play at Barley break ;
 Love, Folly took ; and Reason, Fancy ;
 And Hate consorts with Pride ; so dance they :
 Love coupled last, and so it fell
 That love and Folly were in Hell.

2.

They break, and Love would Reason meet,
 But Hate was nimbler on her feet ;
 Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
 Hies, and they two hugg together :
 Yet this new coupling still doth tell
 That Love and Folly were in Hell.

3.

The rest do break again, and Pride
 Hath now got Reason on her side ;
 Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
 Untouch'd by Love in Folly's hand ;
 Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
 So Love and Folly were in Hell.

Song.

Song.

1.

Prethee spare me gentle Boy,
 Prefs me no more for that flight toy,
 That foolish trifle of an heart;
 I swear it will not do its part,
 Though thou doest thine, employ 'st thy power and art.

2.

For through long custome it has known
 The little secrets, and is grown
 Sullen and wise, will have its will,
 And like old Hawks pursues that still
 That makes least sport, flies onely where't can kill.

3.

Some youth that has not made his story
 Will think perchance the pain's the glory;
 And mannerly fit our Loves Feast;
 I shall be carving of the best,
 Rudely call for the last course fore the rest.

4.

And oh! when once that course is past,
 How short a time the Feast doth last!
 Men rise away, and scarce say Grace,
 Or civilly once thank the face
 That did invite, but seek another place.

Upon

*Upon my Lady Carlies walking in
Hampton-Court-Garden.*

D I A L O G U E.

T. C.

J. S.

Thom.

Didst thou not find the place inspir'd,
And flowers as if they had desir'd
No other Sun, start from their beds,
And for a sight steal out their heads?
Heardst thou not musick when she talk't?
And didst not find that as she walkt
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as Bean blossoms newly out,
Or chafed spices give? —

J. S.

I must confess those perfumes (*Tom*)
I did not smell, nor found that from
Her passing by, ought sprung up new,
The flowers had all their birth from you:
For I pass't o're the self same walk,
And did not find one single Stalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after-spring.

Thom.

Dull and insensible, couldst see
A thing so near a Deity

Move

Move up and down and feel no change?

J. S.

None, and so great, were alike strange;
I had my thoughts, but not your way;
All are not born (Sir) to the Bay;
Alas! *Tom*, I am flesh and blood,
And was consulting how I could
In spite of Masks and Hoods descry
The parts deny'd unto the eye;
I was undoing all she wore,
And had she walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her first state had not been
More naked, or more plainly seen.

Thom.

'Twas well for thee she left the place;
There is great danger in that face;
But hadst thou view'd her leg and thigh,
And upon that discovery
Searcht after parts that are more dear
(As fancy seldom stops so near)
No time nor age had ever seen
So lost a thing as thou hadst been.

To Mr. Davenant for Absence.

Wonder not if I stay not here,
Hurt Lovers (like to wounded Deer)
Must shift the place; for standing still
Leaves too much time to know our ill;
Where there is a Traitors eye
That lets in from th' Enemy

All that may supplant an heart,
 'Tis time the Chief should use some Art.
 Who parts the object from the sense,
 Wisely cuts off intelligence.
 O how quickly men must dy,
 Should they stand all Loves Battery !
Perfindaes eyes great mischief do ,
 So do we know the Cannon too ;
 But men are safe at distance still,
 Where they reach not, they cannot kill.
 Love is a Fir, and soon is past,
 Ill dyet only makes it last ;
 Who is still looking, gazing ever,
 Drinks Wine i'th very height o'th' Fever.

Against Absence.

MY whining Lover, what needs all
 These vows of life Monastical ?
 Despairs, retirements, jealousies,
 And subtle sealing up of eyes ?
 Come, come be wise ; return again,
 A finger burnt's as great a pain ;
 And the same Physick, self same Art
 Cures that, would cure a flaming heart,
 Would'st thou whilst yet the fire is in,
 But hold it to the fire again.
 If you (Dear Sir) the Plague have got,
 What matter is't whether or not
 They let you in the same house lie,
 Or carry you abroad to die ?
 He whom the Plague, or Love once takes,
 Every Room a Pest-House makes.

Absence

Absence were good, if it were but sense
 That only holds th' intelligence :
 Pure Love alone no hurt would do ;
 But Love is Love and Magick too ;
 Brings a Mistress a thousand miles,
 And the sleight of looks beguiles,
 Makes her enterrain thee there,
 And the same time your Rival here ;
 And (oh ! the Devil) that she should
 Say finer things now than she would ;
 So nobly Fancy doth supply
 What the dull sense lets fall and die.
 Beauty like man's old Enemy's known
 To tempt him most when he's alone :
 The Air of some wild o'ergrown Wood
 Or pathless Grove is the Boys food.
 Return then back, and feed thine eye,
 Feed all thy senses and feast high.
 Spare Dyer is the cause Love lasts,
 For Surfers sooner kill than Fasts.

*A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of
 Verses of Mr. William Shake-
 spears, By the Author.*

1.

O Ne of her hands, one of her Cheeks lay under,
 Cozening the Pillow of a lawful kiss,
 Which therefore swel'd, and seem'd to part asunder,
 As angry to be rob'd of such a bliss :
 The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,
 While t'other blusht, 'cause it had done the wrong.

C 2

Out

2.

Out of the Bed the other fair hand was
 On a green Sattin Quilt, whose perfect white
 Lookt like a Dazie in a field of gras,
 * And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight; * Thus far
 There lay this pretty perdue; safe to keep *Shake-*
 The rest oth' body that lay fast asleep. *spear.*

3.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
 Strove to imprison beauty till the morn:
 But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
 That it broke through, and shew'd it self in scorn,
 Throwing a kind of light about the place,
 Which turn'd to smiles still as't came near her face.

4.

Her beams (which some dull men cal'd hair) divided
 Part with her Cheeks, part with her lips did sport,
 But these, as rude, her breath put by still; some
 Wiselyer downwards sought, but falling short,
 Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn agen
 To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

That none beguiled be by times quick flowing,
 Lovers have in their hearts a clock still going;
 For though time be nimble, his motions
 are quicker
 and thicker
 where love hath his notions:

Hope

(37)

Hope is the main-spring on which moves desire,
And these do the less wheels, Fear, Joy, inspire,
the ballance is thought, evermore
clicking
and striking,
and ne're giving o're.

Occasion's the hand which still's moving round,
Till by it the critical hour may be found,
And when that falls out, it will strike
kisses,
strange blisses,
and what you best like.

1.

TIs now since I sat down before
That foolish Fort, a heart ;
(Time strangely spent) a year, and more,
And still I did my part :

2.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise,
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

3.

Proceeded on with no less Arr,
My Tongue was Engineer ;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

C 3

When

4.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great Cannon-oaths, and shor
A thousand thousand to the Town,
And still it yielded not.

5.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praying and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

6.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in :
And brought my self to lye at length
As if no siege had been.

7.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The Enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

8.

I sent to know from whence and where,
These hopes, and this relief ?
A Spy inform'd, Honor was there,
And did command in chief.

9.

March, march (quoth I) the word straight give,
Lets lose no time but leave her ;
The Giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our Camp remove
 As will no siege abide ;
 I have a fool that starves her Love
 Onely to feed her pride.

Upon my Lord Brohals Wedding.

D I A L O G U E.

S.

B.

S. **I**N Bed dull man,
 When *Love* and *Hymens* Revels are begun,
 And the Church Ceremonies past and done !
 Why who's gone mad to day ?

B Dull Heretick, thou wouldst say,

S. He that is gone to Heaven's gone astray ;
Brobal our gallant friend

Is gone to Church as Martyrs to the fire :

Who marry differ i'th' end,

Since both do rake

The hardest way to what they most desire :

Nor staid he till the formal Priest had done,

But ere that part was finish'd, his begun :

Which did reveal

The haste and eagerness men have to seal

That long to tell the money.

A sprigg of Willow in his Hat he wore,

(The Losers badg and liv'ry heretofore)

C 4

But

But now so ordered that it might be taken
By lookers on, for faking as forsaken,
And now and then

A careless smile broke forth, which spoke his mind,
And seem'd to say she might have been more kind.

When this (dear Jack) I saw,
Thought I

How weak is Lovers Law ?

The Bonds made there (like Gypsies knots) with ease
Are fast and loose, as they that hold them please.

But was the fair Nymphs praise or power less
That led him Captive now to happiness,
'Cause she did not a foreign aid despise,
But enterr'd breaches made by others eyes ?

The Gods forbid ;

There must be some to shoor and batter down,
Others to force and to take in the Town.

To Hawkes (good Jack) and Harts
There may

Be sev'ral ways and Arts ;

One watches them perchance, and makes them tame ;
Another, when they are ready, shews them Game.

Sir,

Whether these lines do find you out,
Putting or clearing of a doubt,
(Whether predestination,
Or reconciling three in one,
Or the unriddling how men die,
And live at once eternally,
Now raise you up) know 'tis decreed
You straight bestride the Colledge Steed

Leave

Leave *Socinas* and the Schoolmen;
 (Which *Jack Bond* swears do but fool men)
 And come to Town ; 'tis fit you show
 Your self abroad, that men may know
 (What e're some learned men have gueſt)
 That Oracles are not yet ceas't :
 There you shall find the wit and wine
 Flowing alike ; and both divine :
 Dishes, with names not known in books,
 And less amongst the Colledge Cooks,
 With sauce so pregnant that you need
 Not stay till hunger bids you feed.
 The sweat of learned *Johnsons* brain,
 And gentle *Shakespear's* eas'er strain,
 A Hackney-coach conveys you to,
 In spite of all that rain can do :
 And for your eighteen pence you sit
 The Lord and Judg of all fresh wit.
 News in one day as much w' have here
 As serves all *Windſor* for a year,
 And which the Carrier brings to you,
 After 't has here been found not true.
 Then think what Company's design'd
 To meet you here, men so refin'd ;
 Their very common talk at board,
 Makes wise or mad a young Court Lord,
 And makes him capable to be
 Umpire in's Fathers Company.
 Where no disputes nor forc'd defence
 Of a mans person for his sence
 Take up the time ; all strive to be
 Masters of truth, as Victory :
 And where you come, I'd boldly swear
 A Synod might as eas'ly erre

Against

Against Fruition.

FYe upon hearts that burn with mutual fire :
 I hate two minds that breath but one desire :
 Were I to curse th' unhallow'd sort of men,
 I'de wish them to love, and be lov'd agen.
 Love's a *Camelion*, that lives on meer ayr ;
 And suffers when it comes to grosser fare :
 'Tis ^{pry} Jealousies, and little fears,
 Hopes joyn'd with doubts, and Joys with *April* tears,
 That crowns our Love with pleasures : these are gone
 When once we come to full *Fruition*.
 Like waking in a morning, when all night
 Our fancy hath been fed with true delight.
 Oh ! what a stroke 'twould be ! sure I should die,
 Should I but hear my Mistress once say, I,
 That monster Expectation, feeds too high
 For any Woman e're to satisfie :
 And no brave Spirit ever car'd for that
 Which in Doun-beds with ease he could come at,
 Shee's but an honest whore that yields, although
 She be as cold as Ice, as pure as Snow :
 He that enjoys her hath no more to say,
 But keep us fasting if you'l have us pray.
 Then fairest Mistress, hold the power you have,
 But still denying what we still do crave :
 In keeping us in hopes strange things to see
 That never were, nor are, nor e're shall be.

A BALLADE :

Upon a Wedding.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen ;
 Oh things without compare !
 Such fights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at Wake, or Fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,
 There is a house with stairs ;
 And there did I see coming down
 Such folk as are not in our Town,
 Vorty at least, in Pairs.

Amongst the rest one Pest'lent fine,
 (His beard no bigger though than thine)
 Walkt on before the rest :
 Our Landlord looks like nothing to him :
 The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
 Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-Park, without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i'th' Town :
 Though lusty *Roger* there had been,
 Or little *George* upon the Green,
 Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But

But wot you what ? the youth was going
To make an end of all his woing ;

The Parson for himstaid
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much with all past,
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a Tale)
For such a maid no whitson-ale
Could ever yet produce :
No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of Juice:

Her finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a Peck :
And to say truth (for our it must)
It lookt like the great Collar (just)
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her Peticoar,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way !
No Sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kist her once or twice,
But she would not, she was nice,
she would not do't in sight,
And then she lookt as who should say
I will do what I list to day ;
And you shall do't at night.

Her Cheeks so rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes comparifon,
(Who sees them is undone)

or streaks of red were mingled there;
such as are on a Kathern Pear,

(The side that's next the Sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin;

(Some Bee had stung it newly.)

But (*Dick*) her eyes so guard her face;
durst no more upon them gaze

Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thoud'st swear her teeth her words did break,

That they might passage get;

But she so handled still the matter,

They came as good as ours, or better,

And are not spent a whir.

If wishing should be any sin,

The Parson himself had guilty been;

(She lookt that day so purely,)

And did the youth so oft the feat

At night, as some did in conceit,

It would have spoil'd him surely.

Just in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,

And all the waiters in a trice

His summons did obey;

Each serving man with dish in hand,

Marcht boldly up, like our Train'd Band,

Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,

What man of knife or teeth was able

To stay to be intreated?

And this the very reason was,

Before the Parson could say Grace,

The Company was seated,

The

The bus'ness of the Kirchin's gear,
 For it is fit that men should ear;
 Nor was it there deni'd ;
 Passion oh me ! how I run on !
 There's that that should be thought upon
 (I trow) besides the Bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carrouse ;
 Healths first go round, and then the House,
 The Brides came thick and thick :
 And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
 Perhaps he made it hers by stealth
 (And who could help it ? Dick)

On the sodain up they rise and dance ;
 Then sit again and sigh, and glance :
 Then dance again and kiss :
 Thus several ways the time did pass,
 Till ev'ry Woman wisht her place,
 And ev'ry Man wisht his.

By this time all were stoln aside
 To counsel and undress the Bride ;
 But that he must not know :
 But yet 'twas thought he guess her mind,
 And did not mean to stay behind
 Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay
 Like new-faln snow melting away,
 (Twas time I trow to part)
 Kisses were now the onely stay,
 Which soon she gave, as who would say,
 Good Boy ! with all my heart.

But just as Heavens would have to cross it,
 In came the Bridemaids with the Posset :
 The Bridegroom eat in spight ;

or had he left the Women to't
 would have cost two hours to do'r,
 Which were too much that night.

At length the Candles out and our,
 All that they had not done, they do't;
 What that is who can tell?

But I believe it was no more
 Than thou and I have done before
 With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

MY dearest Rival, lest our Love
 Should with excentric motion move,
 Before it learn to go astray,
 We'll teach and set it in a way,
 And such directions give unto't,
 That it shall never wander Foot.
 Know first then, we will serve as true
 For one poor smile, as we would do
 If we had what our higher flame,
 Or else our vainer wish could frame.
 Impossible shall be our hope;
 And Love shall onely have his scope
 To joyn with Fancy now and then,
 And think what reason would condemn:
 And one these grounds we'll love as true,
 As if they were most sure to ensue:
 And chastly for these things we'll stay,
 As if to morrow were the day.
 Mean time we two will teach our hearts
 In Loves burdens bear their parts:
 Thou first shalt sigh, and say she's fair;
 And I'll still answer, *Past compare*.

Thou

Thou shalt set out each'part o'th' face;
 While I extol each little grree;
 Thou shalt be ravisht at her wit;
 And I, that she so governs it:
 Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye;
 That lip, that look, that Majesty;
 And in good language them adore:
 While I want words and do it more.
 Yea we will fit and figh a while,
 And with soft thoughts some time beguile;
 But straight again break out and praise
 All we had done before new-ways.
 Thus will we do till paler Death
 Come with a Warrant for our breath,
 And then whose fate shall be to dy
 First of us two, by Legacy
 Shall all his store bequeath, and give
 His love to him that shall survive;
 For no one stock can ever serve
 To love so much as she'l deserve.

Song.

1.

Honest Lover whatsoever,
 If in all thy Love there ever
 Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
 Were not still even, still the same:

Know this,

Thou lov'st amiss,

And to love true,

Thou must begin again and love anew.

2.

When she appears i'th' room,
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
 And in striving this to cover
 Dost not speak thy words twice over,

Know this,

Thou lov'st amiss,

And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

3.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
 And all defects for graces take,
 Perswad'st thy self that jeasts are broken,
 When she hath little or nothing spoken;

Know this,

Thou lov'st amiss,

And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

D

If

4.
 If when thou appearest to be within,
 Thou let'st not men ask and ask again;
 And when thou answerest, if it be
 To what was askt thee properly,

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love a new,

5.
 If when thy stomach calls to eat,
 Thou cut'st not fingers 'steed of meat;
 And with much gazing on her face,
 Dost not rise hungry from the place,

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love a new.

6.
 If by this thou dost discover
 That thou art no perfect Lover;
 And desiring to love true,
 Thou dost begin to love a new:

Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love a new.

Upon

Upon two Sisters.

Believ't young Man, I can as eas'ly tell
 How many yards and inches 'tis to hell,
 Unriddle all predestination,
 Or the nice points we now dispute upon;
 Had the three Goddesses been just as fair,

It had not been so easily decided,
 And sure the apple must have been divided :
 It must, it must; he's impudent, dares say
 Which is the handsomer till ones away.
 And it was necessary it should be so ;
 Wise Nature did foresee it, and did know
 When she had fram'd the eldest that each heart
 Must at the first sight feel the blind gods dart :
 And sure as can be, had she made but one,
 No plague had been more sure destruction ;
 For we had lik'd, lov'd, burnt to ashes too,
 In half the time that we are chusing now :
 Variety and equal objects make
 The busie eye still doubtful which to take,
 This lip, this hand, this foot, this eye, this face,
 The others body, gesture, or her grace :
 And whilst we thus dispute which of the two,
 We unresolv'd go out, and nothing do.
 He sure is happy't that has hopes of either,
 Next him is he that sees them both together.

To his Rival.

NOW we have taught our Love to know
 That it must creep where't cannot go,
 And be for once content to live,
 Since here it cannot have to thrive;
 It will not be amiss t'enquire
 What fuel should maintain this fire;
 For fires do either flame to high,
 Or where they cannot flame, they die.
 First then (my half but better heart)
 Know this must wholly be her part;
 (For thou and I, like Clocks are wound
 Up to the height, and must move round)
 She then by still denying what
 We fondly crave, shall such a rate
 Set on each trifle, that a kiss
 Shall come to be the utmost bliss.
 Where sparks meer fire do meet with tinder,
 Those sparks meer fire will still engender:
 To make this good, no debt shall be
 From service or fidelity;
 For she shall ever pay that score,
 By only bidding us do no more:
 So (though still she a niggard be)
 In gracing, wher's none due, shee's free:
 The favors she shall cast on us,
 (Least we should grow presumptuous)
 Shall not with too much love be shown,
 Nor yet the common way still done;
 But ev'ry smile and little glance
 Shall look half lent, and half by chance:

The Ribbon, Fan, or Muffe that she
 Would should be kept by thee or me,
 Should not be giv'n before too many,
 But neither thrown to's when there's any ;
 So that herself should doubtful be
 Whether 'twere fortune flung't, or she.
 She shall not like the thing we do
 Sometimes, and yet shall like it too ;
 Nor any notice take at all
 Of what, we gone, she would extol :
 Love she shall feed, but fear to nourish,
 For where fear is, love cannot flourish ;
 Yet live it must, nay must and shall,
 While *Desdemona* is at all :
 But when she's gone, then Love shall die,
 And in her grave buried lie.

Farewell to Love.

1.

W^Ell shadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well :
 How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
 At least so well
 As he that now hates more
 Than er'e he lov'd before.

2.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,
 No longer must you me deceive,
 Since I perceive
 All the deceit, and know
 Whence the mistake did grow.

3.

As he whose quicker eye doth trace
A false star shot to a mark't place,

Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
Agelly up do's snatch.

4.

So our dull souls tasting delight
Far off, by sence, and appetite,

Think that is right
And real good, when yet,
'Tis but the Counterfeit.

5

Oh! how I glory now I that I
Have made this new discovery:

Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I encrease that score,

6,

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to see
VVhat manner of deaths-head 'twil be,

When it is free,
From that fresh upper skin:
The gazers Joy, and sin.

7.

The Gum and glist'ning which with art
And studi'd method, in each part,

Hangs down the heart,
Looks (just) as if, that day
Snails there had crawl'd the Hay.

8.

Locks, that curl'd o're each ear be
 ing like two Master-worms to me,
 That (as we see)
 Have tasted to the rest
 Two holes, where they lik' t best.

9.

quick course me think I spy
 ev'ry woman; and mine eye,
 At passing by
 Check, and is troubled, just
 As if it rose from dust,

10.

They mortifie, not heighten me :
 these of my sins the Glasses be,
 And here I see
 How I have lov'd before,
 And so I love no more .

 F I N I S .

... that could be ...
... the ...
... (...)
... to the ...
... two ...

... the ...
... every ...
... as ...
... Check ...
... the ...

... not ...
... of ...
... and ...
... have ...
... the ...

FINIS

LETTERS

To divers Eminent

PERSONAGES:

Written on several Occasions

By

Sir *JOHN SUCKLING.*

Printed by his own Copy.



L O N D O N.

Printed for *Humphrey Mosely* at the Prince's Arms
in *St. Paul's Church-yard.* 1658.

LETTERS

To the Hon. the Lords of the Council

PERSEUS

VERSES

OF

THE

POETRY

OF

THE

ANCIENTS

AND

THE

MODERNS

IN

THE

ART

OF



Fortune and Love have ever been so
 incompatible, that it is no wonder
 (Madam) if having had so much of
 the one for you, I have ever found
 so little of the other for my self:
 coming to the Town (and having rid as if I had
 bought intelligence of a new landed Enemy to the
 state, I find you gone the day before, and with you
 Madam) all that is considerable upon the place;
 though you have left behind you, faces whose
 beauties might well excuse perjury in others, yet in
 they cannot, since to the making that no sin,
 loves Casuists have most rationally resolved, that
 for whom we forsake, ought to be handsomer
 then the forsaken, which would be here impossible:
 that now a gallery hung with *Titians* or *Vandikes*
 and, & a chamber filled with living excellence, are
 the same things to me, and the use that I shall make
 that Sex now, will be no other then that which the
 sever sort of Catholics do of pictures; at the high-
 est, they but serve to raise my devotion to you:
 could a great beauty now resolve to take me in
 that is all they think belongs to it) with the
 tillery of her eyes, it would be as vain, as for a
 Thief

Theif to set upon a new robd passenger ; You (Master) have my heart already, nor can you use unkindly but with some injustice, since [beside that it left a good service to wait on you] it was never known to stay so long, or so willingly before with any; After all, the wages will not be high for it hath been brought up under Platonick and knows no other way of being paid for service, then by being commanded more ; which truth when you doubt, you have it but to send to its master and

Your humble Servant
J. S.

A Dissuasion from Love.

Jack.

THough your disease be in the number of those that are better cured with time than precept, yet since it is lawful for every man to practice upon them that are forsaken and given over [which I take to be your State] I will adventure to prescribe to you, and of the innocence of the Physick you shall not need to doubt, since I can assure you I take it daily my self.

To begin Methodically, I should enjoyn you Travel ; for Absence doth in a kind remove the cause [removing the object] and answers the Physicians first Recipez, vomiting and purging ; but this would be too harsh, and indeed not agreeing

ing to my way. I therefore advise you to see her
often as you can, for [besides that the Rarity of
suits endears them] this may bring you to surprise
her, and to discover little defects, which though
they cure not absolutely, yet they quallifie the fury
of the Feaver: As near as you can let it be unsea-
sonably, when she is in sickness and disorder, for
that will let you know she is mortal, and a Woman,
and the last would be enough to a Wise Man: If
you could draw her to discourse of things she un-
derstands not, it would not be amiss.

Contrive your self often into the Company of
the cryed up Beauties, for if you read but one
book, it will be no wonder if you speak or write
that stile; variety will breed distraction, and that
will be a kind of diverting the humor.

I would not have you deny your self the little
things (for these Agents are easier cured with Sur-
rets then abstinence) rather [if you can] taste all;
for that [as an old Author saith] will let you see

That the thing for which we woe,

Is not worth so much ado.

But since that here would be impossible, you must
be content to take it where you can get it. And
this for your comfort I must tell you [Jack] that
Mistresse and Woman differ no otherwise then
Frontiniack and ordinary Grapes: which though
a man loves never so well, yet if he surfeit of the
last, he will care but little for the first.

I would have you leave that foolish humour

(Jack)

(*Jack*) of saying you are not in love with her, and pretending you care not for her; for smothered fires are dangerous, and malicious humours are best and safest vented & breathed out. Continue your affection on to your Rival still, that will secure you from one way of loving, which is in spite; And preserve your friendship with her woman, for who knows but she may help you to the remedy?

A jolly glass and right Company would much conduce to the cure; for though in the Scripture (by the way it is but *Apocrypha*) Woman is resolved stronger than Wine, yet whether it will be so or not, when wit is joyned to it, may prove a fresh question.

Marrying (as our Friend the late Ambassador hath wittily observed) would certainly cure it; but that is a kind of live Pigeons laid to the soles of the Feet, a last remedy, and (to say truth) worse than the disease.

But (*Jack*) I remember I promised you a letter, not a Treaty; I now expect you should be just, and as I have shewed you how to get out of love, so you (according to our bargain) should teach me how to get into it; I know you have but one way, and will prescribe me now to look upon *Mistress Howard* but for that I must tell you beforehand, that it is love as in Antipathy; the Capers which will make my Lord of *Dorset* go from the Table, another man will eat up. And (*Jack*) if you would make a visit to *Bedlam*, you shall find, that

that there are rarely two there mad for the same thing.

Your humble Servant.

THough (*Madam*) I have hitherto believed play to be a thing in it self as meerly indifferent as Religion to a States-man, or love made in a privy-chamber; yet hearing you have resolved it otherwise for me, my faith shall alter without becoming more learned upon it, or once knowing why it should do so, so great and just a Sovereignty is that your reason hath above all others, that mine must be a Rebel to it self, should it not obey thus easily, and indeed all the infallibility of judgement we poor Protestants have, is at this time wholly in your hands.

The loss of a Mistress (which kills men only in Romances, and is still digested with the first meat we eat after it) had yet in me raised up so much passion, and so just a quarrel (as I thought) to Fortune for it, that I could not but tempt her to do me right upon the first occasion, yet (*Madam*) has it not made me so desperate but that I can sit down a loser both of that time and money too, when there shall be the least fear of losing you.

And now, since I know your Ladyship is too wise to suppose to your self impossibilities, and therefore cannot think of such a thing, as of making me absolutely good, it will not be without some

some impatience that I shall attend to know what sin you will be pleased to assign me in the Room of this, something that has less danger about it (I conceive it would be) and therefore if you please (*Madam*, let it not be Women: for to say truth, it is a dyet I cannot yet relish, otherwise then men do that on which they surfeited last.

Your humblest Servant.

J. S.

Madam,

Before this instant I did not beleive *Warwickshire* the other World; or that *Milcot* walks had been the blessed shades. At my arrival here I am saluted by all as risen from the dead, and have had Joy given me as preposterously and as impertinently as they give it to men who marry where they do not love. If I should now dye in earnest, my friends have nothing to pay me, for they have discharged the Rites of Funeral sorrow before hand. Nor do I take it ill, that report which made *Richard* the second alive so often after he was dead, should kill me as often when I am alive. The advantage is on my side: The only quarrell I have, is that they have made use of the whole Book of Martyrs upon me, and without all question the first Christians under the great persecutions suffered not in 500 years, so many severall wayes as I have done in six days in this lewd Town. This [*Madam*] may seem strange unto you
now,

now, who know the Company I was in; and certainly if at that time I had departed this transitory World, it had been a way they had never thought on; and this Epitaph of the Spaniards (changing the names) would better have become my Grave-stone, then any other my friends the Poets would have found out for me.

Epitaph.

*Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a wound received under
His left Pappe,
The Orifice of which was so
Small, no Chirurgeon could
Discover it.*

*Reader,
If thou wouldst avoid so strange
A Death,*

Look not upon Lucinda's eyes.

Now all this discourse of dying (*Madam*) is but to let you know how dangerous a thing it is to be long from London, especially in a place which is concluded out of the World. If you are not to be frighted hither, I hope you are to be persuaded; and if good Sermons, or good Playes, new Braveries, or fresh Wit, Revels (*Madam*) Masks that are to be, have n y Rhetorique about them, here they are I assure you in perfection, without asking leave of the Provinces by n y Seas or the assent of ————— I write not this that you should think I value these pleasures above those of *Atalot*: For I must here protest, I

E

prefer

prefer the single Tabor and Pipe in the great Hall, far above them: and were there no more belonging to a Journey then riding so many Miles (would my affairs conspire with my desires) your Ladyship should not find there at the bottom of a Letter,

Madam,

Your humble Servant.

Madam,

I Thank Heaven we live in an Age in which the Widdows wear Colours, and in a Country where the Women that lose their Husbands may be trusted with poison, knives, and all the burning coals in Europe, notwithstanding the president of *Sophonisba* and *Portia*: Considering the Estate you are in now, I should reasonably imagine meaner Physicians then *Seneca* or *Cicero* might administer comfort. It is so far from me to imagine this accident should surprize you, that in my opinion it should not make you wonder; it being not strange at all that a man who hath lived ill all his time in a house, should break a Window, or steal away in the Night through an unusual Postern: you are now free; and what matter is it to a Prisoner whether the Fetters be taken off the ordinary way or not? If instead of putting off handsomely the chain of Matrimony; he hath rudely broke it, 'tis at his own charge, nor should it cost you a tear; nothing (*Madam*) has worse Mine than

than counterfeit sorrow, and you must have the height of Womans Art to make yours appear other, especially when the Spectators shall consider all the story.

The sword that is placed betwixt a contracted Princess and an Ambassador, was as much a Husband; and the only difference was, that that sword laid in the bed, allowed one to supply its place, this Husband denied all, like a false crowsier up in a Garden, which keeps others from the Fruit it cannot taste itself: I would not have you so much as enquire whether it were with his garters or his Cloak-bag strings, nor engage your self to fresh sighs by hearing new Relations.

The Spanish Princess *Leonina* (whom *Balzac* delivers the Ornament of the last Age) was wise; who hearing a Post was sent to tell her Husband was dead, and knowing the Secretary was in the way for that purpose, sent to stay the Post till the arrival of the Secretary, that she might not be obliged to shed tears twice. Of ill things the less we know, the better. Curiosity would here be as vain, as if a Cuckold should enquire whether it were upon the Couch or a Bed, and whether the Cavalier pull'd off his Spurs first or not.

I must confess it is a just subject for our sorrow to hear of any that does quit his station without his leave that placed him there; and yet as ill a Mine as this Act has, 'twas *a-la-Romansci*, as you may see by a line of Mr. *Shakespeare*; who, bringing in *Titinius* after a lost battle, speaking to

his sword, and bidding it find out his heart, adds
By your leave Gods, 'tis a Romans part.

'Tis true, I think Cloak-bag strings were not then
 so much in fashion; but to those that are not Sword-
 men, the way is not so despicable; and for my own
 part, I assure you Christianity highly governs me
 in the minute in which I do not wish with all my
 heart, that all the discontents in his Majesties three
 Kingdoms would find out this very way of satis-
 fying themselves and the world.

J. S.

Sir

Since the settling of your Family would certainly
 much conduce to the settling of your mind (the
 ease of the one being the trouble of the other) I
 cannot but reckon it in the number of my misfor-
 tunes, that my affairs deny me the content I should
 take to serve you in it.

It would be too late now for me (I suppose) to
 advance or confirm you in those good resolutions
 I left you in, being confident your own reason
 hath been so just to you, as long before this to
 have represented a necessity of redeeming time
 and fame, and of taking a handsom revenge upon
 your self for the injuries you would have done your
 self.

Change I confess (to them that think all at
 once) must needs be strange, and to you hatefull,
 whom first your own nature, and then custome
 another

another nature, have brought to delight in those narrow and uncouth ways we found you in: You must therefore consider that you have entred into one of those neat conjunctions of which death is the only honorable divorce; and that you have now to please another as well as your self; who though she be a Woman, and by the patent she hath from Nature, hath liberty to do simply; yet can she be never so strongly bribed against herself, as to betray at once all her hopes and ends, and for your sake resolve to live miserably. Examples of such loving folly our times afford burfew; and in those there are, you shall find the stock of Love to have been greater, and their strengths richer to maintain it, than is to be feared yours can be.

Woman (besides the trouble) has ever been though a Rent charge, and though through the vain curiosity of man it has often been inclosed, yet it has seldome been brought to improve or become profitable; It faring with married men for the most part, as with those that at great charges wall in grounds and plant, who cheaper might have eaten Mellons elsewhere then in their own Gardens Cucumbers. The ruines that either time, sickness, or the melancholly you shall give her, shall bring must all be made up at your cost: for that thing a husband is but Tenant for life in what he holds, and is bound to leave the place Tenantable to the next that shall take it. To conclude, a young Woman is a Hawk upon
 B 3 her

her wings ; and if she be handsome , she is the most subject to go out at check ; Faulkners that can but seldom spring right game , should still have something about them to take them down with , The Lure to which all stoop in this world , is one garnisht with profit or pleasure , and when you can not throw her the own , you must be content to shew out the other . This I speak not out of a desire to increate your fears which are already but too many , but out of a hope that when you know the worst you will at once leap into the River , and swim through handiome , and not (weather-beaten with the divers blasts of irresolution) stand shivering upon the brink .

Doubts and fears are of all the sharpest passions , and are still running distempers to diseases ; through these false Opticks 'tis , all that you see is like evening shadows , disproportionable to the truth , and strangely longer then the true substance : These (when a handsome way of living and expence suitable to your Fortune is represented to you makes you in their stead see want and beggery , thrusting upon you judgement impossibilities for likely goods , which they with ease may do (since as Solomon saith) they betray the succors that reason offers .

'Tis true , that 'till here below is but diversified folly , and that the little things we laugh at Children for , we do but act out selves in great ; yet is there difference of Lunacy ; and of the two , I had much rather be mad with him , that (when he had
nothing)

nothing) thought all the ships that came into the Haven his ; Than with you, who (when you have so much coming in) think you have nothing ; This fear of losing all in you, is the ill issue of a worle Parent, desire of getting in you ; So that if you would not be passion-rent, you must cease to be covetous : Money in your hand is like the Conjurers Divil, which, while you think you have, that has you.

The rich Talent that God hath given, or rather lent you, you have hid up in a napkin, and Man knows no difference betwixt that and Treasures kept by ill Spirits, but that yours is the harder to come by. To the guarding of these golden Apples, of necessity must be kept those never sleeping Dragons, Fear, Jealousie, Distrust, and the like ; so that you are come to moralize *Aesop*, and his fables of beasts are become prophecies of you, for while you have caught at the shadow, uncertain riches ; you have lost the substance, true content.

The desire I have ye should be yet your self, and that your friends should have occasion to bless the providence of misfortune, has made me take the boldness to give you your owr Character ; and to shew you your self out of your own glais : And though all this tells you but where you are, yet it is some part of a cure to have searcht the wound. And for this time we must be content to do like Travelers, who first find out the place, and then the nearest way.

My noble Lord,

Your humble servant had the honor to receive from your hand a Letter, and had the grace upon the sight of it to blush. I but then found my own negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever since been upon a March, and the places we are come to, have afforded rather blood than Inke: and of all things, Sheets have been the hardest to come by, specially those of Paper. If these few lines shall have the happiness to kiss your hand, they can assure that he that sent them knows none to whom he owes more obligation then to your Lship., & to whom he would more willingly pay it: and that it must be no less than necessity it self that can hinder him from often presenting it. *Germany* hath no wit altered me, I am still the humble servant of my Lord [] that I was and when I cease to be so, I must cease to be

John Suckling.

Since you can breathe no one desire that was not mine before it was yours, — or full as soon, (for hearts united never knew divided wishes) I must chide you (dear Princess) not thank you, for your Present: and) if at least I knew how) be angry with you for sending him a blush, who needs must blush because you sent him one. If you are conscious of much, what am I then? who
guilty

guilty am of all you can pretend to, and something more — unworthiness. But why should you at all (Heart of my heart) disturb the happiness you have so newly given me ? or make love feed on doubts, that never yet could thrive on such a dyet ? *If I have granted your request* — — — Oh ! — Why will you ever say that you have studied me, and give so great an instance to the contrary ? that wretched *if* — speaks as if I would refuse what you desire, or could : both which are equally impossible. My dear Princess, there needs no new Approaches where the Breach is made already ; nor must you ever ask any where, but of your fair self, for any thing that shall concern,

Your humble Servant.

My dearest Princess,

BUT that I know I love you more then ever any did any, and that yet I hate my self because I can love you no more, I should now most unsatisfied dispatch away this messenger.

The little that I can write to what I would make, me think writing a dull commerce, and then — how can I chuse but wish my self with you — to say the rest. My Dear Dear, think what merit, vertue, beauty, what and how far *Aglaura* with all her charms can oblige, and so far and something more I am,

Your humble Servant.

*A Letter to a Friend to
disswade him from mar-
rying a Widow which
he formerly had been in
Love with, and quitted.*

AT this time when
no hot Planet fires
the blood, and when the
Lunaticks of *Bedlam*
themselves are trusted
abroad; that you should
run mad, is (Sir) not so
much a subject for your
friends *pitty*, as their
wonder. 'Tis true, *Love*
is a natural distemper, a
kind of *Small-Pox*. Every
one either hath had it, or
is to expect it, and the
sooner the better.

Thus far you are ex-
cused; But having been
well cured of a *Fever*, to
court a *Relapse*, to make
Love the second time in
the same Place, is (not to
flatter you) neither bet-
ter nor worse then to
fall into a *Quagmire* by
chance, and ride into it
after.

An Answer to the Letter.

CEase to wonder (ho-
nest Jack) and give
me leave to *pitty* thee,
who labourst to con-
demn that which thou
confessest *Natural*, and
the sooner had, the better:
Thus far there needs
no excuse, unless it be on
thy behalf; who stillest se-
cond thoughts (which are
by all allowed the Best)
a relapse, and talkest of a
quagmire where no man
ever stuck fast, and accus-
est constancy of mischief in
what is natural, and advi-
sedly undertaken.

'Tis constant that *Love*
changed often doth no-
thing; nay 'tis nothing
for *Love* and *change* are
incompatible: but
where it is kept fixt to
its first object, though it
burn not, yet it warms
and

afterwards on purpose. and cherishest, so as it
 tis not Love (Tom) that needs no transplan-ation
 doth the mischief, but or change of soyl to make
 constancy, or Love is it fruitfull: and certain-
 ly if Love be natural, to
 of the nature of a burn marry is the best Recipe
 ing glasse, which kept for living honest
 still in one place, fireth:
 changed often, it doth
 nothing, a kind of glow-
 ing Coal, which with
 shifting from hand to
 hand a man easily en-
 dures. But then to mar-
 ry! (Tom) Why thou
 hadst better to live ho-
 nest. Love thou knowst is
 blind, what will he do
 when he hath Fetters on
 thinkest thou?

Dost thou know what
 marriage, i. e. is turning
 of Love the dearest way,
 or making a losing Game
 fier out of a winning
 dream: & after a long ex-
 pectation of a strange
 banquet, a presentation of
 a homely meal. Alas! (Tom)
 Loves ends when it runs up
 to Matrimony, and is
 good for nothing Like
 some

needs no transplan-ation
 or change of soyl to make
 it fruitfull: and certain-
 ly if Love be natural, to
 marry is the best Recipe
 for living honest.

Yes, I know what ma-
 riage is, and know you
 know it not, by terming
 it the dearest way of cu-
 ring Love: for certainly
 there goes more charge
 to the keeping of a Sta-
 blefull of Horses, then one
 only Steed: and much
 of vanity is therein be-
 sides: when, be the er-
 rand what it will, this
 one Steed shall serve your
 turn as well as twenty
 more. Oh! if you could
 serve your Steed so!

Marriage turns plea-
 sing Dreams to ravishing
 Realities which out-doe
 what Fancy or expectation
 can frame unto them-
 selves.

That Love doth feed
 when it runs into Matri-
 mony,

some *Fruit-trees*; it must be transplanted if thou wouldst have it active, and bring forth any thing.

Thou now perchance hast vowd all that can be vowed to any one *face*, and thinkest thou hast left nothing unsaid so it: do but make love to another, and if thou art not suddenly furnished with *new-language*, and *fresh-oathes*, I will conclude *Cupid* hath used thee worse then ever he did any of his train.

After all this, to marry a *Widow*, a kind of *chew'd-meat*! What a fantastical stomach hast thou, that canst not eat of a dish till another man hath cut of it? who would wash after another, when he might have fresh water enough for asking?

Life is sometimes a long-journey: to be tyed

many, is undoubted truth how else should it increase and multiply, which is its greatest blessing.

'Tis not the want of Love, nor *Cupid's* fault, if every day afford not new language, and new ways of expressing affection: it rather may be caused through excess of joy, which oftentimes strikes dumb.

These things considered I will marry; nay, and to prove the second *Paradox* false, I'll marry a *Widow*, who is rather the *chewer*, then *thing chewed*. How strangely fantastical is he who will be an hour in plucking on a *frail-boot*, when he may be forthwith furnished with enough that will come on easily, and do him as much credit, and better service? *Vine* when first-broacht, drinks not half so well as after a while drawing. Would

you

ed to ride upon one
 least still, and that half-
 tyr'd to thy hand too!
 Think upon that (*Tom.*)

Well, If thou must
 needs marry (as who can
 tell to what height thou
 hast sinned? Let it be a
 Maid, and no Widdow, for
 as a modern Author hath
 wittily resolved in this
 case) 'tis better (if a man
 must be in Prison) to lie
 in a private room then in
 the hole.

you not think him a mad
 man who whilst he might
 fair and easily ride on the
beaten-rode way, should
 trouble himself with
breaking up of gaps? a well
 wayed horse will safely
 convey thee to thy jour-
 neys end, when an *unbackt*
Filly may by change give
 thee a fall: 'Tis *Prince*
 like to marry a Widdow,
 for 'tis to have a *Taster*.

'Tis true, *life* may prove
 a *long-journey*, and I be-
 lieve me it must do. A *ve-*
ry long one too, before the
Beast you talk of prove
 tyr'd. Think you upon that
 (*Jack.*)

Thus, *Jack*, thou seest
 my well-tane resolution
 of *marrying*, and that a
 Widdow, not a *maid*; to
 which I am much induced
 out of what *Pythagoras*
 saith in his 2^d *Seet. cuni-*
culorum) that it is better
 lying in the hole, then sit-
 ting the *Stocks*.

When

When I receive your Lines (my Dear Princess) and find there expression of a Passion, though reason and my own interest tell me, it must not be for me; yet is the Coynage so pleasing to me, that I [seduc'd by my own desires] believe them still before the other. Then do I glory that my Virgin-Love has staid for such an object to fix upon, and think how good the Stars were to me that kept me from quenching those flames (Youth or wild Love furnished me with all in common and ordinary Waters, and refer'd me a Sacrifice for your eyes; ——— While thought thus smiles and solices him. If within me, cruel Remembrance breaks in upon our retirements, and tells so sad a story, that (trust me) I forget all that pleased Fancy said before, and turns my thoughts to where I left you. Then I consider that Storms neither know Courtship, nor Pity, and that those rude blasts will often make you a Prisoner this Winter, if they do no worse.

While I here enjoy fresh diversion, you make the sufferings more; by having leisure to consider them; nor have I now any way left me to make mine equal with them, but by often considering that they are not so: for the thought that I cannot be with you to bear my share, is more intollerable to me, than

then if I had born more _____ but I
 was only born to number hours, and not enjoy
 them _____ yet can I never think
 my self unfortunate, while I can write my
 self,

Aglaura,

Her humble Servant.

When I consider (my Dear Princess) that
 I have no other pretence to your Favours;
 then that which all men have to the Original
 of Beauty, Light: which we enjoy not that
 'tis the inheritance of our eyes, but because things
 most excellent cannot restrain themselves, but are
 ours, as they are diffusively good; Then do I find
 the justness of your quarrel, and cannot but blush
 to think what I do owe, but much more to think
 what I do pay, Since I have made the Principal so
 great, by sending in so little Interest—

When you
 have received this humble confession, you will not
 I hope, conceive me one that would (though upon
 your bidding) enjoy my self, while there is such
 a thing in the World, as ———

Aglaura

Her humble Servant.

F. S.

SO much (*Dear* —) was I ever yours since I had first the honor to know you, and consequently so little my self since I had the unhappiness to part with you, that you your self (*Dear*) without what I would say, cannot but have been so just as to have imagined the welcome of your own letters; though indeed they have but removed me from one Rack, to set me on another; from fears and doubts I had about me of your welfare, to an uneasiness within my self, till I have deserved this Intelligence.

How pleasingly troublesome thought and remembrance have been to me since I left you, I am no more able now to express, then another to have them so. You only could make every place you came in worth the thinking of; and I do think those places worthy my thought only, because you made them so. But I am to leave them, and I shall do't the willinger, because the Gamester still is so much in me, as that I love not to be told too often of my losses: Yet every place will be alike, since every good object will do the same. Variety of Beauties and of Faces (quick underminers of Constancy to others) to me will be but pillars to support it; since when they please me most, I most shall think of you.

In spite of all Philosophy, it will be hottest in my Climate, when my Sun is farthest off; and in spite of all reason, I proclaim, that I am not my self but when I am

Yours wholly:

Thought

THough desire in those that love be still like too much sail in a storm, and man cannot so easily strike, or take all in when he pleases; Yet (Dearst Princess) be it never so hard, when you shall think it dangerous, I shall not make it difficult; though — Well; Love is love, and Air is Air; and (though you are a miracle your self) yet do not I believe that you can work any; without it I am confident you can never make these two thus different in themselves, one and the self same thing: when you shall, it will be some small furtherance towards it, that you have

Your humble Servant.

J. S.

Whoso truly loves the fair *Aglaura*, that he will never know desire, at least not entertain it, that brings not letters of recommendation from her, or first a fair Passport.

My Dear Dear,

THink I have kist your letter to nothing, and now know not what to answer. Or that now I am answering, I am kissing you to nothing, and know not how to go on! For you must pardon, I must hate all I send you here, because it expresses nothing in respect of what it leaves behind with me. And oh! Why should I write then? Why should I not come to my self? Those Tyrants, business, honor, and necessity, what have they to do with you and Is Why should we not do Loves

F

Com:

commands before theirs whose Sovereignty is but
 usurped upon us? shall we not smell to Roses
 'cause others do look on? or gather them, 'cause
 there are prickles, and something that would hinder
 us? Dear—I fain would—and know no hin-
 drance—but what must come from you—and—
 why should any come? since 'tis not I, but you must
 be tencible how much time we lose, it being long
 since I was not my self, but

Yours.

Dear Princess.

Finding the date of your Letter so young, and
 having an assurance from [] who at the same
 time heard from Mr. [] that all our Letters have
 been delivered at [B] I cannot but imagine some
 ill mistake, and that you have not received any at
 all. Faith I have none in Welch, man; and though
 Fear and Suspicion look often so far that they over-
 see the right, yet when Love holds the Candle, they
 seldom do mistake so much. My Dearest Princess
 I shall long, next hearing you are well, to hear that
 they are safe: for though I can never be ashamed to
 be found an Idolator to such a Shrine as yours, yet
 since the world is full of profane eyes, the best way,
 sure, is to keep all mysteries from them, and to let
 privacy be (what indeed it is) the best part of de-
 votion. So thinks

My D.D. P.

Your humble servant.

since

Since the inferior Orbes move but by the first, without all question desires and hopes in me are to be govern'd still by you, as they by it. What mean these fears then? Dear Princess.

Though Planners wander, yet is the Sphere that carries them the same still; and though wishes in me may be extravagant, yet he in whome they make their motion is, you know, my dear Princess,

Yours, and wholly to be disposed of by you.

And till we hear from you, though (according to the form of concluding a Letter) we should now rest, we cannot.

Fair Princess,

If parting be a sin (as sure it is) what then to part from you? if to extirpate an ill be to increase it, what then now to excuse it by a Letter? That which we would alledge to lessen it, with you perchance has added to the guilt already, which is our suddain leaving you. Abruptness is an eloquence in parting, when Spinning out of time is but the weaving of new sorrow. And thus we thought; yet not being all able to distinguish of our own Acts, the fear we may have sinn'd farther then we think of, has made us send to you, to know whether it be Mortal or not.

For the two Excellent Sisters.

Though I conceive you (Ladies) so much at leisure that you may read any things, yet

F 2

since

Since the stories of the Town are meere amorous, and sound nothing but Love, I cannot without betraying my own judgement make them news for Wales. Nor can it be lesse improper to transport them to you, then for the King to send my Lord of C. over Ambassador this Winter into *Greenland*.

It would want faith in so cold a Countrey as *Anglesey*, to say that your Cozen Dutchesse, for the quenching of some foolish flames about her, has endured quietly the losse of much of the Kings favour, of many of her houses, and of most of her friends.

Whether the disfigurement that Travel or sickness has bestowed upon *B. W.* be thought to great by the Lady of the Isle, as 'tis by others, and whether the alteration of his face has bred a change in her mind——it never troubles you.—Ladies. What old Loves are decay'd, or what new-ones are sprung up in their room; Whether this Lady be too discrete, or that Cavalier not secret enough; are things that concern the inhabitants of *Anglesey* not at all. A fair day is better welcome and more news, then all that can be said in this kind. And for all that I know now, the Devils Chimney is on fire, or his pot seething over, and all *North Wales* not able to stay the fury of it. Perchance while I write this, a great black cloud is laying from Mistress *Themasses* bleak Mountains over to *Baron-Hill*, there to disgorge it self with what the Sea or worse places fed it with before.

It may be the honest banks about you turn bankrupt too, and break; and the Sea like an angry Creditor seizes upon all, and hath no pity, because he has been put off so long from time to time. For variety (and it is not impossible) some boysterous wind flings up the Hangings; and thinking to do as much to your cloths, finds a resistance, and so departs, but first breaks all the windows about the house for it in revenge.

These things now we that live in *London* cannot help, and they are as great news to men that sit in Boxes at *Black-Fryers*, as the affairs of love to *Flannel Weavers*,

For my own part, I think I have made a great complement, when I have wished my self with you, and more then I dare make good in *Winter*: and yet there is none would venture farther for such a happiness then.

Your humble Servant.

The Wine-drinkers to the Water-drinkers, greeting.

WHEREAS by your Ambassador two days since sent unto us, we understand that you have lately had a plot to surprize (or to speak more properly) to take the waters; and in it have not only a little miscarried, but also met with such difficulties, that unless you be speedily relieved, you are like to suffer in the adventure; We as well out of pity to you, as out of care to our State and Commonwealth (knowing that Women have ever been held necessary, and that

nothing relissheth so wel after wine) have so far taken it into our consideration, that we have neglected no means since we heard of it first, that might be for your contents, or the good of the cause; and therefore to that purpose we have had divers meetings at the *Bear* at the *Bridge-foot*, and now at length have resolv'd to dispatch to you one of our *Cabinet-Council*, *Colonel rounge*, with some slight *Forces* of *Canary*, and some few of *Sherry*, which no doubt will stand you in good stead, if they do not mutiny and grow too head-strong for their *Commander*; him *Captain Puffe* of *Barton* shall follow with all expedition, with two or three *Regiments* of *Claret*; *Monsieur de Granville*, commonly called *Lieutenant Strutt*, shall lead up the *River* of *Rhenish* and white. These succors thus timely sent, we are confident will be sufficient to hold the *Enemy* in *Play*; and till we hear from you again, we shall not think of a fresh supply: For the *Waters* (though perchance they have driven you into some extremities, and divers times forc't their passages through some of your best guarded places) yet have they, if our *Intelligence* fail us not, hitherto had the worst of it still, and evermore at length plainly run away from you.

Given under our hands at the Bear,
this fourth of July.

Since Joy (the thing we all so Court) is but our hopes strip of our fears, pardon me if I be still pressing

pressing at it, and like those that are curious to know their fortunes aforchand, desire to be satisfied, though it displeases me afterward. To this Gentleman (who has as much in-sight as the other wanted Ey-sight) I have committed the particulars, which would too much swell a Letter: if they shall not please you, 'tis but fresh subje^t Atill for repentance; nor, ever did that make me quarrel with any thing but my own stars. To swear new oaths from this place, were but to weaken the credit of those I have sworn in another: if heaven be to forgive you now for not believing of them then, (as sure as it was a sin) heaven forgive me now for swearing of them then (for that was double sin.) More then I am I cannot be, nor list,

Yours J. S.

I am not so ill a Protestant as to believe in merit; yet if you please to give answer under your own hand, such as I shall for ever rely upon, if I have not deserv'd it already, it is not impossible but I may.

To a Cousin (who still loved young Girls, and when they came to be marriageable, quitted them, and fell in love with fresh at his fathers request, who desired he might be perswaded out of the humor, and marry.

Honst Charles,

WERE there not Fools enow before in the Common-Wealth of Lovers, but that

thou must bring up a new Sect, & why delighted with the first knots of roses, and when they come to blow (can satisfie the sence, and to do the end of their Creation) dost not care for them? Is there nothing in this foolish transitory world that thou canst find out to set thy heart upon, but that which has newly left off making of dirt pies, and is but prett'ing it self loam, and a green sicknes? Seriously (*Charles*) and without ceremony 'tis very foolish, and to love widdows is as tolerable an humour, and as justifiable as thine — for beasts that have been ridd of their leggs are as much for a mans use, as Colts that are un-way'd, and will not go at all: — VVhy the Devill such young things? before these understand what thou wou'd'st have, others would have gaanted. Thou dost not marry them neither, nor any thing else. 'Stoot it is the story of the Jack-an-apes and the Partridges; thou star'st after a beauty till it is lost to thee, and then let'st out another, and star'st after that till it is gone too. Never considering that it is here as in the *Thames*, and that while it runs up in the middle, it runs down on the sides; while thou con'emplat'st the comming-in-tide and flow of Beauty, that it ebbs with thee, and that thy youth goes out at the same time: After all this too, She thou now art cast upon will have much ado to avoid being ug'y. Pox on't; Men will say thou wert benighted, and wert glad of any Inne. VVell! (*Charles*) there is another way if you could find it out. VVomen are like Melons: too green,

or

or too ripe, are worth nothing; you must try till you find a right one. Taste all, but heark you—(*Charles*) you shall not need to eat of all, for one is sufficient for a turfeit: *Your most humble Servant.*

I should have perswaded you to marriage, but to deal ingenuously, I am a little out of arguments that way at this present: 'Tis honorable, there's no question on't; but what more, in good faith I cannot readily tell.

Madam.

TO tell you that neither my misfortunes nor my sins did draw from me ever so many sighs as my departure from you has done, and that there are yet tears in mine eyes left undryed for it; or that melancholy has so deeply seized me, that colds and diseases hereafter shall not need above half their force to destroy me, would be I know superfluous and vain, since so great a goodness as yours, cannot but have out-believed already what I can write.

He never knew you that will not think the loss of your Company, greater then the Imperialists can all this time the losse of all their Companies; and he shall never know you that can think it greater then I, who though I never had neither wisdom nor wit enough to admire you to your worth, yet had my judgement ever so much right in it, as to admire you above all. And thus, he says that dares swear he is

Your most devoted Servant.

Madam,

Madam.

THe distrust I have had of not being able to write to you any thing which might pay the charge of sending, has periwaded me to forbear kissing your hands at this distance : So, like Women that grow proud, because they are chaste, I thought I might be negligent, because I was not troubled with some. And were I not safe in your goodness, I should be (*Madam*) in your judgement, which is too just to value little observances, or think them necessary to the right honoring my Lady.

Your Ladyship I make no doubt, will take into consideration, that superstition hath ever been fuller of Ceremony then the true worship. When it shall concern any part of your real service, and I ne throw by all respects whatsoever to manifest my devotion, take what revenge you please. Undo me *Madam* : Resume my best Place and Title ; and let me be no longer

*Your humble Servant.**Madam,*

BY the same reason the Ancients made no sacrifice to death, should your Ladyship send me no Letters ; since there has been no return on my side. But the truth is, the place affords nothing. All our days are (as the Women here) alike : and the difference of *Fair* does rarely shew it self. Such great State do Beauty and the Sun keep in you

these parts. I keep company with my own Horses
(Madam) to avoid that of the men; and by this
 you may guess how great an enemy to my living
 contentedly my Lady is, whose conversation has
 brought me to so fine a diet, that wheresoever I go, I
 must starve: all days are tedious, companies trou-
 ble some, and Books themselves Feasts heretofore)
 no relish in them. Finding you to be the cause of
 all this, Excuse me *(Madam)* if I resent: and con-
 tinue peremptory in the resolution I have taken to
 them be

*Madam, during life,
 Your humblest Servant.*

Madam,

But that I know your goodness is not mercina-
 ry, and that you receive thanks either with
 as much trouble as men ill news, or with as much
 wonder as Virgins unexpected Love, this Letter
 should be full of them. A strange proud return you
 may think I make you *(Madam)* when I tell you,
 it is not from every body I would be thus obliged;
 and that if I thought you did me not these favours
 because you love me, I should not love you be-
 cause you do me these favors. This is not lan-
 guage for one in affliction, I confess, and upon whom
 it may be at this present a cloud is breaking; but
 finding not within my self I have deserv'd that
 storm, I will not make it greater by apprehending
 it.

After all, least *(Madam)* you should think I take
 your favors as Tribute; to my great grief, I her
 declar,

declare, that the services I shall be able to render you, will be no longer Presents, but payments of Debts; since I can do nothing for you hereafter, which I was not obliged to do before.

Madam,

Your most humble and faithful Servant.

My noble Friend,

THAT you have overcome the danger of the Land and of the Sea, is news most welcome to us, and with no less joy receiv'd amongst us then if the King of Sweden had the second time overcome *Tilley*, and again past the *Mein* and the *Rhine*. Nor do we in this look more upon our selves and private interests, then on the publick, since in your safety both were comprised. And though you had not had about you the affairs and secrets of State, yet to have left your own person upon the way, had been half to undo our poor Island, and the loss must have been lamented with the tears of a whole Kingdom.

But you are now beyond all our Fears, and have nothing to take heed on your self, but fair Ladies. A pretty point of security; and such a one as all *Germany* cannot afford. We here converse with Northern Beauties, that had never heat enough to kindle a spark in any mans breast, where heaven had been first so merciful; as to put in a reasonable soul.

There is nothing either fair or good in this part of the world; and I cannot name the thing can give

give me any content, but the thought that yett enjoy
 enough other where: I having ever been since I had
 the first honor to know you,

Yours more then his own.

My Lord,

TO perswade one that has newly ship-wrackt up-
 on a Coast, to imbarque sodainly for the same
 place again, or your Lordship to seek that content
 you now enjoy in the innocence of a solitude, al-
 among the disorders and troubles of a Court, were
 I think a thing the King himself and Majesty is no
 ill Orator would find some difficulty to do. And
 yet when I consider that great soul of yours, like a
 Spider, working all inwards, and sending forth no-
 thing, but like the Cloister'd Schoolmens Divinity,
 threads fine and unprofitable: If I thought you
 would not suspect my being serious all this while, for
 what I should now say, I would tell you that I can-
 not but be as bold with you as your Age is, and for
 a little time, whether you will or not entertain your
 scurvily.

When I consider you look (to me) like — I
 cannot but think it as odd a thing, as if I should see
Van Dike with all his fine colors and Pensills about
 him, his Frame, and right Light, and every thing in
 order, and yet his hands tyed behind him: and your
 Lordship must excuse me if upon it I be as
 cold.

The wisest men, and greatest States have made
 no scruple to make use of brave men whom they

had laid by with some disgrace; nor have those brave men so laid by, made scruple, or thought it a disgrace to serve again, when they were called to afterwards.

These general motives of the State and Common good, I will not so much as once offer up to your Lordships consideration, though (as it fits) they have still the upper end: yet like great *Omens* they rather make a shew then provoke Appetite. There are two things which I shal not be ashamed to propound to you, as ends; since the greater part of the wise men of the World have not been ashamed to make them theirs: and if any have been found to condemn them, it hath been strongly to be suspected that either they could not easily attain to them, or else that the readiest way to attain to them was to condemn them. These two are *Honor* and *Wealth*: and though you stand possessed of both of them, yet is the first in your hands like a Sword, which, if not through negligence, by mischance hath taken rust, and needs a little clearing; and would it be much handsomer a present to posterity, if you your self in your life time wipe it off.

For your *Estate* (which it may be had been more had it not been so much) though it is true that it is so far from being contemptible, that it is nobly competent, yet must it be content to undergo the same fate greater states (Common-wealths themselves have been and are subject to: which is, when it comes to be divided in it self, not to be considerable.

able. Both *Honor* and *Esteem* are too fair and sweet
Flowers to be without *Prickles*, or to be gathered
 without some scratches.

And now (my Lord) I know you have nothing
 to urge but a kind of incapability in your self to the
 service of this State; when indeed you have made
 the only bar you have, by imagining you have
 one.

I confess (though) had *vice* so large an Empire
 in the Court, as heretofore it has had, or were the
 times so dangerous that to the living well there,
 wise *conduct* were more necessary than *virtue* it
 self; Your Lordship would have reason (with
Asops country mouse) to undervalue all change of
 condition; since a quiet mediocrity is still to be pre-
 ferred before a troubled superfluity: but these
 things are now no more: and if at any time they
 have threatned that Horizon, like great clouds,
 either they are fallen of themselves to the ground,
 or else, upon the appearing of the Sun (such a
 Prince as ours is) they have vanished, and left
 behind them clear and fair days. To descend to
 parts, envy is lessened, that it is almost lost
 into vertuous emulation, every man trusting the
 Kings judgement so far, that he know no better
 measure of his own merit, then his reward. The lit-
 tle word behind the back, and undoing whisper,
 which like pulling of a sheat-rope at Sea, slackens
 the sail, and makes the gallantest ship stand still;
 that that heretofore made the faulty and the in-
 nocent alike guilty, is a thing, I believe, now so
 forgot

forgot ; or at least so unpractis'd, that those that are the worst, have leisure to grow good, before any will take notice they have been otherwise, or at least divulge it.

'Tis true, *Faction* there is, but 'tis as true, that it is as winds are, to clear, and keep places free from corruption ; the oppositions being as harmles as that of the Meeting-tides under the Bridge, whose encounter makes it but more easie for him that is to pass. To be a little pleatant in my instances : The very Women have suffered Reformation, and wear through the whole Court their faces as little disguised now, as an honest mans actions should be ; and if there be any have suffered themselves to be gained by their Servants ; their ignorance of what they granted may well excuse them from the shame of what they did. So that it is more than possible to be great and good : And we may safely conclude, if there be some that are not so exact as much as they fall short of it, just so much they have gone from the great Original, God ; and from the best Copies of him on Earth, the King and the Queen.

To conclude ; If those accidents or disasters which make men grow less in the world (as some such, my Lord, have happened to you) were inevitable as death, or, when they were once entered upon us, there were no cure for them ; examples of others would satisfie me for yours ; but since there have been that have delivered themselves from their ills, either by their good Fortune,

or *Vertue*, 'twould trouble me that my friends should not be found in that number, as much as if one should bring me a Catalogue of those that truly honored my lord of — and I should not find among the first

Your humble Servant.

To Mr. Henry German, in the beginning
of PARLIAMENT, 1640.

Sir.

THAT it is fit for the King to do something extraordinary at this present, is not only the opinion of the wise, but the expectation. Men observe him more now than at other times: for Majesty in an Eclipse, like the Sun, draws eyes that would not have so much as looked towards it, if it had shined out, and appeared like it self. To lie still now, would, at the best, shew but a calmness of mind, not a magnanimity; since in matter of government, to think well (at any time, much less in a very act) is little better than to dream well; nor must he stay to act till his people desire, because 'tis thought nothing relishes else: for therefore hath nothing relisht with them, because the King hath for the most part staid till they have desired; done nothing but what they have or were petitioning for: But, that the King should do, will not be so much the question, as what he should do. And certainly, for a King to have right counsel given him, is at all times strange, and at this

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present

present impossible. His party for the most part
 (I would that were modestly said, and it were not
 all) have so much to do for their own preservati-
 on, that they cannot (without breaking a law in
 nature) intend anothers. Those that have courage
 have not perchance innocence, and so dare not
 shew themselves in the Kings business; and if they
 have innocence; they want parts to make them-
 selves considerable; so consequently the things
 they undertake. Then, in Court, they give much
 counsel, as they beleived the King inclin'd, deter-
 mine his good by his desires; which is a kind of
 setting the Sun by the Dial; Interest which cannot
 erre, by passions which may.

In going about to shew the King a Cure, now a
 man should first plainly shew him the disease. But
 to Kings, as to some kind of Patients, it is not al-
 waies proper to tell how ill they be: and it is too
 like a Country clown not to shew the way, unless
 he know from whence, and discourse of things be-
 fore.

Kings may be mistaker, and Councillors cor-
 rupted! but true Interest alone (saith *Monsieur de
 Rohan*) cannot erre. It were not amiss then to find
 out the Interest: for setting down right principles
 before conclusions, is weighing the scales before
 we deal out the commodity.

Certainly the great interest of the King is, *Uni-
 on with his people*, and whosoever hath told him o-
 therwise (as the Scripture saith of the Devil) *was a
 seuerer from the first*. If there ever had been any
 one

one Prince in the whole world that made a felicity in this life, and left fair fame after death, without the love of his Subjects, there were some color to despise it:

There was not among all our Princes a greater Courtier of the people then *Richard* the third, not so much out of fear, as out of wisdom. And, shall the worst of our Kings have striven for that? and shall not the best? (it being an Angelical thing to gain love.)

There are two things in which the people expect to be satisfied; *Religion* and *Justice*: nor can this be done by any little acts, but by Royal and Kingly resolutions.

If any shall think that by dividing the factions (a good rule at other times) he shall master the rest now: he shall be strangely deceived: for in the beginning of things That would do much; but not when whole Kingdoms are resolv'd. Of those now that lead these parties, if you could take off the major number: the lesser would govern, and do the same things still: nay, if you could take off all, they would set up one, and follow him.

And of how great consequence it is for the King to resume this right, and be the Author himself let any body judge: since as *Cummeus* said, those that have the art to please the people, have commonly the power to raise them.

To do things so that there shall remain no jealousy, is very necessary, and is no more then real-

ly reforming, that is, pleasing them. For to do things that shall grieve hereafter, and yet pretend love (amongst lovers themselves, where there is easiest faith) will not be accepted. It will not be enough for the King to do what they desire, but he must do something more: I mean (by doing more) doing something of his own, as throwing away things they call not for, or giving things they expected not. And when they see the King doing the same things with them, it will take away all thought and apprehension that he thinks the things they have done already ill.

Now if the King ends the differences, and takes away suspect for the future, the case will fall out to be no worse then when two duellists enter the Field, where the worsted party (the other having no ill opinion of him) hath his Sword given him again (without further hurt after he is in the others power.) But otherwise it is not safe to imagine what may follow: for the people are naturally not valiant, and not much Cavalier. Now it is the nature of Cowards to hurt were they can receive none. They will not be content (while they fear and have the upperhand) to fetter only Royalty, but perchance (as timorous spirits use) will not think themselves safe while that is at all. And possibly, this is the present state of things.

In this great work (at least to make it appear perfect and lasting to the Kingdom) it is necessary the Queen reall joyn; for if she stand aloof, there will still be suspicious: it being a received opinion

in the World, that she hath a great interest in the Kings favor and power. And to invite her, she is to consider with her self, whether such great virtues and Eminent Excellencies (though they be highly admired and valued by those that know her ought to rest satisfied with so narrow a payment as the estimation of a few? and whether it be not more proper for a great Queen to arrive at universal honor, and love, then private esteem and value.

Then, how becoming a work for the sweetness and softness of her Sex, is composing of differences, and uniting hearts? and how proper for a Queen, reconciling King and people?

There is but one thing remains, which whisper'd abroad, busies the Kings mind much (if not disturbs it) in the midst of these great Revolutions, and that is, the preservation of some servants, whom he thinks somewhat hardly torn from him of late: which is of so tender a nature; I shall rather propound something about it, then resolve it.

The first *Quere* will be; Whether as things now stand (Kingdoms in the ballance) the King is not to follow nature, where the conservation of the more general still commands and governs the less. As Iron by particular sympathy sticks to the loadstone, but yet if it be joyned with a great body of Iron, it quits those particular affections to the loadstone and moves with the other, to the greater, the common-Country.

The second will be, Whether, if he could

serve those Ministers, they can be of any use to him hereafter? since no man is served with a greater prejudice than he that employs suspected instruments, or not beloved, though able and deserving in themselves.

The third is, Whether, to preserve them, there be any other way then for the King to be first right with his people? since the rule in Philosophy must ever hold good, *nil dat quod non habet*. Before the King have power to save, he must have power.

Lastly, Whether the way to preserve this power be not to give it away? For the people of *England* have ever been like wantons, which pull and rugg as long as the Princes have pull'd with them, as you may see in *Hen. 3.* King *John. Eaw. 2.* and indeed all the troublesome and unfortunate reigns; but when they have let it go, they come and put it into their hands again, that they may play on: as you may see in Queen *Elizabeth*.

I will conclude with a prayer (not that I think it needs at this present: Prayers are to keep us from what may be, as well as to preserve us from what is) *That the King be neither too insensible of what is without him, nor too resolved from what is within him.* To be sick of a dangerous sickneis, and find no pain cannot but be with loss of understanding ('Tis an Aphorisme of *Hippocrates*) and on the other side, *Opiniastric* is a sullen Porter, and (as it was wittily said of *Constancy*) shuts out often times Better things then it lets in.

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AN
ACCOUNT
OF
RELIGION

BY
REASON

A discourse upon Occasion pre-
sented to the Earl of Dorset :

BY
Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Printed by his own Copy.

Lucret. pag. 227. *Tentat enim dubiam mentem rationis egestas*

LONDON.

Printed for Humphrey Mosely at the Prince's Arms
in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1658.

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THE EPISTLE

I Send you here (my Lord) that discourse enlarged, which frightened the Lady into a cold sweat, and which had like to have made me an Athiest at Court, and your Lordship no very good Christian: I am not ignorant that the fear of Socianisme at this time, renders every man that offers to give an account of Religion by Reason, suspected to have none at all: yet I have made no scruple to run that hazard, not knowing why a man should not use the best weapon his Creator hath given him for his defence. That Faith was by the Apostles both highly exalted, and severely enjoyned, is known to every man, and this upon excellent grounds: for it was both the easiest and best way of converting, the other being tedious, and almost useless: for but few among thousands are capable of it, and those few not capable at all times of their life, judgement being required. Yet the best servant our Saviour ever had upon Earth, was so far from neglecting or contemning Reason, that his Epistles were admired, even by those that embraced not the truths he delivered. And indeed, had the Fathers of the Church only bid men believe, and not told them why, they had slept now unsainted in their Graves, and as much benighted with Oblivion, as the ordinary Parish-Priests of their own Age.

That

That man is deceivable, is true, but what part with in him is not likely,er then his Reason? For as Manilius said,

Nam neque decipitur ratio nec decipit unquam:

And how unlikely is it that that which gives us the Perogative above other Creatures, and wholly entitles to future happiness, should be laid aside, and not used in the acquiring of it?

But by this time (my Lord) you find how apt those which have nothing to do themselves, are to give others trouble. I shall only therefore let you know that your Commands to my Lord of Middlesex are performed; and that when you have fresh ones, you cannot place them where they will be more willingly received, then by

Bath, Sept. 2.

Your humble Servant.

John Suckling

*A Discourse by Sir John Suckling
Knight.*



Among the truths (*my Lord*) which we receive, none more reasonably commands our belief, then those which by *all* men, at *all* times have been assented to. In this number and highest I place this great one, that there is a *Deity*; which the whole world had been so eager to embrace, that rather then it would have none at all, it hath too often been contented with a very mean one.

That there should be a great Disposer and Orderer of things, a wise Rewarder and Punisher of good and evil, hath appeared so equitable to men that by instinct they have concluded it necessary; Nature (which doth nothing in vain) having so far imprinted it in us all, that should the envy of Predecessors deny the secret to Succeeders, they yet would find it out. Of all those little ladders with which we scale heaven, and climb up to our Maker, that seems to me not the worst, of which man is the first step. For but by examining how I, that could contribute nothing to mine own being, should be here, I come to ask the same question for my Father, and so am led in a direct line to a last Producer, that must be more then man. For if *man* made

*made man. Why died not I when my Father died? since according to that Maxime of the Philosophers, the cause taken away, the effect does not remain. Or if the first man gave himself being, why hath he it not still? Since it were unreasonable to imagine any thing could have power to give it self life, that had no power to continue it. That there is then a God, will not, be so much the dispute, as what this God is, or how to be worshipped, is that which hath troubled poor mortals from the first, nor are they yet in quiet. So great has been the diversity, that some have almost thought God was no less delighted with variety in his service, then he was pleased with it in his works. It would not be amiss to take a survey of the world from its cradle; and with Varro, divide it into three ages: the *Unknown*, the *Fabulous*, and the *Historical*.*

The first was a black night; and discovered nothing: the second was a weak and glimmering light, representing things imperfectly and falsely: the last (*more clear*) left handsome monuments to posterity. The *unknown* I place in the age before the Flood, for that Deluge swept away things as well as men, and left not so much as footsteps to trace them by, the *fabulous* began after the flood; in this time Godheads were cheap, and men not knowing where to choose better, made Deities one of another. Where this ended, the *historical* took beginning: for men began to engrave in pillars, and to commit to Letters, as it were by joynt consent: for the three great Epoches or Terms of Account were all

all established within the space of 30 years : The Grecians reckon from their *Olimpiades* : The Romans from the building of their City : and the Babylonians from their King *Salmonassar*. To bring into the scale with Christian Religion any thing out of the first Age, we cannot ; because we know nothing of it.

And the second was so *fabulous*, that those which took it up afterwards, smil'd at it as ridiculous and false (which though was easier for them to do than to shew a true,) in the *historical*, it improved, and grew more refined : but here the *Fathers* entered the field, and so clearly gained the victory, that I should say nothing in it, did I not know it still to be the opinion of good wits, that the particular Religion of Christians has added little to the general Religion of the World. Let us take it then in its *perfect* estate, and look upon it in that age which was made glorious by the bringing forth of so many admirable spirits, and this was about the 80. *Olympiad*, in the year of the world 3480. for in the space of an 100 years, flourished almost all that Greece could boast of, *Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Architas, Isocrates, Pythagoras, Epicurus, Heracclitus, Zenophon, Zeno, Anaxagoras, Democritus, Demosthenes, Parmenides, Zeno, Theophrastus, Empedocles, Tymaeus*, with divers others Orators and Poets. Or rather (for they had their Religion one from another, and not much different) let us take a view of it in that Century in which Nature (as it were to oppose the Grecian insolence) brought forth that happy birth of *Roman* wits :

wits : *Varro, Cicero, Caesar, Livie, Salust, Virgil, Horace, Virgilius, Ovid, Pliny, Cato, Marcus Brutus* ; and this was from *Quintus Servilius* his Consulship to that of *Augustus*, 270. years after the other. And to this truth, a great part of our Religion, either directly or indirectly hath been professed by heathens ; which I conceive not so much an exprobatation to it, as confirmation ; it being no derogating from truth to be warranted by common consent.

First then, the creation of the World is delivered almost the same in the *Phœnician* stories with that of *Moses* ; from this the *Grecians* had their *Chaos*, and the beginning of his *Metamorphosis*. That all things were made by God, was held by *Plato*, and others ; that darkness was before light, by *Thales* ; that the Stars were made by God, by *Anaximander* ; that life was infused into things by the breath of God, *Virgil* ; that Man was made of dust, *Hesiod* and *Homer* ; that the first life of man was simplicity and nakedness, the *Agyptians* taught : and from thence the Poets had their golden Age. That in the first times mens lives lasted a thousand years, *Berossus*, & others : that something divine was seen among men, till that the greatness of our sins gave them to suffer remove, *Cæcilius* : and this he that writes the story of *Columbus*, reports from the *Indians* of a great Deluge almost all. But to the main, they hold one God ; and though multiplicity hath been laid to their charge yet certainly the clearer spirits understood these several Gods as thing, not as Deities ; second causes, and several vertues of the great power : by *Nephtis* water ; by *Juno*, air ; by *Dispatier*, earth ; by *Vulcan*, fire

and sometimes our God signified many things, as *Jupiter* the whole world, the whole Heaven; and sometimes many Gods, one thing, as *Ceres*, *Juno*, *magna*, the earth. They concluded those to be vices which we do: not was there much difference in their virtues; only Christians have made ready belief the highest, which they would hardly allow to be any. They held rewards for the good, and punishments for the ill; had their *Elizium*, and their *hell*; and that they thought the pains *eternall* there is evident, in that they believ'd from thence was no return. They proportion'd sufferings hereafter, to offences here; as in *Tantalus*, *Sisyphus*, and others among which that of Conscience (the worm that never dies) was one, as in the Vultures gnawing of *Prometheus* heart, and *Virgils* ugliest of Furies thundering in *Perithous* ear, was not obscurely shown, and yet neerer us, they held the number of the Elect to be but small, and that there should be a last day in which the World should perish by fire. Lastly they had their Priests, Temples, Altars.

We have seen now the *Paralell*; let us enquire whether those things they seem to have in common with us, we have not in a more excellent manner; and whether the rest in which we differ from all the world, we take not up with reason. To begin then with their *Jupiter* (for all before were but little stealths from *Moses* works) how much more like a Deity are the actions our stories declare our God to have done, then what the Ethnick Authors deliver of theirs? How excellently,

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elevated

elevated are our descriptions of him? Theirs looking, as if they knew that power only by their fears, as their Statues erected to him declare: for when he was *Capitolinus*, he appeared with thunder; when *Latiaris*, besmear'd with blood; when *Feretrius*, yet more terrible: We may guess what their conceptions were, by the worship they gave him: How full of cruelty were their sacrifices? it being received almost through the whole world, *that gods were pleased with the blood of men*; and this custom neither the *Grecian Wisdom*, nor *Roman Civility* abolished, as appears by sacrifices to *Bacchus*.

Then the ceremonies of *Liber Pater*, and *Ceres*, how obscene? and those days which were set apart for the honor of the Gods, celebrated with such shews as *Cato* himself was ashamed to be present at. On the contrary, our services are such as not only *Cato*, but God himself may be there: we worship him that is the purest Spirit, in purity of spirit; and did we not believe what the Scriptures deliver from himself, yet would our reason persuade us that such an Essence could not be pleased with the blood of beasts, or delighted with the steam of fat: and in this particular, Christians have gone beyond all others except the Mahometans; besides whom there has been no Nation that had not sacrifice, and was not guilty of this pious cruelty.

That we have the same virtues with them is very true; but who can deny that those virtues have received additions from Christianity, conducing to mens better living together & revenge of injuries

Moses

Moses both took himself, and allowed by the Law to others ; *Cicero* and *Aristotle* placed it in virtues quarter ; We extol patient bearing of injuries ; and what quiet the one, what trouble the other would give the World, let the indifferent judge. Their justice only took care that men should not do wrong : ours that they should not think it, the very covering severely forbidden : and this holds to chastity , desire of a Woman unlawfully being as much a breach of the commandment, as their enjoying ; which shew'd not only the Christians care, but Wisdom to prevent ill, who provided to destroy it where it was weakest, in the Cradle, and declared, He was no less than a God which gave them these Laws, for had he been but man, he never would have provided or taken care for what he could not look into, the hearts of men, and what he could not punish, their thoughts. What charity can be produced answerable to that of Christians ? Look upon the Primitive times, and you shall find that (as if the whole world had been but a private Family) they sent from Province to Province, and from places far distant, to Relieve them they never saw or knew.

Now for the happiness which they proposed : if they take it as the Heathens understood it, it was in *Elizium* , a place of blessed shades , at best but a handsome retirement from the troubles of this World : if according to the duller Jews , Feasting and Banquettings ; (for it is evident

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that

that the *Sadduces*, who were great observers of the Mosaical Law, had but faint thoughts of any thing to come) there being in *Moses* books no promises but of temporal blessings, and (if any) an obscure mention of eternity. The Mahometans are no less sensual, making the renewing of youth, high Feasts, a Woman with great eyes, and drest up with a little more fancy, the last and best good.

Then the Hell; How gentle with the Heathens, but the rowling of a stone, filling of a sieve with water, sitting before Banquers, and not daring to touch them, exercising the trade and businesses they had on earth; with the Mahometans, but a Purgatory acted in the grave, some pains inflicted by a bad Angel, and those quallified and mitigated too, by an assisting good one. Now for the Jews, as they had no hopes, so they had no fears, if we consider it rightly, neither their punishments were great enough to deterre them from doing ill, nor their rewards high enough to invite men to strictness of life; for since every man is able to make as good a heaven of his own, it were unreasonable to perswade him to quit that certain happiness for an uncertainty: whereas Christians with much more noble consideration both in their heaven and hell, took care not only for the body but the soul, and for both above mans apprehension.

The strangest, though most Epidemical disease of all Religions, has been an imagination men have had, that the imposing painfull and difficult things upon

upon themselves, was the best way to appease the Deity, grossly thinking the chief service and delight of the Creator to consist in the tortures and sufferings of the Creature. How laden with chargeable and unnecessary Cerimonies the Jews were, their feasts, circumcisions, sacrifices, great Sabbaths, and little Sabbaths, fasts, burials, indeed almost all their worship, sufficiently declare : and that the Mahometans are much more infected, appears by the cutting of the *Prepuces*, wearing iron rings in the skin of their Fore-parts, lancing themselves with knives, putting out their eyes upon the sight of their Prophets Tomb, and the like. Of these last we can shew no patterns amongst us : for though there be such a thing as whipping of the body, yet it is but in some parts of Christendome, and there perchance too more smil'd at then practis'd. Our Religion teacheth us to bear afflictions patiently when they fall upon us, but not to force them upon our selves: for we believe the God we serve, wise enough to chuse his own service, and therefore presume not to add to his commands. With the Jews it is true we have something in common, but rather the names then things: Our Fasts being more the medicines of the body, then the punishments of it, spiritual, as our Sabbaths; both good mens delight, not their trouble.

But least this discourse should swell into a greatness, such as would make it look rather like a defence which I have labour'd to get, then an account which I alway carry about me ; I will now briefly

examine, whether we beleive not with reason those things we have different from the rest of the World. First then, for the perswasion of the truth of them in general: let us consider what they were that conveigh'd them to us; men (of all the world) the most unlikely to plot the cozenage of others, being themselves but simple people, without ends, without designs, seeking neither honor, riches, nor pleasure, but suffering (under the contrary) ignominy, poverty, and misery; enduring death it self, nay courting it, all which are things distasteful to nature, & such as none, but men strangely assured would have undergone. Had they feigned a story, certainly they would not in it have registred their own faults, nor delivered him whom they propounded as a God, ignominiously crucified; add to this the progress their doctrine made abroad, miraculous above all other either before or since; other Religions were brought in with the sword, power, forcing a custom, which by degrees usurp'd the piece of truth: this even power it self opposing. For the Romans (contrary to their custom which entertained all Religions kindly) persecuted this: which by its own strength, so posses'd the hearts of men, that no age, sex, or condition refused to lay down life for it. A thing so rare in other Religions, that among the Heathens, *Socrates* was the sole martyr: and the Jews (unles of some few under *Manasses* and *Antiochus*) have not to boast of any. If we cast our eyes upon the healing of the blind, curing the lame, redeeming from the grave, and

and but with a touch or word, we must conclude them done by more then humane power, and if by any other, by no ill ; These busie not themselves so much about the good of man : and this Religion not only forbids by precept the worship of wicked spirits, but in fact destroys it wheresoever it comes. Now as it is clear by Authors impartial (as being no Christians) that strange things were done, so it is plain they were done without imposture. Delusions shun the light ; these were all acted openly, the very enemies both of the Master and Disciples daily looking on. But let us descend to those more principal particulars, which so much trouble the curious wits: these I take to be the *Incarnation Passion, Resurrection, and Trinity*.

For the first, That a man should be made without man, why should we wonder more at it in that time of the World, then in the beginning ? much easier, certainly, it was here, because nearer the natural way ; Woman being a more prepared matter then earth. Those great truths, and mysteries of salvation would never have been received without miracles ; and where could they more opportunely be shown, then at his Entrance into the World, where they might give credit to his following actions and doctrine ? So far it is from being against my reason to think him thus born, that it would be against it to believe him otherwise ; it being not fit that the Son of God should be produced like the race of men. That humane nature may be assumed by a Deity, the enemy of Christians,

Julian, confirms, and instances (himself) in *Aseulapins*, whom he will have descend from Heaven in mortal shape, to teach us here below the Art of Physick. Lastly, that God has liv'd with men, has been the general fancy of all nations; every particular having this tradition, that the Deity at some time or other conversed amongst men. Nor is it contrary to reason to beleive him residing in glory above, and yet incarnate here: So in man himself the soul is in heaven when it remains in the flesh; for it reacheth with its eye the Sun; why may not God then being in heaven, be at the same time with us in the flesh? since the Soul without the body would be able to do much more then with it, and God much more then the Soul, being the soul of the Soul. But it may be urged as more abstruse, how all in heaven, and all in earth? Observe man speaking (as you have done seeing) Is not the same speech, at the instant it is uttered, all in every place: Receives not each particular ear, alike, the whole? and shall not God be much more Ubiquitary then the voice of man? For the *Passion* (to let alone the necessity of satisfying divine Justice this way, which, whosoever reads more particularly our Divines, shall find rationally enforced) we find: the Heathen had something near to this (though, as in the rest, imperfect) for they sacrificed single men for the sins of the whole City or Country. *Prophrius* having laid this foundation, That the supreme happiness of the soul is to see God, and that it cannot see him unpurified, concludes, That there must be

be a way for the *cleansing of Mankind*; and proceeding to find it out, he tells that Arts and Sciences serve but to set our wits right in the knowledge of things, and cleanse us not enough to come to God: the like judgement he gives of purging by *Theurgie*, and by the *Mysterie*s of the Sun; because those things extend but to some few, whereas this cleansing ought to be universal for the benefit of all mankind: in the end resolves that this cannot be done, but by one of the three *In-beginnings* which is the word they use to express the Trinity by. Let us see what the divinity of the Heathens (and his Master *Plato*) delivers, to admiration, and as it were *Prophetically*, to this purpose. *That a truly just man be shewn* (saith he) *it is necessary that he be spoil'd of his ornaments, so that he must be accounted by others a wicked man, be scoffed at, put in prison, beaten, may be crucified:* and certainly for him that was to appear the highest example of patience, it was necessary to undergo the highest tryal of it, which was an *undeserved death*.

Concerning the *Resurrection*, I conceive the difficulty to lie not so much upon our Lord, as us; it being with easie Reason imagined, that he which can make a body, can lay it down, and take it up again. There is something more that urges and presses us: for in our estate we promise our selves hereafter, there will be no need of Food, Copulation, or Excrement; to what purpose should we have a mouth, belly, or less comely parts? it being strange to imagine God to have created man, for a moment
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of time a body consisting of particulars, which should be useless to all eternity. Besides, why should we desire to carry that along with us which we are ashamed of here, and which we find so great a trouble, that very wise men (were it not forbidden) would throw it off before it were worn out. To this I should answer, that as the body is partner in well or ill doing, so it is but just it should share in the rewards or punishments hereafter: and though by reason of sin we blush at it here, yet when that shall cease to be, why we should be more ashamed then our first Parents were, or some in the last discover'd parts of the World are now, I cannot understand. Who knows but these unsightly parts shall remain for good use, and that putting us in mind of our imperfect estate here, they shall serve to encrease our content and happiness there? What kind of thing a glorified body shall be, how chang'd, how refin'd, who knows? Not is it the meanest invitemment to me now, to think that my estate there, is above my capacity here. Their remains that which does not only quarrel with the likelihood of a resurrection, but with the possibility; all leading, that a man corrupted into dust, is scattered almost into infinite, or devoured by an irrational creature, goes into aliment, and grows part of it; then that creature per chance is made like food to another: And truly did we doubt of Gods power, or not think him omnipotent, this were a *Labyrinth* we should be lost in: but it were hard, when we see every petty Chy-

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mick in his little shop bring into one body things of the same kind, though scattered and disordered, that we should not allow the great Maker of all things to do the same in his own University.

There remains only the mystery of the *Trinity*; to the difficulty of which, the poverty and narrowness of words have made no small addition.

St. *Austin* plainly says the word *Person* was taken up by the Church for want of a better; *Nature*, *Substance*, *Essence*, *Hypostasis*, *Suppositum*, and *Persona*, have caused sharp disputes amongst the doctors: at length they are contented to let the three first and three last signifie the same thing. By all of them is understood something *Compleat*, *Perfect* and *Singular*: in this only they differ, that *Nature*, *Substance*, *Essence* are *communicable ad quid*, and *ut quo* (as they call it) The other are not at all: but enough of this; Those that were the immediate Conveyers of it to us, wrapt it not up in any of these terms. We then hold God to be one, and but one, it being gross to imagine two Omnipotents, for then neither would be so; yet since this good is perfectly good, and perfect goodness cannot be without perpetual love, nor perfect love without communication, nor to an unequal or created, for then it must be inordinate; we conclude a Second *Coeternal*, though *Begotten*: nor are these contrary (though they seem to be so) even in created substances, that one thing may come from another, and yet that from whence it comes, not be before that which comes from it; as in the *Sun* and *Light*: But
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in these high mysteries, similitudes may be the best Arguments. In Metaphysics they tell us, that in the constituting of every being, there is a *Posse* *sui esse*, from whence there is a *Sapientia sui esse*, and from these two proceedeth a *Amor sui esse*: and though these three be distinct, yet they may make up one perfect being. Again, and more familiarly. There is an hidden Original of waters in the earth from this a spring flows up, and of these proceedeth a stream: this is but one essence, which knows neither a before, nor an after, but in order, and (that too) according to our considering of it: the Head of a spring is not a Head but in respect of the spring; for if so nothing flow'd not from it, it were no Original; Nor the Spring a Spring if it did not flow from something, nor the stream a stream but in respect of both: Now all these three are but one Water, and though one is not other, yet they can hardly be considered one without the other. Now though I know this is so far from a demonstration, that it is but an imperfect instance (perfect being impossible of infinite by finite things) yet there is a resemblance great enough to let us see the possibility. And here the eye of Reason needed no more the spectacles of Faith, then for these things of which we make sympathy the cause, as in the Load-stone, or antipathy, of which every man almost gives instance from his own nature: nor is it here so great a wonder that we should be ignorant; for this is distant and removed from sense; these near and subject to it! and it were stranger for me to conclude that

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God did not work *ad extra*, thus one and distinctly within himself, because I cannot conceive how begotten, how proceeding, then if a Clown should say the hand of a Watch did not move, because he could not give an account of the wheels within. So far is it from being unreasonable, because I do not understand it, that it would be unreasonable I should. For why should a created substance comprehend an uncreated, a circumscribed an limited, an uncircumscribed an unlimited? And this I observe in those great Lovers and Lords of Reason, quoted by the Fathers, *Zoroastres, Trismegistus, Plato, Numenius, Plotinus, Proclus, Armelius, and Avicen*, that when they spoke of this mystery of the Trinity; of which all writ something, and some almost as plainly as Christians themselves, that they discussed it not as they did other things, but delivered them as Oracles which they had received themselves, without dispute.

Thus much of Christian Profession compared with others: I should now shew which (compared within it self) ought to be preferred; but this is the work of every pen, perhaps to the prejudice of Religion it self.) This excuse (though) it has, that (like the chief Empire) having nothing to conquer, no other Religion to oppose or dispute against, it hath been forced to admit of Civil wars, and suffer under its own excellency.

FINIS.

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

XUM

AGLAURA.

Presented at the Private - House

IN

Black Fryers,

By his Majesties Servants.

Written by

Sir *JOHN SUCKLING.*

LONDON.

Printed for *Humphrey Mosely* at the Prince's Arms
in *St. Paul's Church-yard.* 1658.

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PROLOGUE.

I've thought upon't; and cannot tell which way
Ought I can say now; should advance the Play.
For Plays are either good, or bad; the good,
(If they do beg) beg to be understood.
And in good faith, that has as bold a sound;
As if a Begger should ask twenty pound.

— Men have it not about them:

Then (Gentlemen) if rightly understood,
The bad do need less Prologue than the good:
For if it chance the Plot be lame, or blind,
'Ill-cloath'd, deform'd throughout, it deeds must find
Compassion, — It is a beggar without Art: —
But it falls out in penny-worths of Wit,
As in all bargains else; Men ever get
All they can in; will have London measure,
A handful over in their very pleasure.
And now ye hav't; he could not well deny'ee,
And I dare swear he's scarce a saver by yee.

Prologue to the Court.

THose common passions, hopes, and fears, that still,
The Poets first, and then the Prologues fill
In this our Age, he that writ this, by me,
Protests against as modest foolery.
He thinks it an odd thing to be in pain,
For nothing else, but to be well again.
Who writes to fear is so; had he not writ,
You ne're had been the Judges of his wit;
And when he had, did he but then intend
To please himself, he sure might have his end
Without th'expend of hope, and that he had
That made this Play, although the Play be bad.
Then Gentlemen be thrifty, save your doomes
For the next Man, or the next Play that comes;
For smiles are nothing, where men do not care;
And frowns as little, where they need not fear.

To the King.

THis (Sir) to them, but unto Majesty,
All he has said before, he does denie.
Yet not to Majesty: that were to bring
His fears to be, but for the Queen and King,
Not for your selves; and that he dares not
Ye are his Sovereigns another way: (say:
Your Souls are Princes, and you have as good
A title that way, as ye have by blood
To govern; and here your power's more great
And absolute then in the Royal Seat.
There men dispute, and but by Law obey,
Here is no Law at all, but what ye say).

Scena Persia.

King, *in love with Aglaura.*

Thersames, *Prince, in love with Aglaura.*

Orbella, *Queen, at first Mistress to Ziriff: in love with Ariaspes.*

Ariaspes, *Brother to the King.*

Ziriff, *Otherways Zorannez disguised, Captain of the Guard, in love with Orbella; brother to Aglaura.*

Iolas, *A Lord of the Council, seeming friend to the Prince, but a Traytor, in love with Semanthe.*

Aglaura, *In love with the Prince, but nam'd Mistress to the King.*

Orsames, *A young Lord antiplatonique; friend to the Prince.*

Philan, *The same.*

Semanthe, *In love with Ziriff; Platonique.*

Orithie, *In love with Thersames.*

Pasithas, *A faithful servant.*

Jolinas, *Aglaura's waiting woman.*

Courtiers.

Huntsmen.

Priest.

Guard.

A G L A U R A



AGLAURA.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter JOEL S, JOLINA.

Joel S. Married ! and in *Diana's Grove* !

Jolin. So was th appointment, or my Sense (deceiv'd me.

Joel S. Married !

Now by those Powers that tie those pretty knots,

'Tis very fine, good faith 'Tis wondrous fine :

Jolin. What is, Brother ?

Joel S. Why ? to marry Sister —

Tinjoy 'twixt lawful and unlawful thus

A happiness, steal as 'twere his own ;

Diana's Grove, sayest thou ? — *Scratcheth his head.*

Jolin. That's the place ; the Hunt once up, and all

Engag'd in the sport, they mean to leave

The company, and steal unto those Thickets,

Where there's a Priest attends them ;

Joel S. And will they lie together, think'st thou ?

Jolin. Is there distinction of Sex think you ?

Of flesh and blood ?

Joel S. True, but the King, Sister !

Jolin. But love, Brother !

Joel S. Thou sayst well ;

'Tis fine, 'tis wondrous fine :

Diana's Grove —

Jolin, Yes. *Diana's Grove*,
But Brother. if you should speak of this now, — (so fast:

Jol. Why thou knowst a drowning man holds not a thing
Semanthe! she shuns me too: *Enter Semanthe, she sees*

Jolin. The wound festured sure! (*Jolas* and goes in again)
The hurt the Boy gave her when first
She look'd abroad into the world is not yet cur'd.

Jolas, What hurt?

Jolin. Why, know you not
She was in love long since with young *Zorannes*,
(*Aglaura's* Er ther) and the now *Queens* betroth'd?

Jolas, Some such slight tale I've heard. (nam'd,

Jolin. Sl ght? she yet does weep when she but hears him
And tells the prettiest and saddest stories
Of all those civil wars, and those Amours,
That trust me both my Lady and my self
Turn weeping Statues still.

Jolas, Pish, 'tis not that.

'Tis *Ziriff* and his fresh glories here
Have rob'd me of her.
Since he thus appeared in Court,
My love has languish'd worse than Plants in drought.
But Time's a good Physician: Come, let's in:
The King and Queen by this time are come forth. *Exeunt*.

Enter Serving-men to Ziriff

1 *Serv*. Yonder's a crowd without as if some strange
Sight were to be seen to day here.

2 *Serv*. Two or three with Carbonadoes afore instead
of faces mistook the door for a breach. and at the opening
of it. are striving still which should enter first.

3 *Serv*. Is my Lord busie? (Knocks.)

Enter Ziriff, as in his Studie.

1 *Serv*. My Lord, there are some Soldiers without —
Zir. Well, I will dispatch them presently.

2 *Serv*, Th'Embassadors from the *Cadusians* too —
Zir. Shew them the Gallerie.

3 *Serv*, One from the King —

Ziriff.

Zir. Again? I come, I come. *Exeunt Serving-men.*

Ziriff solus.

Greatness, thou vainer shadow of the Princes beams,
Begot by meer reflection, nourish'd in extremes,
First taught to creep, and live upon the glance,
Poorly to sa e, till thine own proper strength
Bring thee to surfeits of thy self at last:
How dull a Pageant, would th's States-play seem
To me now, were not my love and my revenge
Mixt with it?

Three tedious Winters have I waited here,
Like patient Chymists blowing still the coals,
And still expecting when the blessed hour
Would come, should make me master of
The Court *Elixir*, Power, for that turns all:
'Tis in projection now; down, sorrow, down,
And I well my heart no more, and thou wrong'd Ghost
Of my dead Father, to thy bed agen,
And sleep securely;
It cannot be long, for sure *Fate* must,
As't has been cruel, so a while be just. *Exit.*

*Enter King and Lords, the Lords intreating
for Prisoners.*

King, I say they shall not live; our Mercy
Would turn sin, should we but use it e're:
Piti, and love, the B-sses only be
Of government. meerly for shew and Ornament.
Fear is the Bit that mans proud will restrains,
And makes its Vice its Virtue — See it done.

*Enter to them Queen, Aglaura, Ladies, the King
addresses himself to Aglaura.*

So early, and so curious in your drets, ('air Mistre?)
These pretty ambushes and traps for hearts
Set with such care to day, lo klike design:
Speak Lady, is't a massacre resolv'd?
Is conquering one by one grown tedious sport?
Or is the number of the taken such.

That for your safety you must kill our-right ?

Agl. Did none do greater mischief (Sir) than I ?
Heav'n would not much be troubled with sad story,
Nor would the quarrel Man has to the Stars
Be kept alive so strongly.

King. When he does leave'r,
Woman must take it up, and justly too ;
For robbing of the Sex, and giving all to you.

Agl. Their weaknesses you mean, and I confess Sir.

King. The greatest subjects of their power or glory.
Such gentle rape thou act'st upon my Soul,
And with such pleasing violence do'st force it still ;
That when it should resist, it tamely yields,
Making a kind of haste to be undone,
As if the way to Victory were loss,
And Conquest came by overthrow.

Enter an Express delivering a Packet upon his knee.

The King reads.

Ladies heads

Qu. Pretty ! *The Queen looking upon a Flower in one of the*
Is it the child of Nature, or of some fair hand ?

La. 'Tis as the beauty Madam of some faces,
Arts issue only.

King. Therfames,
This concerns you most, brought you her Picture ?

Exp. Something made up for her in haste I have. *(Presents*

King. If she does owe no part of this fair dowry *(the Pi-*
Unto the Painter, she is rich enough. *(Aure,*

Agl. A kind of merry sadness in this face
Becomes it much.

King. There is indeed, *Aglaure,*
A pretty sullenness drest up in smiles,
That says this beauty can both kill and save.
How like you her *Therfames* ?

Ther. As well as any man can do a House
By seeing of the Portal ; here's but a face,
And faces (Sir) are things I have not studied ;
I have my duty, and may boldly swear,

What

What you like best will ever please me most.

King. Spoke like *Thersames*, and my Son,

Come! the day holds fair,

Let all the Hunt-men meet us in the vale,

We will uncouple there.

Exeunt.

Ariaspes (solus) stays behind.

Ariasp. How odd a thing a Croud is unto me!

Sure nature intended I should be alone.

Had not that old doting Man-mid-wife Time

Slept when he should have brought me forth, I had

Been so too ———

Studies and scratches his head.

To be born near, and only near a Crown ———

Enter Jolas.

Jol. How now my Lord?

What? walking o'th'tops of Pyramids?

Whispering your self away

Like a deny'd Lover? come, to horse, to horse.

And I will shew you streight a fight shall please you

More than kind looks from her you dote upon

After a falling out.

Ariasp. Prithee what is't?

Jol. I'll tell you as I go. ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Hunt-men hollowing and whooping.

Hunt. Which way? which way?

Enter Thersames, Aglaura muffled.

Ther. This is the Grove. 'tis some where here within — *Ex.*

Enter dogging of them, Ariaspes, Jolas.

Jol. Gently! gently!

Enter Orsames, Philan, a Hunt-man, two Courtiers.

Hunts. No hurt, my Lord, I hope.

Orf. None, none.

Thou would'st have warranted it to another,

If I had broke my neck:

What? dost think my Horse and I shew tricks?

That which way soever he throws me

Like a tumblers boy I must fall safe?

Was there a bed of Roses there? would I were Eunuch if

I had not as lief h'a falne in the state, as wherr I did; if the ground was as hard, as if it had been pay'd with Platonick Ladies hearts, and this unconscionable fellow asks me whether I have no hurt; where's my Horse?

1 *Court.* Making love to the next Mare I think:

2 *Court.* Not the next I assure you.

He's gallopt away as if all the Spurs i'th Field Were in his sides.

Orf. Why there's it; the Jade's in the fashion too. Now ha's done me an injury, he will not come near me. When I hunt next, may it be upon a starv'd Cow, Without a Saddle too.

And may I fall into a Saw-pit, and not be taken up, but with suspicion of having been private with mine own Beast there. Now I better consider on't too, Gentlemen, 'tis but the same thing we do at Court; here's every man striving who shall be formost, and hotly pursuing of what he seldom overtakes; or if he does, it's no great matter.

Phi. He that's best hors'd (that is best friended) gets in soonest, and then all he has to do is to laugh at those that are behind. Shall we he'p you my Lord? —

Orf. Prithee do — stay!

To be in view is to be in favour,
Is it not?

Phi. Right,

And he that has a strong faction against him, hunts upon a cold scent, and may in time come to a loss.

Orf. Here's one rides two miles about, while another leaps a Ditch and is in before him.

Phi. Where not: the indirect way's the nearest.

Orf. Good again —

Phi. And here's another puts on, and falls into a Quagmire, (that is) follows the Court till he has spent all (for your Court-Quagmire is want of Money) there a man is sure to stick, and then not one helps him out, if they do not laugh at him.

1 *Court.* What think you of him that hunts after my rate,
And never sees the Deer?

2 *Court.*

2 Court. Why he is like some young fellow that follows
The Court, and never sees the King.

Orf. To spar a Horse till he is tir'd, is

Phi. To importune a friend till he be weary of you.

Orf. For then upon the first occasion y'are thrown off,
As I was now.

fames.

Phi. This is nothing to the catching of your Horse. Or-

Orf. Thou say'st true, I think he is no transmigrated
Philosopher, & therefore not like to be taken with Morals,
Gentlemen — your help, the next I hope will be yours,
And then twill be my turn —

Exeunt.

Enter again married, Therfames, Aglaura, Priest.

Therf. Fear not my dear, if when Loves diet
Was bare looks, and those stoln too,
He yet did thrive! what then
Will he do now? when every night will be
A feast, and every day fresh revelry.

Agl. Will he not surfeit when he shall once come
To grosser fare (my Lord) and so grow sick?
And Love once sick, how quickly it will die?

Ther. Ours cannot; tis as immortal as the things
That elemented it, which were our Souls:
Nor can they e're impair in health, for what
These holy Rites do warrant us to do,
More than our bodies would for quenching thirst.
Come let's to Horse, we shall be mist.

For we are envies mark and Court eyes carry far.
Your prayers and silence Sir: — *To the Priest.*

Exeunt.

Enter Ariaspes, Jolas.

Ari. If it succeed, I were thee here my Jolas —

Jol. If it succeed? will night succeed the day?

Or hours one to another? is not his lust

The Idol of his Soul? and was not she

The Idol of his lust? as safely he might

Have stoln the Diadem from off his head,

And he would less have mist it.

You now, my Lord, must raise his jealousy,

Teach

Teach it to look through the false oprick, fear,
 And make it see all double: Tell him the Prince
 Would not have thus presum'd but that he does
 Intend worse yet: and that his Crown and Life
 Will be the next attempt.

Ari. Right, and I will urge
 How dangerous 'tis unto the present state,
 To have the creatures, and the followers
 Of the next Prince (whom all now strive to please)
 Too near about him:

Jol. VVhat if the male contents that use
 To come unto him were discovered?

Ari. By no means; for 'twere in vain to give
 Him discontent (which too must needs be done)
 If they within him gav't not nourishment.

Jol. VVell, I'll away first, for the print's too big
 If we be seen together. ——— *Exit.*

Ari. I have so fraught this Barque with hope, that it
 Dares venture now in any storm, or weather;
 And if he sink or splits, all's one to me.
 "Ambition seems all things, and yet is none,
 "But in disguise walks to opinion,
 "And fools it into faith, for every thing:
 'Tis not with th'ascending to a Throne,
 As 'tis with stairs and steps that are the same;
 For to a Crown, each humours a degree;
 And as men change and differ, so must we.
 The name of Virtue doth the people please,
 Not for their love to Virtue, but their ease,
 And Parrat Rumor I that tale have taught,
 By making love I hold the womans grace;
 'Tis the Courts double Key, and entrance gets
 To all the little Plots; the fiery spirits
 My love to Arms hath drawn into my faction;
 All, but the Mision of the Time, is mine,
 And he shall be, or shall not be at all.
 He that beholds a wing in pieces torn,

And

And knows not that to heav'n it once did bear
 The high-flown and self lessening bird, will think
 And call them idle Subjects of the wind:
 VVhen he that has the skill to imp and bind
 These in right places, will thus truth discover,
 That borrowed instruments do oft convey
 The Soul to her propos'd intents, and where
 Our Stars deny, Art may supply ——— *Exit.*

Enter Semanthe, Orithia, Orsames, Philan.

Sem. Think you it is not th'n
 The little jealousies (my Lord) and fears,
 Joy mixt with doubt, and doubt reviv'd with hope,
 That crowns all love with pleasure? these are lost
 VVhen once we come to full fruition;
 Like waking in the morning, when all night
 Our fancy has been fed with some new strange delight.

Ors. I grant you, Madam, that the fears, and joys,
 Hopes, and desires, mixt with despairs, and doubts,
 Do make the sport in love, that they are
 The very Dogs by which we hunt the Hare;
 But as the Dogs would stop, and streight give o're,
 VVere it not for the little thing before,
 So would our passions; both alike must be
 Flesh't in the chase.

Ori. VVill you then place the happiness, but there,
 VVhere the dull Plow-man, and the Plow-mans Horse
 Can find it out? shall Souls refin'd, not know
 How to preserve alive a noble flame,
 But let it die, burn out to appetite?

Sem. Love's a Chamelion, and would live on air,
 Physick for Agues, starving is his food.

Ors. VVhy? there's it now! a greater Epicure
 Lives not on earth? my Lord and I have been
 In's privy Kitchin, seen his bills of Fare.

Sem. And how, and how my Lord?

Ors. A mighty Prince,
 And full of curiosity ——— Harts newly slain.

Serv'd

Serv'd up intire, and stuck with little Arrows
Instead of Claves ———

Phi. Sometimes a cheek plump up
VVith broth, with Cream and Claret mingled
For sauce, and round about the dish
Pomegranate kernels, strewd on leaves of Lillies.

Ors. Then will he have black eyes, for those of late
He feeds on much, and for variety
The gray ———

Phi. You forget his cover'd dishes
Of Jene strays, and Marmalade of Lips,
Perfum'd by breath sweet as the Beans first blossoms?

Sem. Rare!

And what's the drink to a'l this meat, my Lord?

Ors. Nothing but Pearl dissolv'd, tears still fresh fetcht
From Lovers eyes, which if they cannot come to be
VVarm in the carriage, are streight cool'd with sighs.

Sem. And all this rich proportion, perchance
VVe would allow him:

Ors. True! but therefore this is but his common diet;
Only serves

VVhen his chief Cooks, *Liking* and *Opportunitie*,
Are out o'th' way; for when he feast indeed,
'Tis there where the wise people of the world
Did place the Virtues, i'th' middle ——— Madam.

Ors. My Lord, there is so little hope we should convert
And if it should, so little got by it, (you)
That we'll not loose so much upon't as sleep.

Your Lordships Servants ———

Ors. Nay Ladies wee'l wait upon you to your chambers.

Phi. Prithee let's spare the complement, we shall do no

Ors. By this hand I'll trie (good)

They keep me fasting, and I must be praying. *Exeunt.*

Aglaura undressing of her self, Jolina.

Agl. Undress me: ———

Is it not late *Jolina*?

It was the longest day, this ———

Enter Therfames.

Ther. Softly as death it self comes on,
 VWhen it does steal away the sick mans breath,
 And standers by perceive it not,
 Have I trod the way unto these lodgings.
 How wisely do thole Powers
 That give us happiness, order it?
 Sending us still fears to bound our joys,
 VWhich else would overflow and lose themselves
 See where she sits,

Like day retir'd into another world
 Dear mine! where all the beauty man admires
 In scattered pieces does united lie.
 VWhere sense does feast, and yet where sweet desire
 Lives in its lodging, like a Misers eye,
 That never knew, nor saw satiety:
 Tell me, by what Approaches must I come
 To take in what remains of my felicity?

Agla. Needs there any new ones, where the breach
 Is made already? you are entred here —
 Long since (Sir) here, and I have given up all.

Ther. All but the Fort; and in such wars, as these,
 Till that be yielded up, there is no peace,
 Nor triumph to be made; come! undo, undo,
 And from these envious clouds slide quick
 Into loves proper Sphere, thy Bed:
 The weary Traveller, whom the busie Sun
 Hath vext all day, and scortcht almost to tinder,
 Ne're long'd for night, as I have long'd for this.
 VWhat rude hand is that? *One knocks hastily.*

Go *Jolina*, see, but let none enter — *Jolina goes to the door*

Jol. 'Tis *Ziriff*, Sir,

Ther. — Oh —

Something of weight hath fallen out it seems,
 VWhich in his zeal he could not keep till morning.
 But one short minute, Dear, into that Chamber.

Enter

Enter Ziriff.

How now ?

Thou start'st, as if thy sins had met thee,
Or thy Fathers ghost ; what news man ?

Zir. Such as will tend the blood of hastie messages
Unto the heart, and make it call

A l that is man about you into counsell :

Where's the Princess, Sir ?

Ther. Why what of hear ?

Zir. The King must have her —

Ther. How ?

Zir. The King must have her (Sir)

Ther. Though fear of worse makes ill still relish better,
And this look handsome in our Friendship, Ziriff.

Yet so severe a preparation —

Ther. needed not: come, come ! what ist ?

Ziriff leads him to the door, and shews him a Guard.

A Guard ! Therjames,

Thou art lost : betray'd

By faithless and ungrateful man

(and draws.

Out of a happiness: — He steps between the door and him,

The very thought of that.

Will lend my anger so much noble justice,

That wert thou master of as much fresh life,

As th'ast been of villany, it should not serve,

Nor stock thee out, to glory or repent

The least of it.

Zir. Put up : put up ! such unbecoming anger

I have not seen you wear before.

What ? draw upon your Friend !

Discovers himself.

Do you believe me right now ; —

Ther. I scarce believe mine eyes : — Zorannes.

Zir. The same, but how preserv'd, or why

Thus long disguis'd, to you a freer hour must speak :

That y'are betray'd is certain, but by whom,

Unless the Priest himself, I cannot guess.

More

More than the marriage, though he knows not of.
 If you now send her on these early summons
 Before the sparks are grown into a flame,
 You do redeem th' offence, or make it less ;
 And (on my life) yet his intents are fair,
 And he will but besiege, not force affection.
 So you gain time ; if you refuse, there's but
 One way ; you know his power and passion.

Ther. Into how strange a Labyrinth am I
 Now faln ! what shall I do *Zorannes* ?

Zir. Do (Sir) as Sea men, that have lost their light
 And way : strike sail, and lye quiet a while.
 Your forces in the Province are not yet
 In readines, nor is our friend *Zephines*
 Arriv'd at Delphos ; nothing is ripe, besides —

Ther. Good heavens, did I but dream that she was mine?
 Vpon imagination did I climb up to
 This height ? let me then wake and dye :
 Some courteous hand snatch me from what's to come,
 And ere my wrongs have being give them end :

Zir. How poor and how unlike the Prince is this ?
 This trifling woman does unman us all :
 Robs us so much it makes us things of Pity.
 Is this a time to lose our anger in,
 And vainly breath it out ? when all we have
 Will hardly fill the sail of Resolution,
 And make us bear high up enough for action.

Ther. I have done (Sir) pray chide no more ;
 The slave whom tedious custom has enur'd
 And taught to think of miserie as of food,
 Counting it but a necessary of life,
 And so digesting it, shall not so much as once
 Be nam'd to patience, when I am spoken of ;
 Mark me : for I will now undo my self
 As willingly, as virgins give up all first nights
 To them they love : — *Offers to go out.*

Zir. Stay, Sir, 'twere fit *Aglaura* yet were kept

In ignorance : I will dismiss the Guard,
And be my self again

Exit

Ther. In how much worse estate am I in now,
Than if I ne'r had known her ! Privation
Is a misery as much above bare wretchedness,
As that is short of happiness :
So when the Sun does not appear,
'Tis darker, cause it once was here.

Enter Ziriff, speaks to Orsames and others half entr'd.

Zir. Nay, Gentlemen,
There needs no force, where there is no resistance :
He satisfy the King my self.

Ther. ——— Oh 't's well y'are come,
There was within me fresh Rebellion,
And reason was almost unhing'd agen.
But you shall have her Sir — *Goes out to fetch Aglaura.*

Zir. What doubtful combats in this noble youth
Passion and reason have !

Enter Therames leading Aglaura.

Ther. Here Sir *Gives her, goes out.*

Agl. What means the Prince, my Lord ?

Zir Madam, his wiser fear has taught him to disguise
His Love, and make it look a little rude at parting.
Affairs that do concern all that you hope from
Happiness, this night force him away :
And lest you should have tempted him to stay,
(Which he did doubt you would, and would prevail)
He left you thus : he does desire by me
You would this night lodge in the little Tower,
Which is in my command ; the reasons why
Himself will shortly tell you.

Agl. 'Tis strange, but I am all obedience. — *Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Therfames, Jolas a Lord of the Counsel.

Jol. **I** Told him so, Sir, urg'd 'twas no common knot,
That to the tying of it two powerful Princes,
Vertue and love were joyn'd, and that
A greater than these two was now
Engaged in it ; Religion ; but 'twould not do,
The Cork of passion boy'd up all reason so
That what was said, swam but o'th' top of th' ear,
Near reach'd the heart :

Ther. Is there no way for Kings to shew their power,
But in their Subjects wrongs ? no subject neither
But his own sonne ?

Jol. Right Sir :

No quarr'ie for his lust to gorge on, but on what
You fairly had flown at and taken ?

Well ——— wert not the King, or wert indeed
Not you, that have such hopes, and such a crown
To venture, and yet —
'Tis but a woman.

Ther. How ? that But again, and thou art more injurious
Than he, and wouldst provoke me sooner.

Jol. Why Sir ?

There are no Altars yet addrest unto her,
Nor sacrifice ; if I have made her less
Than what she is, it was my love to you ;
For in my thoughts, and here within, I hold her
The Noblest piece Nature ere lent our eyes,
And of the which, all women else, are but
Weak counterfeits, made up by her journey-men ;
But was this fit to tell you ?
I know you value but too high all that,

And in a loss we shou'd not make things more ;
 'Tis miseries happiness, that we can make it less
 By art, through a forgetfulness upon our ills ;
 Yet who can do it here ?

When every voice must needs, and every face,
 By shewing what she was not, shew what she was.

Ther. He instantly unto him ——— *draws.*

Jol. Say Sir :

Though't be the utmost of my fortunes hope
 To have an equal share of ill with you :
 Yet I could wish we sold this trifle life
 At a far dearer rate, then we are like to do,
 Since 'tis a King's the Merchant.

Ther. Ha !

King ! It's indeed !

And ther's no Art can cancell that high band ;

Jol. — He coo's again. ——— *(to himself)*

True Sir, and yet me thinks to know a reason ———
 For passive nature ne'r had glorious end ;
 And he that States preventions ever learn'd,
 Knows, 'tis one motion to strike and to defend.

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. Some of the Lords without, and from the King,
 They say, wait you.

Ther. What subtle State trick now ?

But one turn here, and I am back my Lord. ——— *Exit.*

Jol. This will not do ; his resolution's like,
 A skilful horseman and reason is the stirrop,
 Which though a sudden shock may make
 It loose, yet does it meet it handsomly agen.
 Stay, 't must be some sudden fear of wrong
 To her, that may draw on sudden aft
 From him, and rui'e from the King ; for such
 A spirit will not like common ones, be
 Rais'd by every spell, 'tis in loves circle
 Only 'twill appear.

Enter Therfams.

Ther. I cannot bear the burthen of my wrongs
One minute longer.

Jol. Why! what's the matter Sir?

Ther. They do pretend the safety of the State:
Now, nothing but my marriage with *Cadusia*
Can secure th'adjoyning countrey to it;
Confinement during life for me if I refuse
Diana's Nunnerie for her — And at that Nunn'rie, *Jolas*,
Allegiance in me like the string of a Watch
Wound up too high, and forc'd above the nick,
Ran back, and in a moment was unravell'd all.

Jol. Now by the love I bear to justice,
That Nunn'ry was too severe; when ver us 'oy's a crime,
What man can hope to scape a punishment,
Or who's indeed so wretched to desire it?

Ther. Right!

Jol. What answer made you, Sir!

Ther. None, they gave till to morrow,
And e're that be, or they or I
Must know our destiny.

Come friend let's in; there is no sleeping now;
For time is short, and we have much to do. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Orfames, Philan, Courtiers.

Orf. Judge you, Gentlemen, if I be not as unfortunate
As a gamester thinks himself upon the loss
Of the last stake; this is the first she
I ever swore too heartily, and (by those eyes)
I think I had continued unperjar'd a whole moneth,
(And that's fair you'll say.)

1 Court. Very fair —

Orf. Had she not run mad betwixt. —

2 Court. How? mad?

Who? *Semantbe*?

Orf. Yea, yea, mad, ask *Philan* else.
People that want cleer intervals talk not
So wildly: He tell you Gallants; 'tis now, since first I

Found my self a little hot, and quivering 'bout the heart,
Some ten daies since, (a tedious Ague) Sirs
(But what of that ?)

The gracious glance, and little whisper past,
Approaches made from th' hand unto the lip,
I came to visit her, and (as you know we use)
Breathing a sigh or two by the way of Prologue,
Told her that in Loves Physick 'twas a rule,
Where the disease had birth to seek a cure ;
I had no sooner nam'd love to her, but she
Began to talk of Flames, and Flames
Neither devouring, nor devour'd of Aire,
And of Camelions —

1 *Court.* Oh the *Platoniques* ! ship's merry,

2 *Court.* Those of the new religion in love ! your Lord-
Troth, how do you like the humor on't ?

Ors. As thou wouldst like red hair, or leanness
In thy Mistress ; scurvily, 't does wor'e with handsomness,
Than strong desire could do with impotence,
A meer trick to inhance the price of kisses —

Phi. Surely these silly women, when they feed
Our expectation so high, do but like
Ignorant Conjurers, that raise a Spirit
Which handsomely they cannot lay again :

Ors. True, 'tis like some that nourish up
Young Lyons till they grow so great they are afraid of
Themselves ; they dare not grant at last,
For fear they should not sat sfie.

Phi. Who's for the Town ? I must take up again.

Ors. This Villanous Love's as chargeable as the Philoso-
phers Stone, and thy Mistress as hard to compass too !

Phi. The *Platonique* is ever so ; they are as tedious
Before they come to the point ; as an old man
Falln into the stories of his youth.

2 *Court.* Or a wid w into the praises of her first husband.

Ors. Well, if she hold out but one moneth longer,
If I do not quite forget I ere beleagured there,
And remove the siege to another place, may all

The

The curses beguil'd virgins lose upon their perjur'd lovers
Fall upon me.

Phi. And thou wouldst deserve'em all.

Ors. For what?

Phi. For being in the company of those
That took away the Prince's Mistress from him.

Ors. Peace, that will be redeem'd—

I put but on this wildness to disguise my self;
There are brave things in hand, mark it thy ear :- (*Whisper*)

1 *Court.* Some severe plot upon a maiden-head.

These two young Lords make Love,
As Embroiderers work against a Mask, night and day;
They think opportunity a neerer way then merit,
And take women as School boys catch Squirrels;
Hunt'em up and down till they are weary,
And fall down before'em.

Ors. VVho loves the Prince fails not ———

Phi. And I am one: my injuries are great as thine,
And do perswade as strongly

Ors. I had command to bring thee,
Fail not, and in thine own disguise.

Phi. VVhy in disguise?

Ors. It is the Princes Policie and love;
For if we should miscarrie,
Some one taken might betray the rest
Unknown to one another;
Each man is safe in his own valour;

2 *Court.* And what Mercers wife are you to cleape: now
In stead of his hilks?

Ors. Troth, 'tis not so well; 'tis but a Cozen of thine---
Come *Phylan* let's along: ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Queen alone.

Ors. VVhat is it thus within whispering remorse,
And calls Love Tyrant? a l'poers, but his,
Their rigour, and our fear, have made divine!
But every creature holds of him by sense,
The sweetest Tenure; yea! but my husbands brother:

And what of that ? do harmless birds or beasts
 Ask leave of curious Heraldie at all ?
 Does not the womb of one fair spring,
 Bring unto the earth many sweet rivers,
 That wantonly do one another chace,
 And in one bed, kifs, ming'le and embrace ?
 Man (Natures heir) is not by her will ti'd,
 To shun all creatures are alli'd unto him,
 For then he should shun all ; since death and life
 Doubtly allies all them that live by breath :
 The Aire that doth impart to all lifes brood
 Refreshing, is so neer to it self, and to us all,
 That a l in all is individual :
 But, how can I sure one and the same desire
 Warmes *Ariaspes* ? for Art can keep alive
 A bedrid love ;

Enter Ariaspes.

Ari. Alone, (Madam) and overcast with thought !
 Uncloud—uncloud—for if we may believe
 The smiles of fortune, love shall no longer pine
 In prison thus, nor undelivered travell
 V With throws of fear, and of desire about it.
 The Prince (like to a valiant beast in nets)
 Striving to force a freedom suddenly,
 Has made him'self at length, the surer prey :
 The King stands only now betwixt, and is
 Just like a single tree that hinders all the prospect :
 'Tis but the cutting down of him, and we ——

Orb. V Why would'st thou thus imbarque into strange seas,
 And trouble Fate for what we have already ?
 Thou art to me what thou now seek'st, a Kingdom.
 And were thy love as great, as thy ambition,
 I should be so to thee.

Ari. Think you, you are not Madam ?
 As well and justly may you doubt the truths,
 Tortur'd or dying men do leave behind them:
 But then my Fortune turns my misery,

V Vhen

When my addition shall but make you less;
 Shall I indure that head that wore a crown,
 For my sake should wear none? First let me lose
 Th'Exchequer of my wealth, your love; nay, may
 All that rich treasure you have about you,
 Be rifled by the man I hated, and I look on;
 Though youth be full of sin, and heav'n be just,
 So sad a doom I hope they keep not from me;
 Remember what a quick Apostacie he made,
 When all his vows were up to heav'n and you.
 How, e're the Bridal Torches were burnt out,
 His flames grew weak, and sicklier: think on that.
 Think how unsafe you are, if she should now,
 Not sell her honour at a lower rate,
 Than your place in his bed.

Orb. And would not you prove false too then?

Ari. By this--and this--loves breakfast; (Kisses her)
 By his feasts too yet to come, by all the
 Beauty in this face, divinity too great
 To be Prophan'd ———

Orb. O do not swear by that;
 Cankers may eat that flow'r upon the stalk
 (For sickness and mischance are great devourers)
 And when there is not in these cheeks and lips,
 Left red enough to blush at perjury,
 When you shall make it, what shall I do then?

Ari. Our souls by that time (Madam)
 Will by long custom so acquainted be,
 They will not need that duller truch-man Flesh,
 But freely, and without those poorer helps,
 Converse and mingle; mean time we'll teach
 Our loves to speak, not thus to live by signs,
 And action is his native language, Madam.

Enter Ziriff unseen.

This box but open'd to the Sense will do't.

Orb. I undertake I know not what.

Ari. Thine own safety (Dearest)

Let

Let it be this night, if thou do'st, *Whisper and kiss.*
Love thy self or me.

Orb. That's very sudden.

Ari. Not if we be so, and we must now be wise,
For when their Sun sets, ours begin to rise. — *Ex uni.*
Z riff. solus.

Zir. Then all my fears are true, and she is false;
False as a falling Star, or Glow-wormes fire :
This Devil Beauty is compounded strangely,
It is a subtle point, and hard to know,
VVhether't has in't more active tempting,
Or more passive tempted ; so soon it forces,
And so soon it yields —
Good Gods ! she seiz'd my heart, as if from you
Sh'ad had Commission to have us'd me so ;
And all man-kind besides — and she, if the just Ocean
Makes more hast to pay
To needy Rivers, what it borrow'd first,
Then she to give, while she ne'er took ;
Me thinks I feel anger, Revengees Harbinger
Chalking up all within, and thrusting out
Of doors, the tame and softer passions ; —
It must be so :

To love is noble frailtie, but poor sin
When we fall once to love, unlov'd agen.

Enter King Ariaspes, Joias.

Ari. 'Twere fit your Justice did consider, (Sir)
What way it took ; if you should apprehend
The Prince for Treason (which he never did)
And which, unacted, is unborn, (at least will be believ'd so)
Lookers on, and the loud talking croud,
VVill think it all but water colours
Laid on for a time ;
And which wip'd off, each common eye would see,
Strange ends through stranger ways,

King, Think'st thou I will compound with Treason then ?
And make one fear anothers Advocate ?

Iol. Vertue forbid Sir, but if you would permit,
Them to approach the room (yet who would advise
Treason should come so neer?) there would be then
No place left for excuse.

King. How strong are they?

Iol. Weak, considering
The enterprize; they are but few in number,
And those few too having nothing but
Their resolutions considerable about them;
A Troop indeed design'd to suffer what
They come to execute.

King. Who are they are thus weary of their lives?

Iol. Their names I cannot give you.
For those he sent for, he did still receive
At a back door, and so dismiss them too.
But I do think *Ziriff* is one.

King. Take heed! I shall suspect thy hate to others,
Not thy love to me, begot this service;
This Treason thou thy self do'st say
Has but an hours age, and I can give accompt
Of him, beyond that time—Brother, in the little Tower
Where now *Aglaura's* prisoner,
You shall find him; bring him along;
He yet doth stand untainted in my thoughts,
And to preserve him so.
He shall not stirr out of my eyes command;
Till this great cloud be over.

Iol. Sir, 'twas the Prince who first——

King. I know all that! urge it no more!
I love the man;
And 'tis with pain we do suspect,
Where we do not dislike.
Th'art sure he will have some,
And that they will come to night?

Iol. As sure as night will come it self.

King. Get all your Guards in readines, we will our self
Disperse them afterwards; and both be sure.

To

To wear your thoughts within : Ile act the rest : *Exeunt.*

Enter Philan, Orsames, Courtiers.

2 Court. Well — If there be not some great storm to-
Ne're trust me ; Whisper (Court thunder) is in (wards
Every corner, and there has been to day
About the Town a murmuring
And buzzing, such as men use to make
When they do fear to vent their fears ; (heads

1 Court. True, and all the States-men hang down their
Like full ear'd corn ; two of them
Where I sup't, askt what time of night it was,
And when twas told them, started, as if
They had been to run a race. (mirth

2 Court. The King too (if you mark him) doth saign
And jollity, but through them both,
Flashes of discontent and anger make escapes :

Ors. Gentlemen ! 'tis pittie heav'n
Design'd you not to make the Almanacks.
You guess so shrewdly by the ill aspects,
Or near conjunctions of the great ones.
At what's to come still ; that without all doubt
The Countrey had been govern'd wholly by you,
And plow'd and reap'd accordingly ; for me,
I understand this mysterie as little
As the new love ; and as I take it too,
'Tis much about the time that every thing
But Owles, and Lovers take their rest ;
Good night, *Philan* — away — *Exit.*

1 Court. 'Tis early yet ; let's go on the Queens side
And fool a little ; I love to warm my self
Before I go to bed, it does beget
Handsome and sprightly thoughts, and makes
Our dreams half solid pleasures,

2 Court. Agreed :

Exeunt

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

*Enter Prince, Conspirators.**Ther.* **C**ouldst thou not finde out Ziriff?*i. Court.* Not speak with him my Lord,
Yet I sent in by severall men.*Ors.* I wonder *Jolas* meets us not here too.*Ther.* 'Tis strange, but let's on now how ere,
When Fortunes, honour, life, and all's in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.*Excursions.**The Guard upon them.**Ther.* Betrai'd I betrai'd!*Ors.* Shift for your self Sir, and let us alone,
We will secure you way, and make our own.*Exeunt.**Enter the King and Lords.**King.* Follow Lords and see quick execution done,
Leave not a man alive.Who treads on fire, and does not put it out,
Disperes fear in many sparks of doubt.*Exeunt.**Enter Conspirators, and the Guard upon them**Ors.* Stand friends, an aqual party,—(Fight.)*Ph.* Brave *Orsames* 'tis pleasure to die neer thee.*Ors.* Talk not of dying *Philan*, we will live,
And serve the noble Prince agen: we are alone,

Off then with thy disguise, & throw it in the bushes,

Quick, quick; before the torrent comes upon us:

We shall be streight good subjects, & I despair not

Of reward for this nights service: So —

We two now kill'd our friends! 'tis hard,

But must be so.

*Enter Ariaspes, Jolas, two Courtiers, part
of the Guard.**Ari* Follow! Follow!*Ors.* Yes; so you may now, y'are not likely to overtake.*Jol.*

Iol. Orsames, and Philan, how came you hither?

Ors. The neereſt way it ſeems, you follow'd (thank you)

As it had been through quick-ſets :

Iol. 'Sdeath have they all eſcap'd?

Ors. Not all, two of them we made ſure ;

But they coſt dear, look here elſe.

Ari. Is the Prince there?

Phi. They are both Princes I think, (vizors)
They fought like Princes I am ſure. Jo'as pulls off the

Jol. Stephines, and Qdiris — we triſſe.

V Which way took the reſt?

Ors. Two of them are certainly hereabouts,

Ari. Upon my life they ſwam the river ;

Some ſtreight to horſe, and follow o're the bridge ;

You and I my Lord, will ſearch this place a little better.

Ors. Your Highneſs will I hope remember, who were
The men were in —

Ari. Oh ! fear not, your Miſtreſs ſhall know y'are valiant.

Ors. Philan ! if thou lov'ſt me, let's kill them upon th:

Phi. Fie : thou now art wild indeed ? (place.

Thou taught'ſt me to be wiſe firſt,

And I will now keep thee ſo. Follow, follow. *Exeunt*

Enter Aglaura with a Lute.

The Prince comes and knocks within.

Ther. Madam !

Agl. V What wretch is this that thus uſurps

Upon the Priviledge of Ghoſts, and walks

A: mid-night?

Ther. Aglaura.

Agl. Betray me not,

My willing ſence too ſoon, yet if that voice

Be falſe. —

Ther. Open fair Saint, and let me in.

Agl. It is the Prince —

As willing as thoſe

That cannot ſleep do light ; welcome (Sir,) (Open.)

V Welcome above — *Spies his ſword drawn.*

Bleſs

Bless me, what means this unsheath'd minister of death?

If Sir, on me quick Justice be to pass,
Why this? absence alas, or such strange looks
As you now bring with you, would kill as soon:

Ther. Softly! for I like a hard hunted Deer,
Have only herded here; and though the cry
Reach not our ears, yet I am follow'd close:

O my heart? since I saw thee,
Time has been strangely active, and begot
A monstrous issue of unheard of storie:

Sir; thou shalt have it all! nay, sigh not.
Such blasts will hinder all the passage;
Dost thou remember how we parted last?

Agl. Can I forget it Sir?

Ther. That word of parting was ill plac'd, I swear,
It may be ominous; but dost thou know
Into whose hands I gave thee?

Agl. Yes, into *Ziriff's* Sir.

Ther. That *Ziriff* was thy brother, brave *Zorannes*
Preserv'd by miracle in that sad day
Thy father fell, and since thus in disguise,
Waiting his just revenge.

Agl. You do amaze me, Sir.

Ther. And must do more, when I tell all the story.
The King the jealous King, knew of the marriage,
And when thou thought'st thy self by my direction,
Thou wert his prisoner;
Unless I would renounce all right,
And cease to love thee, (O strange, and fond request)
Immur'd thou must have been in some sad place,
And lockt for ever from *Thersames* fight.
For ever — and that unable to endure
This night, I did attempt his life.

Agl. Was it well done Sir?

Ther. O no! extremely ill!
For to attempt and not to act was poor:
Here the dead-doing Law, (like ill-paid Souldiers)

Leaves

Leaves the side 'twas on ; to joyn with power,
 Royal villany now will look so like to Justice ;
 That the times to come, and curious posterity
 Will find no difference : weep'st thou *Aglaura* ?
 Come, to bed my Love !

And we will there mock Tyrannie, and Fate,
 Those softer hours of pleasure and delight,
 That like so many single Pearles, should have
 Adorn'd our thread of life, we will at once
 By Loves Mysterious power and this nights help
 Contract to one and make but one rich draught
 Of all.

Agl. What mean you Sir ?

Ther. To make my self incapable of misery,
 By taking strong preservatives of happiness :
 I would this night injoy thee :

Agl. Do, Sir, do what you will with me,
 For I am too much yours, to deny the right
 How ever claim'd — — but — —

Ther. But what *Aglaura* ?

Agl. Gather not Roses in a wet and frowning hour,
 They'll lose their sweets then, trust me they will Sir.
 What pleasure can Love take to play his game out,
 When death must keep the stakes ? — — *A noise without.*
 Hark Sir — grave-bringers, and last minutes are at hand,
 Hide, hide your self, for Loves sake hide your self.

Ther. As soon the sun may hide, as I.
 The Prince of *Persia* hide himself ?

Agl. O talk not Sir ; the Sun does hide himself
 When night and blackness comes — — (then :

Ther. Never sweet ignorance, he shines in th' other world
 And so shall I, if I set here in glory :

Enter *Opens the door. Enter Z. risi*
 Ye hastie seekers of life.

Sorannes — —

Agl. My Brother !
 If all the joy within me come not out,

To give a welcome to so dear an object ?
Excuse it Sir ; sorrow locks up all doors.

Zir. If there be such a Toy about you, Sister;
Keep't for your self, or lend it to the Prince ;
There is a dearth of that Commodity,
And you have made it Sir. Now
What is the next mad thing you mean to do ?
Will you stay here ? when all the Court's beset.
Like to a wood at a great hunt, and busie mischief hastes
To be in view, and have you in their power —

Ther. To me all this —
For Great grief's deafe as well as it is dumbe,
And drives no trade at all with Counsell : (Sir) !
Why do you not Tutor one that has the Plague,
And see if he will fear an after ague fit ;
Such is all mischief now to me ; there is none less
Is worth a thought ; death is the worst I know,
And that compar'd to shame, does look more lovely now
Than a chaste Mistress, set by common woman —
And I must court it Sir ? (our selves)

Zir. No wonder if that heav'n forsake us when we leave
What is there done should feed such high despair ?
Were you but safe —

Agl. Dear (Sir) be rul'd ;
If love be love, and magick too,
(As sure it is where it is true ;)
We then shall meet in absence, and in spight
Of all divorce, freely enjoy together
What niggard Fate thus peevishly denies.

Ther. Yea : but if pleasures be themselves but dreams,
What then are the dreams of these to men ?
That monster, Expectation, will devour
All that is within our hope or power,
And e're we once can come to shew how rich
We are, we shall be poor,
Shall we not Sorannez ?

Zir. I understand not this,

In times of envious penury (such as these are)
 To keep but love alive is fair, we should not think
 Of feasting him : come (Sir)
 Here in these lodgings is a little door,
 That leads unto another ; that again
 Unto a vault that has his passage under
 The little river, opening into the wood ;
 From thence 'tis but some few minutes easie business
 Unto a Servants house of mine (who for his faith
 And honesty, hereafter must
 Look big in storie) there you are safe however ;
 And when this Storm has met a little calme,
 What wilde desire dares whisper to it self,
 You may enjoy, and at the worst may steal :

Ther. V What shall become of thee *Aglaura* then ?
 Shall I leave thee their rages sacrifice ?
 And like dull Seamen threatned with a storm,
 Throw all away I have, to save my self ?

Agl. Can I be safe when you are not, my Lord ?
 Knows love in us divided happiness ?
 Am I the safer for your being here ?
 Can you give that you have not for your self ?
 My innocence is my best guard, and that your stay
 Betraying it unto suspicion, takes away.
 If you did love me ? —

(Kisses her.)

Ther. Grows that in question? then 'tis time to part.
 When we shall meet again Heav'n only knows ;
 And when we shall, I know we shall be old.
 Love does not calculate the common way ;
 Minutes are hours there, and the hours are dayes ;
 Each day's an year, and every year an age ;
 What will this come to think you ?

Zir Would this were all the ill,
 For these are petty little harmless nothings ;
 Times horse runs full as fast had born and curb'd ;
 As in his full career, loose rein'd and spurr'd :
 Come : come, let's away.

Ther. Happinness, such as men lost in miserie,
Would wrong in naming, 'tis so much above them;
All that I want of it, all you deserve,
Heav'n send you in my absence.

Agl. And misery, such as witty malice would
Lay out in curses, on the thing it hates,
Heav'n send me in the stead, if when you are gone *Leads him*
I welcome it but for your sake alone — *Exeunt* *out, & en-*
Zir. Stir not from hence, Sir, till you hear from me, *ters up out*
So goodnight dear Prince. *of the*
Ther. Goodnight dear friend. *vault.*

Zir. When we meet next all this will but advance —
Joy never feasts so high,
As when the first course is of misery. *Exeunt*

L 2

ACTUS.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter three or four Courtiers.

1 Court. **B**Y this light—a brave Prince,
He made no more of the Guard, than they
Would of a Taylor on a Mask night, that has refused
Trusting before.

2 Court. He's as active as he is valiant too?
Did't mark him how he stood like all the points
O'th' Compass, and as good Pictures,
Had his eyes towards every man?

3 Court. And his sword too;
All th'other side walk up and down the Court now;
As if they had lost their way, and stare
Like Grey-hounds, when the Hare has taken the furze.

1 Court. Right.
And have more troubles about them
Than a Serving man that has forgot his message
When he's come upon the place——

2 Court. Yonder's the King within chasing & swearing
Like an old Falconer upon the first flight
Of a young Hawke, when some Clown
Has taken away the quarrie from her;
And all the Lords stand round about him,
As if he were to be baited, with much more fear,
And at much more distance,
Than a Countrey Gentlewoman sees the Lions the first
Look: he's broke loose.

Enter King and Lords.

King. Find him; or by *Osiris* self, you all are Traitors;
And equally shall pay to Justice; a single man,
And guiltie too, break through you all!

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Confidence!
(Thou paint of women and the States-man wisdom.

Valour

Valour for Cowards, and of the guilties innocence,)

Assist me now,

Sir, send these Starers off:

I have some business will deserve your privacie.

King. Leave us.

Jel. How the villain swells upon us? — *Exeunt.*

Zir. Not to punish thought,

Or keep it long upon the wrack of doubt,

Know Sir,

That by corruption of the waiting woman,

The common key of secrets, I have found

The truth at last, and have discover'd all:

The Prince your Son was by *Aglaura's* means,

Convey'd last night unto the Cypress Grove,

Through a close vault that opens in the lodgings.

He does intend to joyn with *Carimania*,

But e're he goes, resolves to finish all

The rites of Love, and this night means,

To steal what is behind.

King. How good is heav'n unto me!

That when it gave me Traitors for my Subjects,

Would lend me such a Servant!

Zir. How just (Sir) rather,

That would bestow this Fortune on the poor;

And where your bounty had made debt so infinite

That it grew desperate, their hope to pay it —

King. Enough of that, thou dost but gently chide

Me for a fault that I will mend; for I

Have been too poor, and low in my rewards

Unto thy vertue: but to our business;

The question is, whether we shall rely

Upon our Guards again;

Zir. By no means Sir.

Hope on his future fortunes, or their Love

Unto his person, has so sicklied o're

Their resolutions, that we must not trust them,

Besides, it were but needles here;

He passes through the vault alone, and I
 My self durst undertake that business,
 If that were all but there is something else
 This accident doth prompt my zeal to serve you in:
 I know you love *Aglaura* (Sir) with passion,
 And would enjoy her; I know besides
 She loves him so, that whosoe'er shall bring
 The tidings of his death, must carry back
 The news of hers, so that your Justice (Sir)
 Must rob your hope: but there is yet a way——

King. Here! take my heart; for I have hitherto
 Too vainly spent the treasure of my love,
 I'll have it coyn'd straight into friendship all,
 And make a present to thee.

Zir. If any part of this rich happiness
 (Fortune prepares now for you) shall owe it self,
 Unto my weak endeavours, I have enough,
Aglaura without doubt this night expects
 The Prince, and why
 You should not then supply his place by stealth,
 And in disguise——

King. I apprehend thee *Ziriff*,
 But there's difficulty——

Zir. Who trades in love must be an adventurer, (Sir)
 But here is scarce enough to make the pleasure dearer.
 I know the Cave; your Brother and my self
 With *Iolus*, (for these we are sure do hate him)
 With some few chosen more betimes will wait
 The Princes passing through the vault; if he
 Comes first, he's dead; and if it be your self,
 We will conduct you to the chamber door,
 And stand 'twixt you and danger afterwards.

King. I have conceiv'd of joy, and am grown great:
 Till I have safe deliverance, Time's a cripple
 And goes on crutches—as for thee my *Ziriff*,
 I do here entertain a friendship with thee,
 Shall drown the memory of all patterns past;

We will oblige by turns ; and that so thick,
And fast, that curious studiers of it,
Shall not once dare to cast it up, or say
By way of guess, whether thou or I
Remain the debtors when we come to die.

Exeunt.

*Enter Semanthe, Orithie, Philan, Orsames,
Lords and Ladies*

Ori. Is the Queen ready to come out ?

Phi. Not yet sure, the Kings Brother is but newly enterd,

Sem. Come my Lord, the Song then,

Ori. The Song.

Ors. A vengeance take this love, it spoils a voice
Worse then the losing of a maiden-head.

I have got such a cold with rising
And walking in my shirt a nights, that
A Bittourne whooping in a reed is better musick.

Ori. This modesty becomes you as ill, my Lord,
As wooing would us women ; pray, put's not to it.

Ors. Nay Ladies, you shall finde me
As free as the Maficians of the woods
Themselves ; what I have, you shall not need to call for,
Nor shall it cost you any thing.

L 4

SONG.

SONG.

VVHy so pale and wan fond Lover?
 Prithee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevaile?
 Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute young Sinner?
 Prithee why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not ~~more~~
 this cannot take her;
 If of her self she will not Love,
 Nothing can make her,
 The Devil take her.

Ori. I should have ghest, it had been the issue of
 Your brain, if I had not been told so;

Orf. A little foolish counsel, (Madam) I gave a friend
 Of mine four or five years ago, when he was
 Falling into a consumption. —

Enter Queen.

Orb. Which of all you have seen the fair prisoner
 Since she was confinde?

Sem. I have Madam.

Orb. And how behaves she now her self?

Sem. As one that had intrench'd so deep in Innocence
 She fear'd no enemies; bears all quietly,
 And smiles at Fortune, whilest she frowns on her.

Orb. So gallant! I wonder where the beauty lies

That

That thus inflames the royal blood?

them

Ori. Faces, Madam, are like books ; those that do study
Know best ; and to say truth, 'tis still
Much as it pleases the Courteous Reader.

Orb. These Lovers sure are like Astronomets,
That when the vulgar eye discovers but
A Skie above, studded with some few stars,
Find out besides strange fishes, birds, and beasts.

Sem. As men in sickness scorch'd into a raving
Do see the Devill, in all shapes and formes,
When standers by wondering, ask where, and when ;
So they in Love ; for all's but feaver there,
And madness too.

Orb. That's too severe *Semanthe* ;
But we will have your reasons in the park ;
Are the doors open through the Gardens ?

Lo. The King has newly led the way.

Exeunt.

*Enter Ariaspes : Ziriff with a
Warrant sealed.*

Ari. Thou art a Tyrant, *Ziriff* : I shall die with joy.

Zir. I must confess my Lord ; had but the Princes ill
Prov'd sleight, and not thus dangerous,
He should have ow'd to me, at least I would
Have laid a claim unto his safety ; and
Like Physicians, that do challenge right
In Natures cures, look't for reward and thanks ;
But since 'twas otherwise, I thought it best
To save my self, and then to save the State.

Ari. 'Twas wisely done.

Zir. Safely I'm sure, my Lord ! you know 'tis not
Our custom, where the Kings dislike once swells to hate,
There to engage our selves ; Court friendship
Is a Cable, that in storms is ever cut,
And I made bold with it ; here is the warrant seal'd ;
And for the execution of it, if you think
We are not strong enough, we may have
Jolias, for him the King did name,

Ari.

Ari. And him I would have named.

Zir. But is he not too much the Princes (Sir ?)

Ari. He is as lights in Sceanes at Masques,
VVhat glorious shew so e're he makes without;
I that see him there, know why, and how ; *Enter Jolas*
But here he is. —

Come *Jolas* ; and since the Heav'ns decreed,
The man whom thou should'st envie, should be such,
That all men else must do't ; be not a sham'd
Thou once wert guilty of it ;
But bless them, that they give thee now a means
To make a friendship with him, and vouchsafe
To find thee out a way to love, where well
Thou couldst not hate.

Jol. VVhat means my Lord ?

Ari. Here here he stands that has preserv'd us all ;
That sacrific'd unto a publick,
(The dearest private good we mortals have)
Friendship : gave into our armes the Prince,
VVhen nothing but the sword (perchance a ruine)
VVas left to do it.

Jol. How could I chide my love, and my ambition now,
That thrust me upon such a quarrel ? here I do vow —

Zir. Hold, do not vow, my Lord let it deserve it first
And yet (if Heav'n bless honest mens intents)
'Tis not impossible.

My Lord, you will be pleas'd to inform him in particulars ;
I must be gone
The King I fear already has been left
Too long alone.

Ari. Stay — the hour and place.

Zir. Eleven, under the Tarras walk ;
I will not fail you there, *Goes out, and returns back again,*
I had forgot : —

'Tmay be, the small remainder of those lost men
That were of the conspiracy, will come along with him :
'Twere best to have some chosen of the Guard.

Within

Within our call——

Exit Ziriff.

Ari. Honest, and careful *Ziriff*! *Jolas* stands musing.

Jol. How now *Planet-strook*?

Jol. This *Ziriff* will grow great with all the world.

Ari. Shallow man, shortfichteder than travellers in mists,
Or women that out-live themselves; dost thou not see,
That whilest he doth prepare a Tombe with one hand
For his friend, he digs a Grave with th'other for himself?

Jol. How so?

Ari. Do'st think he shall not feel the weight of this,
As well as poor *Thersames*?

Jol. Shall we then kill him too at the same instant!

Ari. And say, the Prince made an unlucky thrust.

Jol. Right.

Ari. Dull, dull, he must not dye to utelelly.

As when we wipe off filth from any place,

We throw away the thing that made it clean,

o this once done, he's gone.

Thou know'st the People love the Prince; to their rage
something the State must offer up; who fitter
han thy rival and my enemy?

Jol. Rare! our witness will be taken.

Ari. Pish! let me alone.

The Giants that made mountains ladders,

Aand thought to take great *Love* by force, were fools:

Not hill on hill, but plot on plot, does make

Us sit above, and laugh at all below us,——Exeunt

Enter *Aglaura* and a singing *Boy*.

Boy, Madam 'twill make you melancholly,

I'll sing the *Princes* Song, that's sad enough.

Agl. What you will Sir.

SONG.

NO, no, fair Heretique, it needs must be,
But an ill Love in me,
And worse for thee.

For were it in my power,
To love thee now this hower
More than I did the last ;

It would then so fall,
I might not Love at all ;

Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
Admits as well an Ebb, and may grow less.

True Love is still the same ; the torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones,
It must not know

For Love grown cold or hot,
Is Lust, or Friendship, not
The thing we have ;

For that's a flame would die,
Held down, or up too high :

Then think I love more then I can express,
And would love more could I but love thee less.

Agl. Leave me ! for to a Soul so out of Tune,
As mine is now, nothing is harmony :
Whence once the main-spring, Hope, is faln into
Disorder ; no wonder, if the lesser wheels,
Desire and Joy, stand still ; my thoughts like Bees

When

When they have lost their King, wander
Confusedly up and down, and settle no where;

Enter Orithie.

Orithie. Flie ! flie the room,
As thou would'st shun the habitations
Which Spirits haunt, or where thy nearer friends
Walk after death : here is not only Love,
But Loves plague too — misfortune ; and so high,
That it is sure infectious ! (than you

Ori. Madam, so much more miserable am I this way
That I should pity you, I should forget my self :
My sufferings are such, that with less patience
You may endure your own, than give mine Audience.
There is that difference, that you may make
Yours none at all but by considering mine !

Agf. O speak them quickly then ! the marriage day
To passionate Lovers never was more welcome,
Than any kinde of ease would be to me now,

Ori. Could they be spoke, they were not then so great.
I love, and dare not say I love ; dare not hope,
What I desire ; yet still too must desire —
And like a starving man brought to a feast,
And made say grace, to what he nere shall taste,
Be thankful after all, and kiss the hand
That made the wound thus deep.

Agf. 'Tis hard indeed, but with what unjust scales
Thou took'st the wait of our mis-fortunes,
Be thine own Judge now.
Thou mourn'st for loss of that thou never had'st ;
Or if thou hadst a loss, it never was
Of a *Thersames*.

Would'st thou not think a Merchant mad, *Orithie*,
If thou should'st see him weep, and tear his hair,
Because he brought not both the Indies home ?
And would'st not think his sorrows very just,
If having fraught his ship with some rich treasure,
He sunk it in very Port ; This is our case,

Ori.

Ori. And do you think there is such odds in it ?
Would Heaven we women could as easily change
Our Fortunes as ('tis said) we can our minds.
I cannot (Madam) think them miserable,
That have the Princes Love.

Agl. He is the man then ——
Blush not *Oribbie*, 'tis a sin to blush
For loving him, though none at all to love him.
I can admit of rivalship without
A jealousy — nay shall be glad of it :
We two will sit, and think and sigh. †
And sigh, and talk of love — and of *Thersames*.
Thou shalt be praising of his wit, while I
Admire he governs it so well :
Like this thing said thus, th'other thing thus done,
And in good language him for these adore,
While I want words to do't yet do it more.
Thus will we do, till death it self shall us
Divide, and then whose fate will be to die
First of the two, by legacie shall all
Her love bequeath, and give her stock to her
That shall survive ; for no one stock can serve
To love *Thersames* so as he'l deserve.

Enter King, Ziriff.

King. What have we here impossibility ?
A constant night, and yet within the room,
That, that can make the day before the Sun ?
Silent *Aglaura* too ?

Agl. I know dot what you say :
Is't to your pitty, or your scorn I owe
The favour of this visit (Sir ?) for such
My fortune is, it doth deserve them both :

King. And such thy beauty is that it makes good
All fortunes, sorrow looks lovely here ;
And there's no man that would not entertain
His griefs as friends ; were he but sure they'd shew
No worse upon him —— but I forget my self,

I came to chide.

Agl. If I have sion'd so high, that yet my punishment
Equals not my crime,

Do Sir ; I should be loth to die in debt

To Justice how ill see're I paid

The scores of Love. ———

King. And those indeed thou hast but paid indifferently
To me, I did deserve at least fair death,

Nor to be murthered thus in private :

That was too cruel, Mistress.

And I do know thou do'st repent, and wilt

Yet make me satisfaction :

Agl. What satisfaction Sir ?

I am no monster, never had two hearts ;

One is by holy vows anothers now,

And could I give it you, you would not take it.

For 'tis alike impossible for me

To love again, as you love Perjurie.

O Sir ! consider, what a flame love is.

If by rude means you think to force a light,

That of it self it would not freely give

You blow it out, and leave your self i'th dark.

The Prince once gone, you may as well perswade

The light to stay behind, when the Sun posts

To th'other world, as me ; alas ! we two

have mingled souls more than two meeting brooks ;

And whosoever is design'd to be

The murtherer of my Lord, (as sure there is,

Has anger'd heav'n so far, that 'as decreed

Him to increase his punishment that way)

Would he but search the heart, when he has done,

He there would find *Aglaure* murthered too.

King. Thou hast o'come me, mov'd so handsomly

For pitty, that I will dis-inherit

The elder Brother, and from this hour be

Thy Convert, not thy Lover. ———

Zwiff. Dispatch away ———

And

And he that brings news of the Prince's welfare,
 Look that he have the same reward we had decreed
 To him brought tidings of his death.
 'T must be a busie and bold hand, that would
 Unlink a chain the Gods themselves have made :
 Peace to thy thoughts : *Aglaura* —

Ziriff steps back and speaks.

Zir. VVhat e're he sayes, believe him not *Aglaura* ;
 For lust and rage ride high within him now :
 He knows *Thersames* made th'escape from hence,
 And does conceale it only for his ends :
 For by the favour of mistake and night,
 He hopes t' enjoy thee in the Princes room ;
 I shall be mist — else I would tell thee more ;
 But thou mayest ghes ; for our condition
 Admits no middle waies ; either we must
 Send them to Graves, or lie our selves in dust — *Exit.*

Aglaura stands still and studies.

Agl. Ha ! 'tis a strange A&t thought puts me now upon
 Yet sure my brother meant the self same thing,
 And my *Thersames* would have don't for me :
 To take his life, that seeks to take away
 The Life of Life, (honour from me ;) and from
 The world, the life of honour, *Thersames* ;
 Must needs be something sure of kin to justice,
 If I do fail, th'attempt how'ere was brave,
 And I shall have at worst a handsome grave — *Exit.*

Enter Jolas, Semanthe.

Semanthe steps back, Jolas stayes her.

Jol. What ? are we grown *Semanthe*, night, and day ?
 Must one still vanish when the other comes ?
 Of all that ever Love did yet bring forth
 (And't has been fruitful too) this is
 The strangest issue —

Sem. What my Lord ?

Jol. Hate *Semanthe*.

Sem. You do mistake, if I do shun you, 'tis,

As bashful debtors shun their Creditors,

I cannot pay you in the self-same coyn,

And am asham'd to offer any other.

Iol. It is ill done *Semanthe*, to plead bankrupt,

When with such ease you may be out of debt;

Iol. I love dominions, native commodity

Is currant payment; change is all the trade,

And heart for heart the richest merchandize. (prove

Sem. 'T would here be mean my Lord, since mine would

In your hands but a counterfeit, and yours in mine

Worth nothing; Sympathy, not greatness,

Makes those Jewels rise in value.

Iol. Sympathy! O teach but yours to love then,

And two so rich no mortal ever knew.

Sem. That heart would Love but ill that must be taught,

Such fires as these still kindle of themselves

Iol. In such a cold, and frozen place as is

Thy breast, how should they kindle of themselves

Semanthe?

Sem. Ask how the Flint can carry fire within?

'Tis the least miracle that love can do:

Iol. Thou art thy self the greatest miracle,

For thou art fair to all perfection,

And yet do'st want the greatest part of beauty,

Kindness; thy cruelty (next to thy self)

Above all things on earth takes up my wonder.

Sem. Call not that cruelty, which is our fate,

Believe me *Iolas*, the honest Swaine

That from the brow of some steep cliff far off,

Beholds a ship labouring in vain against

The boysterous and unrulie Elements, ne're had

Less power, or more desire to help than I;

At every sigh I die, and every look

Does move; and any passion you will have

At Love, I have in store: I will be angry,

Quarrel with destiny and with my self,

That 'tis no better; be melancholy;

M

And

And (though mine own disasters well might plead
 To be in chief) yours only shall have place ;
 He pitty, and (if that's too low) He grieve,
 As for my sins, I cannot give you ease :
 All this I do, and this, I hope will prove
 'Tis greater torment not to love, than love ——— *Exit.*

Jos. So perishing Sailours pray to storm,
 And so they hear again : So men
 With death about them, look on Physicians that
 Have given them o're, and so they turn away :
 Two fixed Stars that keep a constant distance,
 And by laws made with themselves must know
 No motion excentrick, may meet as soon as we :
 The anger that the foolish Sea does shew,
 When it does brave it out, and roare against
 A stubborn rock that still denies it passage,
 Is not so vain and fruitless, as my prayers.
 Ye mighty Powers of Love and Fate, where is
 Your justice here ? It is thy part (fond Boy)
 When thou do'st find one wounded heart, to make
 The other so ; but if thy Tyranny
 Be such, that thou wilt leave one breast to hate,
 If we must live, and this survive,
 How much more cruel's Fate ? ——— *Exit.*

ACTUS

ACTUS V. SCĒNĀ. I.

Enter Ziriff, Ariaspes, Jolas.

Jol. **A** Glorious night!

Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove so,
Are we not there yet?

Zir. 'Tis about this hollow

Enter the Cave.

Ari. How now! what region are we got into?
Th'inheritance of night!

Are we not mistaken a turning Ziriff,
And stept into some melancholy Devils Territory?
Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
That would endure no change.

Zor. No matter S.r, 'tis as proper for our purpose,
As the Lobbie for the waiting womans.

Stay you here, He move a little backward,
And so we shall be sure to put him past

Retreat: you know the word it't be the Prince, (*Goes to the*
mouth of the Cave.

Enter King.

Ex. Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet—

King. He's not come then?

Zir. No.

King. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. Waiting within.

He leads him on, step behind

Jol. I do not like th's waiting, *him gives the false word:*
Nor this fellows leaving us. *they kill the King.*

Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine own nature too as jealous
As either Love or Honor: Come wear thy Sword inr ad-
And think how near we are a Crown, (*nes;*

Zir. Revenge!

So let's drag him to the light, and search
His Pockets, there may be Papers there that will

Discover the rest of the Conspiratours.

Jolas your hand —

Draw him out.

Jol. Whom have we here ? the King !

Zir. Yes, and *Zorannes* too. Illo ! hoe ! *Enter Pasithas*

Unarm them :

and others.

D'ee stare ?

This for my Fathers injuries and mine : *Points to the King*

Half Love, half Duties Sacrifice ; *dead Body.*

This for the Noble Prince, an offering to friendship : *Runs*

Jol. Basely and tamely ! — *dies.*

(at Jolas

Ari. What hast thou done ?

Zir. Nothing — kill'd a Traitor,

So — away with them, and leave us ;

Pasithas, be onely you in call.

Ari. What do'st thou pause ?

Hast thou remorse already murderer ?

Zir. No fool : 'tis but a difference I put

Betwixt the crimes : *Orbella* is our quarrel,

And I do hold it fit that Love should have

A nobler way of Justice than Revenge

Or Treason : follow me out of the Wood,

And thou shalt be Master of this again :

(agen.

And then, best arm and title take it. *They go out and enter*

There —

Gives him his Sword.

Ari. Extream'y good ! Nature took pains I swear ;

The Villain and the Brave are mingled handsomly.

Zir. 'Twas Fate that took it, when it decreed

We two should meet, nor shall they mingle now

We are brought together strait to part. —

Fight.

Ari. Some Devilure has borrowed this shape,

Pause.

My Sword ne'er stay'd thus long to find an entrance.

Zir. To guilty men all that appears is Devil.

Come trisser, come, —

Fight again, Ariaspes falls.

Ari. Whither, whither, thou fleeing Coward Life ?

Babb'e of time, Nature's shame, stay, a little, stay !

Till I have look'd my self into Revenge,

And stax'd this Traytor to a Carcass first.

—

—It will not be : — Falls.

The Crown, the Crown too,
Now is lost, for ever lost — oh ! —

Ambition's but an *Ignis fatuus*, I see,

Misleading fond Mortalitie,

That hurries us about, and sets us down

Just — where — we — first — begun — Dies.

Zir. What a great spreading mighty thing this was !

And what a nothing now ! How soon poor man

Vanishes into his noon-shadow ?

But hopes o'er-fed have seldom better done : — (*Hello vs*)

Take up this lump of Vanity and Honour, *Enter Pasticas.*

And carry it the back way to my Lodging,

There may be use of Statesmen when they're dead :

So — for the Citadel now, for in such times

As these, when the unruly multitude

Is up in swarms, and no man knows which way

They'll take, 'tis good to have retreat. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therfames.

Ther. The Dog-star's got up high, it should be late :

And sure by this time every waking Ear

And watchful Eye is charm'd ; and yet me thought

A noise of Weapons struck my Ear just now.

'Twas but my fancy sure, and were it more,

I would not tread one step that did not lead

To my *Aglaura*, stood all his Guard betwixt,

With Lightning in their hands.

Danger ! thou Dwarf dress'd up in Giant's cloaths,

That shew'd far off still greater than thou art,

Go terrifie the Simple, and the Guilty, such

As with false Opticks still do look upon thee :

But fright not Lovers, we dare look on thee

In thy worst shapes, and meet thee in them too.

Stay — These Trees I made my mark, 'tis hereabouts,

— Love guide me but right this night.

And Lovers shall restore thee back again

Those Eyes the Poets took so boldly from thee. *Exit.*

*Aglaura with a torch in one hand, and a dagger
in the other.*

(worfe

Agl. How ill this does become this hand, how much the
This suits with this! one of the two should go
The she within me sayes, it must be this——
Honor sayes this——and honor is *Therfames* friend:
VWhat is that she then? it is not a thing
That sets a Price, not upon me, but on
Life in my name, leading me into doubt
VWhich when't has done, it cannot light me out,
For fear does drive to Fete, or fate if we
Do flie, oretakes, and holds us, till or death
Or infamie, or both doth seize us —— *Puts out the light.*
Ha! —— would 'twere in again!
Antiques and strange mishapes,
Such as the Porter to my soul, mine Eye,
Was ne'r acquainted with, Fancy let's in,
Like a distracted multitude, by some strange accident
Piec'd together, fear now afresh comes on,
And charges love too home.

——He comes——he comes——

Woman, if would'st be the Subject of mans wonder,
Not his scorn hereafter, now shew thy self.

*Enter Prince rising from the vault, she stabs him two or three
times, he falls she goes back to her Chamber.*

Sudden and fortunate!

My better Angel surely did both infuse

A strength, and did direct it

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Aglaura!

Agl. Brother. ——

Zir. The same.

So slow to let in such a long'd for Guest?

Must joy stand knocking Sister? come prepare,
Prepare ——

The King of *Persia's* coming to you strait!

The King —— mark that.

(you

Alg I thought how poor the joyes you brought with
We

Were in respect of those that were with me :

Joyes, are our hopes stript of their fears,

And such are mine ; for know, dear Brother

The King is come already and is gone — mark that :

Zir. Is this instinct, or riddle ? what King ? how gone ?

Agl. The Cave will tell you more —

Zir. Some sad mistake — thou hast undone us all. *Goes out,*
The Prince ! the Prince ! cold as the bed of earth *enters*
He lies upon, as senseless too ! death hangs *hastily*
Upon his lips *again.*

Like an untimely frost, upon an early Cherry

The noble Guest, his Soul, took it so ill

That you should use his old Acquaintance so,

That neither prayers, nor tears, can e're perswade

Him back again ——— Aglaura *swounes ; rubs her,*

Hold hold : we cannot sure part thus !

Sister ! Aglaura ! *Thersames* is not dead,

It is the Prince that calls ———

Agl. The Prince, where ?

Tell me, or I will straight go back again,

Into those groves of Gessemie, thou took'st me from,

And find him out, or lose my self for ever.

Zir. For ever — I : there's it !

For in those Groves thou talk'st of,

There are so many by waies and odd turnings,

Leading unto such wide and dismall places,

That should we go without a guide, or str

Before Heav'n calls, 'tis strongly to be feared

We there should wander up and down for ever,

And be benighted to eternity —

Agl. Benighted to eternity ? ——— VVhat's that ?

Zir. Why 'tis to be benighted to eternity,

To sit i'th' dark, and do I know not what ;

Unriddle at our own sad cost and charge,

The doubts the Learned here do only move ———

Agl. What place have murderers brother there ? for sure
The mur. herer of the Prince must have

A punishment that Heaven is yet to make——

Zir. How is Religion fool'd betwixt our Loves
And Fears? Poor Girl! for ought that thou hast done,
Thy Chaplets may be fair and flourishing,
As his in the *Elysium*.

Agl. Do you think so?

Zir. Yes I do think so.

The juster Judges of our Actions,
Would they have been severe upon
Our weakneses,
Would (sure) have made us stronger.——
Fie! those tears

A Bride upon the Marriage-day as properly
Might shed as thou, here Widdows do't,
And marry next day after:

To such a Funeral as this, there should be
Nothing common——

We'll mourn him so that those that are alive
Shall think themselves more buried far than he;
And wish to have his Grave, to find his Obsequies:

But stay——the Body. *Brings up the Body, she swoons*

Agan! Sister——*Aglaura*—— *(and dies)*

O speak once more, once more look out fair Soul——
Shee's gone.——

Irrevocably gone.—— And winging now the Air,
Like a glad Bird that's broken from its cage.

Poor bankrupt Heart! when't had not wherewithal
To pay disaster all that was its due,

It broke—— would mine would do so too.

My Soul is now within me

Like a well-metled Hawk, on a blind Faulkners fist,
Methinks I feel it baiting to be gone:

And yet I have a little foolish business here
On earth: I will dispatch,—— *Exit.*

Enter Pasibbas with the Body of Ariaspes.

Pas. Let me be like my burthen, if I had not
lieve kill two of the Blood-Royal for him, as carry one
of

of them; These Gentlemen of high actions are three times as heavy after death, as your private retir'd ones; look if he be not reduc'd to the state of a Courtier of the second forme now? and cannot stand upon his own legs, nor do any thing without help, Hum, — And what's become of the great Prince, in prison as they call it now, the toy within us, that makes us talk, and laugh, and fight, I! why here's it, well, let him be what he will, and where he will, I'll make bold with the old Tenement here. Come Sir — come along: — *Exit.*

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. All's fast too, here —

They sleep to night

I'their winding sheets I think, there's such

A general quiet.

Oh! here's light I warrant:

For lust does take as little rest, as care, or age —

Courting her glass, I swear, fie! that's a flatterer Madam,

In me you shall see trulier what you are. (*Knock. Ent. the Queen.*)

Orb. What makes you up at this strange hour, my Lord?

Zir. My business is my boldness warrant,

(Madam)

And I could well afford t'have been without it now,

Had Heav'n so pleas'd.

Orb. Tis a sad Prologue,

What follow in the name of vertue?

Zir. The King.

Orb. I, what of him? is well, is he not?

Zir. Yes. —

If to be free from the great load

We sweat and labour under, here on earth,

Be to be well, he is.

Orb. Why he's not dead, is he?

Zir. Yes Madam, slain — and the Prince too.

Orb. How? where?

Zir. I know not, but dead they are.

Orb. Dead

Zir.

Zir. Yes Madam.

Orb. Didst see them dead?

Zir. As I see you alive.

Orb. Dead!

Zir. Yes dead!

Orb. Well, we must all die;

The Sisters spin no cables for us mortals,

Th' are thred; and time and chance——

Trust me I could weep now;

But watry distillations do but ill on graves;

They make the lodging colder.

She kneels.

Zir. What would you Madam?

Orb. Why my friends, my Lord!

I would consult and know, what's to be done.

Zir. Madam 'tis not safe to raise the Court;

Things thus unsettled, if you please to have——

Orb. Where's *Ariaspes*?

Zir. In's dead sleep by this time I'm sure;

Orb. I know he is not! find him instantly.

Zir. I'm gone——

Turns back again.

But Madam why make you choice of him, from whom

If the succession meet disturbance,

All must come of danger?

Orb. My Lord, I am not yet so wise, as to be jealous;

Pray dispute no further.

Zir. Pardon me Madam, if before I go

I must unlock a secret unto you! such a one

As while the King did breath durst know no aire,

Zorannes lives.

Orb. Ha!

Zir. And in the hope of such a day as this

Has lingred out a life, snatching, to feed

His almost famished eyes.

Sighs now and then of you, in a disguise.

Orb. Strange! this night is big with miracle!

Zir. If you did love him, as they say you did,

And do so still; 'tis now within your power!

Orb. I would it were my Lord, but I am now
No priyate woman, if I did love him once,
(And 'tis so long ago, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excus't.

Zir. Excuse it?

Orb. Yes excuse it Sir,

Zir. Though I confess I lov'd his father much,
And pitty him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts, I have discharg'd a trust;
And zeal shall stray no further:

Your pardon Madam:

Exit

Queen studies

Orb. May be 'tis a plot to keep off *Ariaspes*
Greatness, which he must fear, because he knows
He hates him: for these are Statef-men,
That when time has made bold with the King and Subject,
Throwing down all fence that stood betwixt their power,
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmons coming in with flouds,
That leap o're wyres and nets, and make their way
To be at the return to every one a prey.

*Enter Ziriff, and Pasichas throwing down the dead
body of Ariaspes,*

Orb. Ha! murdered too!

Treason—treason——

Zir. But such another word, and half so loud,
And th'art, ——

Orb. Why? thou wilt not murder me too?
Vilt thou villain?

Zir. I do not know my temper —— *Discovers himself.*
Look here vain thing, and see thy fins full blown:
There's scarce a part in all this face, thou hast
Not been forsworn by, and Heav'n forgive thee for't!
For thee I lost a Father, Countrey, friends,
My self almost, for I lay buried long;
And when there was no use thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the principal away.
Had I but staid, and not began revenge

Till

Till thou had'st made an end of changing,
I had had the kingdom to have kill'd :

As wantons entering a Garden, take

The first fair flower they meet, and

Treasure't in their laps ;

Then seeing more, do make fresh choyce again,

Throwing in one and one, till at the length

The first poor flower ore charg'd, with too much weight
Withers, and dies :

So hast thou dealt with me,

And having killd me first, I will kill —

Orb. Hold — hold —

Not for my sake, but *O: bella's* (Sir) a bare

And single death is such a wrong to Justice,

I must needs except against it.

Find out a way to make me long a dying ;

For death's no punishment ; it is the sense,

The pains and fears afore that makes a death :

To think what I had had, had I had you,

What I have lost in losing of my self,

Are deaths farr worse then any you can give :

Yet kill me quickly ; for if I have time,

I shall so wash this soul of mine with tears,

Make it so fine, that you would be afresh

In love with it, and so perchance I should

Again come to deceive you *She rises up weeping, & hanging down*

Zir. So rises day blushing at nights deformity :

And to the pretty flowers blubber'd with dew,

And ever wash'd with rain, hang down their heads.

I must not look upon her :

Goes towards him)

Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as fresh

As are the Roses ; had I but innocence

Joyn'd to their bushes, I should then be bold,

For when they went on begging they were ne're deni'd ;

'Tis but a parting kiss Sir —

Zir. I dare not grant it. —

Orb. Your hand Sir then, for that's a part I shall

Love after death, (if after death we love)

'Cause it did right the wrong'd Zorannes here.

Steps to him, and opens the Box of poyson; Zorannes falls;

Sleep, sleep for ever, and forgotten too,

All but thy ills. which may succeeding time

Remember, as the Seaman does his Marks,

To know what to avoid: May at thy name

All good men start, and bad too; may it prove

Infection to the Air, that people dying of it *(asbes.)*

May help to curse thee for me. *Turns to the Body of Ari-*

Could I but call thee back as easily now;

But that's a Subject for our Tears, not Hopes!

There is no piecing Tulips to their stalks,

When they are once divorc'd by a rude hand;

All we can do, is to preserve in water

A little life, and give by curteous Art

What scant Nature wants Commission for;

That thou shalt have: for to thy memory

Such Tribute of moist Sorrow I will pay,

And that so purify'd by love, that on thy Grave

Nothing shall grow but Violets and Primroses,

Of which too, some shall be

Of the mysterious number, so that Lovers shall

Come hither not as to a Tomb, but to an Oracle. *She knocks*

Enter Ladies and Courtiers as out of their Beds.

*and raises
the Court.*

Orb. Come! come! help me to weep my self away

And melt into a Grave, for life is but

Repentance Nurse, and will conspire with Memory

To make my hours my tortures.

Ori. What Scene of Sorrow's this? both dead?

Orb. Dead? I! and 'tis but half death's triumphs this;

The King and Prince lie somewhere, just

Such empty Trunks as these.

Ori. The Prince?

Then in grief's burthen I must bear a part.

Sem. The noble Ariaspes — valiant Zirciff too — *Weeps.*

Orb. Weep'st thou for him, fond Prodigal? dost know

On

On whom thou spend'st thy means, this is the man,
To whom we owe our ills, the false Zorannes

Disguis'd not lost; but kept alive, by some *Enter Pasichas*
Incens'd power to punish *Persia* thus: *surveys the bodies, find*

He would have kill'd me too; but heav'n was just *his Majesty*

And furnish'd me with means, to make him pay

This score of villanie, e're he could do more. *(her, and fil*

Pas Were you his murth'rer then? *Pasichas runs to her, kill*

Ori. Ah me! the Queen ——— *Rub her till she comes*

Sem. How do you Madam? *her self.*

Orb. Well, ——— but I was better and shall ———

Sem. Oh! she is gone for ever!

Enter Lords in their night gownes, Orfames, Philan,

Orf. What have we here?

A Church-yard? nothing but silence, and grave?

Ori. Oh! here has been (my Lords)

The blackest night the *Persian* world e're knew,

The King and Prince are not themselves exempt

From this arrest; but pale and cold, as these,

Have measured out their lengths.

Lo. Impossible! which way?

Sem. Of that we are as ignorant as you:

For while the Queen was telling of a Story,

An unknown villain here has hurt her so,

That like a sickly Taper, she but made

One flash, and so expir'd:

Enter bearing in Pasichas.

Phi. Here he is, but no confession.

Or. Torture must force him then:

Though 'twill indeed but weakly satisfy

To know now they are dead, how they did die:

Phi. Come take the bodies, and let us all

Go drown our selves in tears, this massacre

Has left so torn a State, that 'twill be Policie

As well as debt, to weep till we are blinde;

For who would see the miseries behind?

Epilogue.

Our play is done, and yours doth now begin:
What different Fancies, people now are in?
How strange, and odd a mingle it would make,
If ere they rise, 'twere possible to take
All votes.---

But as when an Authentique watch is shown,
Each man windes up, and rectifies his own,
So in our very Judgments; first there sits
A grave Grand Fury on it of Townwits,
And they give up their verdict; then again
The other Fury of the Court comes in
(And that's of life and death) for each man sees
That oft condemns, what th'other Fury frees:
Some three daies hence, the Ladies of the Town
Will come to have a Judgment of their own:
And after them, their Servants; then the City,
For that is modest, and is still last witty.
I will be a week at least yet ere they have
Resolv'd to let it live, or give't a grave:
Such difficulty there is to unite
Opinion, or bring it to be right.

Epilogue.

Epilogue for the Court.

SIR,

THat th'abusing of your ear's a crime,
Above the excuse any six lines in Rhime
Can make, the Poet knows : I am but sent
T'intreat he may not be a President,
For he does think that in this place there be
Many have don't as much and more than he.
But here's, he says, the difference of the fates,
He begs a Pardon after't, they Estates.

F I N I S.

AGLAURA.

Represented at the

COURT;

By His MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.



London, Printed for H. H. 1672.

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Prologue.

Fore Love, a mighty Sessions : and I fear,
Though kind last Sizes, 'twill be now severe;
For it is thought, and by Judicious men,
Aglaura once 'scap't by dying then :
But 'twould be vain for me now to indear,
Or speak unto my Lords, the Judges here;
They hold their places by Condemning still,
And cannot shew at once Mercy and Skill;
For Wit's so cruel unto Wit, that they
Are thought to want, that find not want i' th' Play.
But Ladies you, who never lik'd a Plot,
But where the Servant had his Mistress got,
And whom to see a Lover die, it grieves,
Although 'tis in worse language that he lives,
Will lik't w'are confident, since here will be
That your Sex ever lik'd, varietie.

Prologue to the Court.

Is strange (perchance you'll think) that she that di'd
At Christmas, should at Easter be a Bride :
But 'tis a Priviledge the Poets have,
To take the long-since dead out of the grave :
For is this all ; old Heroes asleep
Wixt marble Coverlets, and six foot deep

*In Earth, they boldly wake, and make them do
All they did living here—sometimes more too,
They give fresh life, reverse and alter Fate,
And yet more bold, Almighty-like create :
And out of Nothing, onely to Deifie
Reason, and Reason's friend, Philosophie,
Fame, honour, valour, all that's great, or good,
Or, is at least 'mongst Us, so understood,
They give, heav'n's theirs, no handsome Woman dies,
But, if they please, is strait some Star i'th Skies—
But, Oh ———*

*How those poer Men of Meetre doe
Flatter themselves with that, that is not true,
And 'cause they can trim up a little prose,
And spoile it handsomely, vainly suppose
Th' are Omnipotent, can do all those things
That can be done onely by Gods and Kings.
Of this wild guilt, he fain would be thought free,
That writ this Play, and therefore (Sir) by me,
He humbly begs, you would be pleas'd to know,
Aglaura's bur repriev'd this Night, and though
She now appears upon a Poet's call,
She's not to live, unless you say she sha'l.*

ACTUS



ACTUS V. SCENA I.

*Enter Ziriff, Pasithas, and Guard : he places 'em :
and Exit. A State set out. Enter
Ziriff, Jolas, Ariaspes.*

Jol. **A** Glorious Night !
Ari. Pray Heav'n it prove so.

Are we not there yet ?

Zir. 'Tis about this hollow. *They Enter the Cave.*

Ari. How now ! what region are we got into ?
Th'inheritance of night ;
Have we not mistaken a turning *Ziriff*,
And slept into the confines of some melancholy
Devils Territorie ?

Jol. Sure 'tis a part of the first *Chaos*,
That would not suffer any change.

Zir. No matter Sir, 'tis as proper for our
Purpose, as the Lobbie for the waiting woman :
Stay you here, I'll move a little backward,
And so we shall be sure to put him past *(to the door)*
Retreat : you know the word if it be the Prince. *Ziriff goes.*
Enter King.

Ziriff. Here Sir, follow me, all's quiet yet.

King. Is he not come then ?

Zir. No.

King. Where's *Ariaspes* ?

Zir. Waiting within.

Jol. I do not like this waiting,
Nor this fellowes leaving of us.

Ari. This place does put odd thoughts into thee,
Then thou art in thine own nature too,
As jealous, as Love, or Honour ; weare thy Sword
In readiness, and think how neer we are a Crown.

Zir. Revenge! ——— *Guard seizeth on'em.*

King. Ha! what's this?

Zir. Bring them forth ——— *Brings them forth.*

Ari. The King!

Zir. Yes, and the Princes friend ——— *Discovers himself.*
D'you know this face?

King. Zorannes!

Zor. The very same,
The wrong'd Zorannes, — King —
D'you stare?

Away with them where I appointed.

King. Traytors, let me go:

Villain, thou dar'st not do this. ———

Zor. Poor Counterfeit!

How fain thou now would'st act a King, and art not:

Stay you ——— *to Ariaspes.*

Unhand him, ——— *Whispers.*

Leave us now. ——— *Exeunt. Manet Ariasp. Zor.*

Ari. What does this mean?

Sure he does intend the Crown to me.

Zor. We are alone,

Follow me out of the Wood, and thou shalt be

Master of this again,

And then best arm and title take it.

Ari. Thy offer is so noble, in gratitude I cannot

But propound gentler conditions,

We will divide the Empire.

Zor. Now by my Fathers Soul,

I do almost repent my first intents,

And now could kill thee scurvily, for thinking

If I had a mind to rule,

I would not rule alone.

Let not thy easie faith (lost man)

Fool thee into so dull an heresie;

Orbells is our quarrel, and I have thought it fit

That Love should have a nobler way of Justice,

Than Revenge, or Treason.

If thou dar'st die handsomely, follow me. *Exeunt. And en-*

Zor. There — *Gives him his sword. (ter both agen-*

Ari. Extreemly good! Nature took pains I swear;

The Villain and the Brave are mingled handfomly.

Zir. 'Twas Fate that took it, when it decreed
We two should meet, nor shall they mingle now

We are brought together strait to part. — *Fight.*

Ari. Some Devil sure has borrowed this shape, *Pause.*

My Sword ne'er stay'd thus long to find an entrance.

Zir. To guilty men all that appears is Devil.

Come trisler, come, — *Fight*

Ari. Dog, thou hast it.

Zir. Why then it seems my Star's as great as his,

I smile at thee. *Ariaspes pants, and*

Thou now would'st have me kill thee, *(runs at him to catch*

And 'tis a courtesie I cannot afford thee. *(his Sword.*

I have bethought my self, there will be use

Of thee, — *Pasithas* — to the rest with him. *Exit.*

Enter Pasithas and two of the Guard. — Exeunt.

Enter Therfames.

Ther. The Dog-star's got up high, it should be late:

And sure by this time every waking Ear

And watchful Eye is charm'd; and yet me thought

A noise of Weapons struck my Ear just now.

'Twas but my fancy sure, and were it more,

I would not tread one step that did not lead

To my *Aglaura*, stood all his Guard betwixt,

With Lightning in their hands.

Danger! thou Dwarf drest up in Giants cloaths,

That shew'st far off still greater than thou art,

So terrifie the Simple, and the Guilty, such

As with false Opticks still do look upon thee:

But fright not Lovers, we dare look on thee

In thy worst shapes, and meet thee in them too.

Stay — These Trees I made my mark, 'tis herabouts,

— Love guide me but right this night.

And Lovers shall restore thee back again

Those eyes the Poets took so boldly from thee.

Exit.

A Taper Table out.

*Enter Aglaura, with a Torch in one hand,
a Dagger in the other.*

Agl. How ill this does become this hand? much worse
This suits with this, one of the two should go.

The she within me says, it must be this —

Honor says this — and honour is *Thersames* friend.

What is that she then? is it not a thing

That sets a Price, not upon me, but on

Life in my name, leading me into doubt,

Which when 'twas done, it cannot light me out.

For fear does drive to Fate, or Fate if we

Do flie, o'retakes, and holds us, till or death,

Or infamy, or both do seize us. —

Puts out the light.

Ha! — would 'twere in agen. Antiques & strange mishapes,

Such as the Porter to my Soul, mine Eye,

Was ne're acquainted with, Fancie lets in,

Like a disrouted multitude, by some strange accident

Piec'd together, fear now afresh comes on,

And charges Love too home.

— He comes, he comes. —

A little noyse below.

VWoman, if thou would'st be the Subject

Of Man's wonder. Not his scorn hereafter, —

— Now shew thy self.

*Enter Thersames from the vault, she stabs him
as He riseth.*

Ther. Unkindly done —

Agl. The Princes voice, defend it Goodness!

Ther. VWhat art thou that thus poorly

Hast destroy'd a Life?

Agl. Oh sad mistake, 'tis he?

Ther. Hast thou no voyce?

Agl. I would I had not, nor a being neither.

Ther. Aglaura, it cannot be!

Agl. Oh still believe so, Sir,

For 'twas not I indeed, but fatall Love.

Ther.

Ther. Loves wounds us'd to be gentler than these were,
The pains they give us have some pleasure
In them, and that these have not. *Enter Ziriff with a taper.*
Oh do not say 'twas you, for that does wound agen :
Guard me my better Angel,
Do I wake ? my eyes (since I was man)
Ne're met with any object gave them so much trouble,
I dare not ask neither to be satisfied,
She looks so guiltily—

Agl. VVhy do you stare and wonder at a thing
That you your self have made thus miserable ?

Zir. Good gods, and I o'the party too.

Agl. Did you not tell me that the King this night
Meant to attempt my honour ; that our condition
VVould not admit of middle ways, and that we must
Send them to graves, or lye our selves in dust ?

Zir. Unfortunate mistake ! *Ziriff knocks.*

I never did intend our safety by thy hands : *Enter Pasithas.*
Pasithas, go instantly and fetch *Andrages*
From his Bed, how is it with you Sir ?

Ther. As with the besieg'd :

My Soul is so beset it does not know,
VVhether't had best to make a desperate
Sally out by this Port or not ?

Agl. Sure I shall turn statue here.

Ther. If thou dost love me, weep not *Aglaura* :
All those are drops of Blood and flow from me.

Zir. Now all the gods defend this way of expiation
Think'tt thou thy crime, *Aglaura* would be lesse,
By adding to it ? or canst thou hope
To satisfie those powers, whom great sins
Do displease, by doing greater.

Agl. Discourteous courtesie !

I had no other means left me than this,
To let *Therjames* know I would do nothing
To him, I would not do unto my self,
And that thou takest away.

Ther.

Ther. Friend, bring me a little nearer,
 I find a kind of willingness to stay,
 And find that willingness something obey'd.
 My blood, now it perswades it self
 You did not call in earnest,
 Makes not such haste.——

Agl. O my dearest Lord,
 This kindness is so full of cruelty,
 Puts such ugliness on what I have done,
 That when I look upon it, needs must fright
 Me from my self, and which is more insufferable,
 I fear from you. (me)

Ther. VVhy should that fright thee which most comforts
 I glory in it, and shall smile i'th' Grave,
 To think our Love was such, that nothing
 But it self could e'er destroy it.

Agl. Destroy it? can it have ever end?
 VVill you not be thus courteous then in the other world?
 Shall we not be together there as here?

Ther. I cannot tell whether I may or not.

Agl. Not tell?

Ther. No:

The Gods thought me unworthy of thee here.
 And when thou art more pure,
 VVhy should I not more doubt it?

Agl. Because if I shall be more pure,
 I shall be then more fit for you.
 Our Priests assure us an *Elysium*;
 And can that be *Elysium* where true Lovers
 Must not meet? Those Powers that made our loves,
 Did they intend them mortal,
 Would sure have made them of a courser stuff,
 Would they not, my Lord?—

Ther. Prethee speak still,
 This Musick gives my Soul such pleasing business,
 Takes it so wholly up, it findes not leasure to
 Attend unto the Summons Death does make;

Yet they are loud and peremptory now,
And I can onely —

Faints,

Agl. Some pitying Power inspire me with
A way to follow him: Heart wilt thou not
Break of it self!

Zir. My griefs besot me:
His Soul will sail out with this purple tide;
And I shall here be found staring
Atter't, like a man that's too short o'th' Ship;
And's left behind upon the Land.

She swoons.

Enter Andrages.

O welcome, welcome: Here lies, *Andrages*,
Alas too great a trial for thy Art.

And. There's life in him: from whence these wounds?

Zir. Oh 'tis no time for story.

And. Tis not mortal, my Lord, bow him gently,
And help me to infuse this into him;
The soul is but asleep, and not gone forth.

Ther. Oh—ho:—

Zir. Hark, the Prince does live.

Ther. Whate'er thou art hast given now a life,
And with it all my cares and miseries,
Expect not a reward, no not a thanks,
If thou would'st merit from me,
(Yet who'd be guilty of so lost an action)
Restore me to my quietness agen,
For life and that are most incompatible.

Zir. Still in despairs:

I did not think till now 'twas in the power
Of Fortune to have robb'd *Thersames* of himself;
For pity Sir and reason live;
If you will die, die not *Aglaura's* murder'd,
That's not so handsome; at least die not
Her murder'd and he—Murderer too;
For that will surely follow. Look up, Sir;
This violence of Fortune cannot last ever:
Who knows but all these clouds are shadows

To

To set off your fairer days: if it grows blacker,
And the storms do rise, this harbour's always open.

Ther. What say'st thou, *Aglaura*?

Agl. What says *Andrages*?

And. Madam, would Heaven his Mind would admit
As easie cure as his Body will;
'Twas onely want of blood,
And two hours rest restores him to himself.

Zir. And by that time it may be Heaven
Will give our miseries some ease:
Come Sir, repose upon a bed,
There's time enough to day.

Ther. Well, I will still obey,
Though I much fear 'twill be with me
But as 'tis with tortured men,
Whom States preserve onely to wrack agen.

Exeunt.

Take off Table.

Enter Ziriff with a Taper.

Zir. All's fast too here, ——

They sleep to night
I'their winding sheets I think, there's such
A general quiet.

Oh! here's light I warrant:

For lust does take as little rest, as care, or age ——
Courting her glass, I swear, fie! that's a flatterer Madam,
In me you shall see trulier what you are. (*Knock. Ent. the Queen.*)

Orb. What makes you up at this strange hour, my Lord?

Zir. My business is my boldness warrant,
(Madam)

And I could well afford t'have been without it now,
Had Heav'n so pleas'd.

Orb. Tis a sad Prologue,
What follows in the name of vertue?

Zir. The King.

Orb. I, what of him? is well, is he not?

Zir. Yes. ——

If to be on's journey to the other world,

Be to be well, he is.

Orb. Why he's not dead, is he ?

Zir. Yes Madam, dead.

Orb. How ? where ?

Zir. I do not know particulars.

Orb. Dead !

Zir. Yes (Madam.)

Orb. Art sure he's dead ?

Zir. Madam I know him as certainly dead,

As I know you too must die hereafter.

Orb. Dead !

Zir. Yes dead.

Orb. We must all die.

The Sisters spin no Cables for us Mortals ;

They're Threads ; and Time and Chance——

Trust me I could weep now,

But watry distillations do but ill on graves,

They make the lodging colder.

She knocks.

Zir. What would you, Madam ?

Orb. Why my friends, my Lord,

I wou'd consult and know what's to be done.

Zir. (Madam) 'tis not so safe to raise the Court,

Things thus unsettled ; If you please to have——

Orb. Where's *Ariaspes* ?

Zir. In's dead sleep by this time sure.

Orb. I know he is not : find him instantly.

Zir. I'm gone——

Turns back agen.

But Madam, why make you choice of him, from whom

If the succession meet disturbance,

All must come of danger ?

Orb. My Lord, I am not yet so wise, as to be
Jealous ; Pray dispute no further.

Zir. Pardon me (Madam) if before I go,

I must unlock a secret to you ; such a one

As whilst the King did breathe durst know no aire ;

Zorannes lives.

Orb. Ha !

Zir.

Zir. And in the hope of such a day as this,
Has linger'd out a life, snatching to feed
His almost famish'd Eyes,
Sights now and then of you, in a disguise.

Orb. Strange ! this night is big with miracle !

Zir. If you did love him, as they say you did,
And do so still, 'tis now within your power.

Orb. I would it were my Lord : but I am now
No private woman ; if I did love him once,
(As 'tis so long ago, I have forgot)
My youth and ignorance may well excuse 't.

Zir. Excuse it ?

Orb. Yes, excuse it, Sir.

Zir. Though I confess I lov'd his Father much,
And pity him, yet having offer'd it
Unto your thoughts, I have discharg'd a trust,
And zeal shall stray no further.

(Your pardon Madam.)

Exit.

Orb. May be 'tis but a plot to keep off *Ariaspes*
Greatness, which he must fear, because he knows
He hates him : for these great State-men,
That when time has made bold with the King
And Subject, throwing down all fence
That stood betwixt their power
And others right, are on a change,
Like wanton Salmon's coming in with floods,
That leap o'er wyres and nets, and make their way,
To be at the return to every one a prey.

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Look here, vain thing, and see thy sins full blown,
There's scarce a part in all this face thou hast
Not been forsworn by, Heav'n forg'v' thee for't !
For thee I lost a Father, Countrey, Friends,
My self almost, for I lay buried long ;
And when there was no use thy love could pay
Too great, thou mad'st the principal away : ——— *Prompt.*
As wantons entering a Garden, take

The

The first fair flower they meet, and
Treasure't in their laps ;
Then seeing more, do make fresh choyce again,
Throwing in one and one, till at the length
The first poor flower ore charg'd, with too much weight
Withers, and dies :

So hast thou dealt with me,
And having killd me first, I will kill——

Orb. Hold——hold——

Not for my sake, but *Orbella's* (Sir) a bare
And single death is such a wrong to Justice,
I must needs except against it.

Find out a way to make me long a dying ;
For death's no punishment ; it is the sense,
The pains and fears afore that makes a death :
To think what I had had, had I had you,
What I have lost in losing of my self,
Are deaths farr worse then any you can give :

Yet kill me quickly ; for if I have time,
I shall so wash this soul of mine with tears,
Make it so fine, that you would be afresh
In love with it, and so perchance I should
Again come to deceive you *(her head*
She rises up weeping, & hanging down

Zir. So rises day, blushing at nights deformity :
And to the pretty flowers blubber'd with dew,
And over wash'd with rain, hang down their heads.

I must not look upon her : *Goes towards him)*

Orb. Were but the Lillies in this face as fresh
As are the Roses ; had I but innocence
Oyn'd to their blushes, I should then be bold,
For when they went on begging they were ne're deni'd ;
Tis but a parting kiss Sir——

Enter Pasithas, and two Guard.

Zir. I dare not grant it.——*Pasithas*——away with her.
A bed put out. *Thersames* and *Aglaura* on it, *Andrages* by.

Ther. She wake't me with a sigh,
And yet she sleeps her self. Sweet Innocence,

Can

Cau it be fin to love this shape?
 And if it be not, why am I persecuted thus? —
 She sighs agen; sleep that drowns all cares,
 Cannot I see charm loves: blest pillows,
 Through whose fineness does appear
 The Violets, Lillies, and the Roses,
 You are stult with all, to whose softness
 I owe the sweet of this repose,
 Permit me to leave with you this. —
 See if I have not wake't her!
 Sure I was born, *Aglaura*, to destroy
 Thy quiet.

(wakes.
 Kisses them, she

Agl. Mine, my Lord!
 Call you this drowsiness a quiet then?
 Believe me, Sir, 'twas an intruder I much
 Strugled with, and have to thank a dream,
 Not you, that it thus left me.

Ther. A dream! what dream my Love?

Agl. I dream't (Sir) it was day,
 And the fear you should be found here —

Enter Ziriff.

Zir. Awake! how is it with you, Sir?

Ther. Well, extreemly well, so well that had I now
 No better a remembrancer than pain,
 I should forget I ever was hurt,
 Thanks to Heaven, and good *Andrages*.

Zir. And more than thanks I hope we yet shall
 Live to pay him. How old's the night?

And. Far spent I fear, my Lord.

Zir. I have a cause that should be heard
 Yet ere day break, and I must needs intreat
 You, Sir, to be the Judge in't.

Ther. What Cause, *Zorannes*?

Zir. When you have promis'd —

(*Zorannes.*

Ther. 'Twere hard I should deny thee any thing — *Exit*
 Know'st thou *Andrages*, what he means?

And. Nor cannot ghes, Sir, — Draw in the Bed.

read a trouble in his face, when first
he left you, but understood it not.

*Enter Zorannez, King, Ariaspes, Iolas, Queen
and two or three Guard.*

Zir. Have I not pitcht my nets like a good Huntsman?
Look Sir, the noblest of the Herd are here.

Thir. I am astonished.

Zor. This place is yours. — *Helps him up.*

Ther. What wouldst thou have me do?

Zor. Remember, Sir, your promise,
I could do all I have to do, alone;
But Justice is not Justice unless't be justly done:
Here then I will begin, for here began my wrongs.
This woman (Sir) was wondrous fair, and wondrous
Kind, — I, fair and kind, for so the story runs,
She gave me look for look, and glance for glance,
And every sigh like eccho's was return'd,
We sent up vow by vow, promise on promise,
So thick and strangely multiplyed.
That sure we give the heavenly Registers
Their business, and other mortals oaths
Then went for nothing, we felt each others pains,
Each others joys, thought the same thought,
And spoke the very same;
We were the same, and I have much ado,
To think she could be ill, and I not
Be so too, and after this, all this (Sir)
She was false, lov'd him, and him;
And had not I begun revenge,
Till she had made an end of changing,
I had had the Kingdom to have kill'd,
What does this deserve?

Ther. A punishment he best can make
That suffered the wrong.

Zor. I thank you, Sir,
For him I will not trouble you,
His Life is mine, I won it fairly.

○

And

And his is yours; he lost it foully to you —
To him (Sir) now :

A man so wicked that he knew no good,
But so as't made his sins the greater for't.
Those ills, which singly acted bred despair
In others, he acted daily, and ne're thought
Upon them.

The grievance each particular has against him
I will not meddle with, it were to give him
A long life, to give them hearing,
I'll onely speak my own,

First then the hopes of all my youth,
And a reward which Heaven had settled on me,
If holy contracts can do any thing)
He ravish'd from me, kill'd my father,
Aglaura's father, Sir, would have wher'd my sister,
And murder'd my friend, this is all;
And now your sentence, Sir.

Ther. We have no punishment can reach these crimes
Therefore tis justest sure to send him where
Th'are wittier to punish than we are here :
And cause repentance oft stops that proceeding
A sudden death is sure the greatest punishment.

Zor. I humbly thank you Sir. (my

King. What a strange glass th'have shew'd me
In ? our sins like to our shadows,
When our day is in its glory scarce appear'd,
Towards our evening how great and monstrous
They are ?

Zor. Is this all you have to say ? — *Draw!*

Ther. Hold : — now go you up.

Zor. What mean you, Sir ?

Ther. Nay, I denyed not you, —
That all thy accusations are just,
I must acknowledge,
And to these crimes, I have but this to oppose,
He is my Father, and thy Sovereign. —

is wickedness (dear Friend) we go about
to punish, and when we've murder'd him,
What difference is there 'twixt him and
ourselves, but that he first was wicked? —
How now wouldl'st kill him, 'cause he kill'd thy Father,
and when th'ast kil'd, have not I the self same
quarrel?

Zor. Why Sir, you know you would your self
have done it.

Ther. True: and therefore 'tis I beg his life,
there was no way for me to have
redeem'd th'intent but by a reall
giving of it.

He did ravish from thee thy Orbella, *Beready Courtiers,
and Guard, with
their swords drawn
at the breasts of the
prisoners.*
remember that that wicked issue had
a noble parent Love, — Remember
how he lov'd Zorannez when he was Zirciffe, —
there's something due to that.

you must needs have blood for your revenge, *away.*
Take it here — despise it not Zorannez: (Zorannez turns
the gods themselves, whose greatness
makes the greatness of our sins,
and heightens 'em above what we can do
into each other, accept of sacrifice
for what we do 'gainst them,

Why should not you? and 'tis much thrifrier too:
You cannot let our life there, but my honour
Goes, and all the life you can take here,
posterity will give me back again,
ce, Aglaura weeps:

that would have been ill Rhetorique in me,
but where it is, it cannot but persuade.

Zor. Th'have thaw'd the ice about my heart,
I know not what to do.

King. Come down, come down, I will be king agen,
there's none so fit to be the Judge of this
all; the life you shew'd such zeale to save,

I here could willingly return you back;
But that's the common price of all revenge.

*Enter Guard, Orsames, Philan, Conziers,
Orithie, Semanthe*

Isol. Ari. Ha, ha, ha: how they look now?

Zor. Death, what's this?

Ther. Betray'd agen!

All th'ease our Fortune gives our miseries is hope,
And that still proving false, grows part of it.

King. From whence this Guard?

Ari. Why Sir, I did corrupt, while we were his p
One of his own to raise the Court, shallow Souls
That thought we could not countermine,
Come Sir, y'are in good posture to dispatch them.

King. Lay hold upon his instrument:
Fond man, do'st think I am in love with villany?
All the service they can do me here
Is but to let these see the right I do
Them now is unconstrain'd; then thus I do proceed
Upon the place *Zorannes* lost his Life,
I vow to build a Tomb, and on that Tomb
I vow to pay three whole years penitence;
If in that time I find that Heaven and you
Can pardon, I shall find agen the way
To live amongst you.

Ther. Sir, be not so cruel to your self, this is an ag

King. 'Tis now irrevocable; thy Fathers Lands
I give thee back agen, and his commands
And with them, leave to wear the Tyara,
That man there has abus'd.—

To you *Orhella*,

Who it seems are foul as well as I,
I do prescribe the self same Physick
I do take my self:

But in another place, and for a longer time,
Diana's Nunnery.

Orb. Aboye my hopes.

King. For you, who still have been
 the ready instrument of all my cruelties,
 and there have cancel'd all the bonds of brother,
 perpetual banishment; nor should
 this Line expire, shall thy right have a place.

Ari. Hell and Furies. —

Exit.

King. Thy crimes deserve no less; yet 'cause thou wert
 my Instrument to save my Life,
 thou only hast that time of banishment, (*Kings band*
have of penitence. — *Comes down Ziriff offers to kiss the*
Is. May it be plague and famine here till I return.
 O: thou shalt not yet forgive me.

King. Aglaura, thus I freely part with thee,
 and part with all fond flames and warm desires;
 cannot fear new agues in my blood,
 once I have overcome the charms
 thy beauty had, no other ever can
 have so much power, *Thersames* thou look'st pale,
 I want of rest.

whisper.

Ther. No Sir; but that's a story for your ear — *They*

Ors. A strange and happy change.

Ori. All joys wait on you ever.

Agl. Oribie,

Now for thy sake now could I wish;
 were no Mathematick point,
 that would admit division, that *Thersames* might
 though at my charge, pay thee the debt he owes thee.

Ori. Madam, I loved the Prince; not my self;
 once his virtues have their full rewards,
 have my full desires.

King. What miracles of preservation have we had?
 how wisely have the stars prepar'd you for felicity?
 nothing endears a good more than the contemplation
 of the difficulty we had to attain to it:

but see, Night's Empire's out,
 and a more glorious auspiciously does begin;
 let us go serve the gods, and then prepare

For jollity, this day I'll borrow from my vows,
 Nor shall it have a common celebration;
 Since 't must be,
 A high record to all posterity ——— *Exeunt Omnes.*



Epilogue.

Plays are like Feasts, and every Act should be
 Another Course, and still variety:
 But in good faith provision of wit
 Is grown of late so difficult to get,
 That do we what we can, we are not able,
 Without cold meats to furnish out the Table.
 Who knows but it was needless too? maybe
 'Twas here, as in the Coach-mans trade; and he
 That turns in the least compass, shews most art:
 How e're the Poet hopes (Sir) for his part,
 You'll like not those so much, who shew their skill
 In entertainment, as who shew their will.

FINIS.

THE
GOBLINGS

A Comedy.

Presented at the Private House in
Black-Fryers, by His Majesties
SERVANTS.

WRITTEN.

By Sir JOHN SUGKLING.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold
at his shop, at the sign of the Princes
Arms in *St Pauls Churchyard* 1658.

P R O L O G U E.

W It in a Prologue, Poets justly may
 Stile a new imposition on a Play. (Step)
 When Shakespear, Beaumont, Fletcher rul'd the

There scarce were ten good pallats in the age,
 More curious Cooks then guests, for men would eat
 Most heartily of any kind of meat,
 And then what strange variety? each Play,
 A feast for Epicures, and that each day.
 But mark how odly it is come about,
 And how unluckily it now falls out:
 The pallats are grown higher, number increas't,
 And there wants that which should make up the feast;
 And yet y^e are so unconscionable, You'd have
 Fo' sooth of late, that wh. ch they never gave,
 Banquets before, and after. —

Now Pox on him that first good Prologue writ,
 He left a kind of rent-charge upon wit;
 Which if succeeding Poets fail to pay,
 They forfeit all their worth, and that's their play:
 Y^e have Ladies humours, and y^e are grown to that,
 You will not like the man 'less that his boots and Hat
 Be right; no Play, unless the Prologue be,
 And Epilogue writ to curiosity.

Well (Gentiles) 'tis the grievance of the place,
 And pray consider't, for here's just the case;
 The richness of the ground is gone and spent,
 Mens brains grow barren and you raise the Rent.

FRAN



FRANCELIA.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

Enter as to a Duel :

Samorat, Philatel, Torcular.

Samorat,

BUe my Lords,
May not this harsh business
Yet be left undone !

Must you hate me because I love your sister ;
And can you hate at no less rate then death ?

Phil. No, at no less :
Thou art the blaster of our fortunes.
The envious cloud that darknest all our day,
While she thus prodigally, and fondly
Throws away her Love on thee ;

She

She has not wherewithal to pay a debt
Unto the Prince.——

Sam. Is this all?

Tor. Faith, what if in short we do not think
You worthy of her?——

Sam. I swear that shall not make a quarrel.
I think so too;

'Have urg'd it often to my self;
Against my self have sworn't as oft to her.
Pray let this satisfy.——

Phil. Sure (*Torcular*) he thinks we come to talk
Look you Sir.———————*draws.*
And brother since his friend has fail'd him,
Do you retire.

Tor. Excuse me (*Philatel*)
I have an equal interest in this,
And fortune shall decide it.——

Phil. It will not need he's come.——

Enter Orsabin.

Ors. Mercury protect me! what are these?
The brothers of the high-way!

Phil. A stranger by his habit,——

Tor. And by his looks a Gentleman.
Sir,——will you make one?
We want a fourth.——

Ors. I shall be rob'd with a trick now!

Sam. My Lords excuse me;
This is not civil.
In what concerns my self,

None but my self must suffer.——

Ors. A duel by this light,——
Now has his modesty,

And t'others forwardness warm'd me,——*goes towards them*
Gentlemen, I wear a sword
And commonly in readiness.

If you want one, speak Sir.————*Speaks to Samoras.*
I do not fear much suffering.

Sam. Y'are noble Sir,
know not how t'invite you to it ;
Yet there is Justice on my side,
and since you please to be a witness,
To our actions 'tis fit you know our story.

Orf. No Story Sir I beseech you,——
The cause is good enough as 'tis,
It may be spoil'd i'th telling.

Phil. Come we trifle then,——

Sam. It is impossible to preserve I see
My honour and respect to her.
And since you know this too my Lord,
It is not handsome in you thus to press me,
But come.——

Torcular beckens to *Orfabrin*.——

Orf. Oh ! I understand you Sir. —— *Exeunt.*

Philatell and *Samorat* fight.

Phi. In posture still ?—— *Samorat receives a*
Oh, y'are mortal then it seems,—— *sleight wound.*

Sam. Thou hast undone thy self rash man ;
For with this blood thou hast let out a spirit
Will vex thee to thy Grave.——

Fight agen *Samorat* takes away *Philatell's* sword,
and takes breath, then gives it him.

Sam. I'me cool agen,
Here my Lord.——

And let this present bind your friendship——

Phil. Yes thus. ——

Runs at him.

Sam. Treacherous and low.——

Enter *Orfabrin*.

Orf. I have drill'd my Gentleman,
I have made as many holes in him
As would sink a Ship Royal
In fight of the Haven :——

How now ?——

Samorat upon his knees.

Stoof yonders another going that way too.——

Now have I forgot of which side I'me on,

No

No matter,

He help the weakest,

There's some Justice in that.

Phi. The Villain sure has slain my brother.

If I have any friends above;

Guide now my hand unto his hearr. — *Orfabrin puts it by*

Sam. Hold noble youth;

(runs at him Sa-

Destroy me not with kindness;

(mor at Steps in.

Men will say he could have kil'd me,

And that injustice should not be;

For honours sake leave us together. —

Orf. 'Tis not my business fighting — *puts up.*

Th'employments you'rs Sir:

If you need me,

I am within your call.

Sam. The gods raward thee: —

Now *Philatell* thy worst, — *They fight agen and close, Sa-*

Enter Orfabrin.

(morat forces h's Sword.

Orf. Hell and the Furies are broke loose upon us,

Shift for your self Sir. — *Flyes into the woods several*

Enter Torcular weak with bleeding. *(ways, pursued by*

Tor. It will not be —

(Thieves in Dr-

My body is a Jade:

(vils habits.

I feel it tire, and languish under me.

Those thoughts came to my Soul

Like Screech-owls to a sick mans window. —

Enter Thieves back agen.

Thie. Here — here —

Tor. ! Oh I am fetcht away alive. *Ex. They bind him and*

Enter Orfabrin.

(carry him away.

Orf. Now the good gods preserve my senses right,

For they were never in more danger:

'Tis name of doubt, what could this be?

Sure 'twas a Conjuror I dealt withal:

And while I thought him busie at his prayers,

'Twas at his circle, levying this Regiment.

Here they are agen. —

Enter

The GOBLINS.

9

Enter Samorat.

Sam. Friend—Stranger—Noble youth—

Orf. Here—here—

Sam. Shift, shift the place,

The wood is dangerous,

As you love safety,

Follow me. ———

Exeunt.

Enter Philatell.

Phi. Th'have left the place,

And yet I cannot find the body any where—

May be he did not kill him then,

But he recover'd strength,

And reacht the Town— ———

—It may be not too, ———

Oh that this hour could be call'd back agen.

—But 'tis too late,

And time must cure the wound that's given by fate— *Ex.*

Enter Samorat, Orfabrin,

Orf. Pth shape of Lyons too sometimes,

And Bears ?

Sam. Often Sir,

Orf. Pray unridle. ———

Sam. The wiser sort do think them Theeves,

Which but assume these forms to rob

More powerfully. ———

Or. Why does not then the State

Set out some forces and suppress them ?

Sam. It often has (Sir) but without success. ———

Or. How so ? ———

Sam. During the time those levies are abroad,

Not one of them appears,

There have been

That have attempted under ground

But of those, as of the dead

There has been no return. ———

Or. Strange,

Sam. The common people think them a race

Of

Of honest and familiar Devils,
 For they do hurt to none,
 Unless resisted;
 They seldom take away, but with exchange,
 And to the poor they often give,
 Return the hurt and sick recover'd
 Reward, or punish as they do find cause. —

Or. How cause?

Sam. Why Sir, they blind kill those they take,
 And make them tell the stories of their lives,
 Which known, they do accordingly. —

Or. You make me wonder! Sir, —

How long is't since they thus have troubled you?

Sam. It was immediately upon
 The great deciding day,
 Fought 'twixt the two pretending Families,
 The *Lamorins*, and the *Orfabrins*.

Orf. Ha! *Orfabrins*.

Sam. But Sir, that stories sad, and tedious,
 W'are entering now the Town,
 A place less safe then were the Woods,
 Since *Torcular* is slain —

Orf. How Sir?

Sam. Yes. —

He was the Brother to the Princes Mistress,
 The lov'd one too.

If we do prize our selves at any rate,
 We must embarque, and change the clime,
 There is no safety here. —

Or. Hum. — —

Sam. The little stay we make
 Must be in some dark corner of the Town:
 From whence the day hurried to th' other world,
 We'll sally out to order for our journey.
 That I am forc't to this, it grieves me not;
 But (gentle youth) that you should for my sake. —
 O f. Sir loose not a thought on that,

A storm at Sea threw me on Land,
And now a storm on Land drives me
To Sea agen. ———

Saw. Still noble. ——— *Exit.*

Enter *Nassarat, Pellagrin.*

Na. Why? suppose tis to a Wench,
You would not go with me, would you? ———

Pella. To chuse, ——— to chuse, ———

Na. Then there's no remedy. ——— *Flings down his hat,*

Pol. VVhat dost mean. ——— *(unbuttons himself,*

Na. VVhy since I cannot leave you alive *(draws.*

I will try to leave you dead.

Pol. I thank you kindly Sir, very kindly.

Now the Sedgly curse upon thee,

And the great Fiend, ride through thee

Booted and spur'd, with a Sith on his Neck;

Pox on thee, lie ses thee hang'd first,

6foot, you shall make none of your fine

Points of honour up at my charge:

Take your course if you be so hot.

Be doing ——— be doing ——— *Ex.*

Na. I am got free of him at last:

There was no other way:

H'as been as troublesome as a woman that

Would be lov'd whether a man would or not:

And has watcht me as if he had been

My Creditors Sergeant. If they should have dispatcht

In the mean time there would be fine

Opinions of me. ——— I must cut his throat

In earnest, if it should be so. ——— *Ex.*

Enter *Peridor, Tamoren,* with other *Thieves,*
A horn sounds.

Thee. A prize, ——— A prize, ——— A prize ———

Here,

Per. Some duel (*Sir*) was fought this morning, this
Weakned with loss of blood, we took, the rest
Escap't. ———

Tam. He's fitter for our Surgeon, then for us,
Hereafter we'l examine him ———

Agen a shour.

Thee. A prize, — A prize, — A prize ———

(*They set them down*) *Ardelan, Piramont.*

Tam. Bring them, bring them, bring them in,
See if they have mortal sin,
Pinch them, as you dance about,
Pinch them till the truth come out ———

Per. What art?

Ar. Extreemly poor and miserable.

Per. 'Tis well, 'tis well, proceed,
No body will take that away from thee;
Fear not, ——— what Country?

Ar. ——— *Francelia* ———

Per. Thy name? ———

Ar. *Ardelan.* ———

Per. And thine. ———

Pira. *Piramont.* ———

Per. Thy story, ——— come ———

Ar. What story! ———

Per. Thy Life, thy Life. ——— ——— ——— (*Pinch him*)

Ar. Hold, hold, ———

You shall have it; ——— ——— ——— ——— (*he sighs*)

It was upon the great defeat

Given by the *Samorats* unto the *Orfabrins*,
That the old Prince for safety of the young
Committed him unto the trust of *Garradan*,
And some few Servants more,

'Mongst whom I fil'd a place, ———

Tam. Ha! *Garradan.*

Ar. Yes.

Tam. Speak out and set me nearer,
So, void the place, proceed —

Ar. We put to Sea, but had scarce lost the sight
Of Land, we were made a prey
To Pirates, there Garradan
Resisting the first Boord, chang'd life with death;
With him the Servants too, —
All but my self and Piram out.
Under these Pirates ever since
Was Orsabin brought up,
And into several Countries did they carry him

Tam. Knew Orsabin himself?

Ar. Oh! no, his spirit was too great;
We durst not tell him any thing,
But waited for some accident
Might throw us on *Francelia*
'Bout which we hover'd often,
And we were near it now,
But heaven decreed it otherways; — (he sighs)

Tam. Why do'st thou sigh?

Ar. Why do I sigh? (indeed,)
For tears cannot recall him;
Last night about the second watch, the
Winds broke loose.

And vext our ship so long,
That it began to reel and totters;
And like a Drunken man,
Took in so fast his liquor,
That it sunk down ith place. —

Tam. How did you scape?

Ar. I bound my self unto a masse,
And did advise my Master to do so,
For which he struck me only,
And said I did consule too much with fear. —

Tam. 'Tis a sad story. — (within there)

P.

Let

Let them have VVine and
Fire, — but heark you, —

(Whispers.)

Enter Thieves

VVith a Poet.

Thie A prize, — A prize, — A prize. —

Per. Set him down, —

Post. — Sings —

— And for the blew, —

Give him a cup of Sack 'twil mend his hew. —

Per. Drunk as I live. — (Pinch him, pinch him.)

VVhat art? —

Post. I am a Poet,

A poor dabler in Rhime. —

Per. Come confess; confess,

Post. I do confess I want mony.

Per. By the description he's a roet indeed.

Well proceed. — (pinch him)

Per. What d'you mean? —

Pox on you.

Prethee let me alone,

Some Candles here,

And fill us t'other Quart, and fill us

Rogue, Drawer, the t'other Quart,

Some small beere. —

And for the blew,

Give him a cup of Sack 'twil mend his hew. —

Tam. Set him by till he's sober,

Come let's go see our Duellist

Draft. —

Exeunt.

Enter Taylor, two Serjeants.

Tay. He's something tall, and for his Chip,
It has no buff below:

Marry a little wool, as much as an unripe
Peach doth wear;

Int enough to speak him drawing towards a man. —

Ser. Is he of fury;

Will he soine,
And give the mortal touch?

Ta. Oh no!

He seldom wears the sword.

Ser. *Tops* is the word if he do,
Thy debt my little *Mirmidon*.

Tay. A yard and a half I assure you without abatement

Ser. 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well:
Is he retir'd into this house of pleasure?

Tay. One of these he's entred;
'Tis but a little waiting,

You shall find me at the next Tavern——

Exit.

Ser. Stand close I hear one coming.

Enter Orsabin.

Or. This House is sure no seminary for *Laureates*

Then the Matron was so over diligent,

And when I askt for Meat or drink,

She look't as if I had mistook my self

And cal'd for a wrong thing,

Well! 'tis but a night and part of it I'll spend

In seeing of this Town,

So famous in our Tales at Sea.—

Ser. Look, look, muffled, and as melancholy after't
As a Gamester upon loss, upon him, upon him.

Or. How now my friends,

Why do you use me thus?

Ser. Quietly. 'twil be your best way;

Or. best way? for what?

Ser. Why tis your best way,
Because there will be no other.

Tops is the word,

And you must along.—

Or. Is that the word?

Why then this is my sword—

(Runs away)

Ser. Murder, murder, murder?
Has kil'd the Princes Officer,

P 2

Murder

Murder—Murder—Murder—

Or. I must not stay,
I hear them swarm—

Enter Constable, People.

Con. Where is he, where is he?

Ser. Here—here—oh a Man-mender,
A Man-mender!

Has brought me in so many places,
All the liquor in my body will run out.

Con. In good sooth (neighbor) has tapt you at the
Wrong end too;
He has been busie with you here behind,
As one would say, lend a hand, some of you,
And the rest follow me,— *Exeunt.*

Enter Orsabrin.

Or. Still pursued!
Which way now?
I see no passages;
I must attempt this wall, ———
Oh ——— a luckie door,
And open. ———

Exit.

Enters agen.

Where am I now?
A garden and a handsome house,
If be thy will a Porch too'r,
And I me made;

'Twill be the better lodging of the two ——— *(goes to*

Enter Maid. the Porch)

Phemilia. Oh! welcome, welcome Sir,
My Lady hath been in such frights for you.

Or. Hum! for me?

Phr. And thought you would not come to night:

Or. Troth, I might very well have fail'd her:

Phr. She's in the gallery alone i'th dark.

Or. Good, very good.

Phr. And is so melancholly, ———

Or. Hum ———

Phr. Have you shut the Garden doors?
Come I'll bring you to her, enter, enter, ———

Or. Yes, I will enter:
He who has lost himself makes no great venter. — Exit.

ACT II.

Enter *Sabrina, Orsabin.*

Sab. OH welcome, welcome, as open air to prisoners;
I have had such fears for you.

Or. She's warm, and soft as lovers language:
She spoke too, prettily;

Now have I forgot all the danger I was in. —

Sab. What have you done to day (my better part.)

Or. Kind little Rogue!
I could say the finest things to her methinks,
But then she would discover me;
The best way will be to fall too quietly. ——— (kisses her)

Sab. How now my Samarat,
What saucy heat hath stoln into thy blood,
And heightned thee to this?

Ifs'r you are not well. ———

Or. S'foot 'tis a *Platonique*:
Now cannot I so much as talk that way neither:

Sab. Why are you silent, Sir?
Come I know you have been in the field to day.

Or. How does she know that? ———

Sab. If you have kil'd my brother, speak:
It is no new thing that true Love
Should be unfortunate:

Or. 'I was her brother I kil'd then,

Would I were with my Devils agen :
 I got well of them.
 That will be here impossible. —

Enter Permillia.

Pbr. Oh ! Madam, Madam,
 Y'are undone?
 The garden walls are seal'd,
 A flood of people are entring the house.

Or. Good — why her's variety of ruins yet. —

Sab. 'Tis so,

The fleet of Justice
 Like to those of time,
 More quick,
 And will destroy fear as sure :
 Oh Sir, what will you do ?
 There is no venturing forth;
 My Closet is the safest,
 Enter there,
 While I go down and meet their fury
 Hinder the search if possible. —

Exit.

Or. Her Closet,
 Yea where's that ?
 And, if I could find it,
 What should I do there ?
 She will return —
 I will venture out. —

Exit.

*Enter the Prince, Philatel, Phentrel,
 Company, Musick.*

Phi. The lightest aires 'twil make them
 More secure,
 Upon my life he'l visit her to night. —

*Musick plays
 (and sing)*

Prince. Nor she, nor any lesser light
 Appears, —
 The calm and silence 'bout the place
 perswades me she does sleep.

Phi. It may be not, but hold,

It is enough — let us retire.
 Behind this Pillar, *Phœtel* is thy place,
 As thou did'st love thy Master, shew thy care,
 You to th' other Gate,
 There's thy Ladder. — *Exit.*

Enter Sabrina.

Sab. Come forth my *Samorat*, come forth,
 Our fears were false,
 I was the Prince with Musick,

Samorat, Samorat,
 He sleeps, — — *Samorat,*
 Or else he's gone to find me out
 Ith Gallery, *Samorat, Samorat*, it must be so: — *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Orf. This house is full of Thresholds,
 And Trap-doors,
 I have been i'th Cellar,
 Where the Maids lie too,
 I laid my hand groping for my way
 Upon one of them,
 And she began to squeak,
 Would I were at Sea again i'th storm,
 Oh! a door:
 Though the Devil were the Porter,
 And kept the Gate, I'de out. —

Enter Samorat.

Or. Ha! guarded? taken in a trap?
 Nay, I will out.
 And there's no other
 But this. — (*Retires and draws; runs at him.*)

Sam. *Phœtel* in ambush on my life. (*And her pass they*

Enter Sabrina, and Phœmilla with a light. (*close*

Sab. Where should he be?

Ha!
 Good heavens what spectacle
 Is this? my *Samorat*.
 Some apparition sure —

They discover one another by the light, throw away their weapons and embrace.

Sam. My noble friend,
What angry, and malicious Planet
Govern'd at this point of time! —

Sab. My wonder does grow higher.

Or. That which governs ever;
I seldom knew it better.

Sam. It does amaze me Sir, to find you here.
How enter'd you this place?

Or. Forc't by unruly men i'th street.

Sab. Now the mistake is plain.

Or. Are you not hurt?

Sam. No, — but you bleed?

Or. I do indeed,

But 'tis not here,

This is a scratch,

It is within to see this beauty;

For by all circumstance, it was her brother,
Whom my unlucky Sword found out to day.

Sab. Oh! my too cruel fancy — (Weeps)

Sam. It was indeed thy sword,

But not thy fault;

I am the cause of all these ills.

Why d'you weep *Sabrina*!

Sab. Unkind unto thy self, and me;

The tempest this sad news has rais'd within me,
I would have laid with Sheares,
But thou disturb'st me.

Oh! *Samoraz*,

Had'st thou consulted but with love as much
As honour, this had never been,

Sam. I have not love for thee that has not had
So strict an union with honor still,
That in all things they were concern'd alike;
And if there could be a division made;
It would be found;

Honor had here the leaner share:

'Twas love that told me 'twas unwise.

That you should love a Coward.

Sab. These handsome words are now

As if one bound up wounds with silk,

Or with fine knots,

Which do not help the cure,

Or make it heal the sooner;

Oh! *Samo* at this accident

Lies on our love,

Like to some foul disease,

Which though it kills it not,

Yet will't destroy the beauty;

Disfigur't so,

That 'twill look ugly to 'th world hereafter. —

Samo. Must then the acts of Fate be crimes of men?

And shall a death be put'd upon himself,

Belaid on others?

Remember Sweet, how often

You have said it in the face of Heaven;

That 'twas no love

Which length of time, or cruelty of change

Could lessen or remove.

Oh kill me not that way *Sabrina*,

This is the nobler;

Take it and give it entrance any where — *Kneels and pre-*

Sab here.

sents his Sword.

For you so fill that place,

That you must wound your self —

Or Am I so flight a thing?

So bankrupt?

So unanswerable in this world,

That being principally i'th debt,

Another must be cal'd upon,

And I not once look't after?

Madam why d'you throw away your Teares

On one that's irrecoverable?

Sab.

Sab. Why? therefore Sir,
Because he's irrecoverable.

Ors. But why on him?
He did not make him so.

Sam. I do confess my anger is unjust,
But not my sorrow sir;
Forgive these tears my *Samoratz*;
The debts of nature must be paid;
Though from the stock of Love:
Should they not sir.

Sam. Yes, —
But thus the precious minutes pass,
And time, ere I have breath'd the sighs,
Due to our parting,
Will be calling for me.

Sab. Parting? —

Sam. Oh yes *Sabrina*, I must part
As day does from the world,
Not to return till Night be gone,
Till this dark cloud be over,
Here to be found,
Were foolishly to make a present
Of my Life unto mine enemy.
Retire into thy Chamber fair,
There thou shalt know all. —

Sab. I know too much already. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Phœtel.

Hold rope for me, and then hold rope for him.
Why, this is the wisdom of the Law now,
A Prince looses a subject, and does not
Think himself paid for the loss,
Till he looses another:
Well I will do my endeavor,
To make him a savor;
For this was *Samoratz*. — *Exit.*

Enter Samoratz, Orsabin bleeding.

Ors. Let it bleed on, — you shall not stir,

I swear —

Saw. Now by the friendship that I owe thee,
And the Gods beside, I will
Noble youth, were there no danger in thy wound
Yet would the loss of blood make thee
Unfit for travel.

My servants wait for my direction,
With them my Surgeon, I'll bring him instantly.
Pray go back. — *Exit.*

Enter Philatel Guard.

Phil. There. — *places them at the door.*
You to the other Gate,
The rest follow me. *Exit.*

Enter Orsabin, Sabrina.

Sab. Heark a noise Sir.
This tread's too loud to be my *Sawwa's*.
Searchers. (which way? — which way) — (to them)
Some Villany in hand

Stept in here Sir, quick, quick — *Locks him into her Closet.*
} *Enter Philatel, Guard, and* }
} *pass o're the Stage.* }

Phi. Look every where. — *Philatel dragging out his Sister.*
Protect thy brothers murderer!
Tell me where thou hast hid him,
Or by my Fathers ashes I will Search
In every veine thou hast about thee, for him. —

Enter Orsabin. *Orsabin knocks thrice at the*
Or. Ere such a villany should be *door, it flies open.*
The Gods would lend unto a single arme
Such strength, it should have power to punish
An armie such as thou art. —

Phi. Oh! are you here Sir? —
Or. Yes I am here Sir. — *(sighs)*
Phil. Kill her. — *(she's interpos'd.)*

Or. Oh! save thy self fair excellence,
And leave me to my Fate.
Base

Bafe, — *Comes behind him, catches hold of his Arm.*

Phi. So, bring, him one,

The other is not far — Exeunt.

Enter Sabrina, Phemilia.

Sab. Run, run *Phemilia*

To the Garden walls,

And meet my *Samoraz*;

Tell him, oh tell him any thing,

Charge him by all our loves

He instantly take horse,

And put to Sea;

There is more safety in a storm,

Then where my brother is. — *Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

Enter Theeves.

Thee. A Prize — A prize, A prize,

Per. — *Bring him forth, bring him forth; They dance*

Welcome, welcome, mortal wight,

*about him
and sing-*

To the Mansion of the night :

Good or bad, thy life discover,

Truly all thy deeds declare;

For about thee the Spirits hover

That can tell, tell what they are.

— Pinch him, if he speak not true,

— Pinch him, pinch him black and blew.

Per. What art thou?

Stra. I was a man.

P.r. Of whence, —

Sir. The Court.

Per. Whether now bound

Sir. To my own house.

Per. Thy name ?

Str. Scramador.

Per. Oh you fill a place about his Grace,
And keep out Men of parts, d'you not ?

Str. Yes. —

Per. A foolish Utensil of State,
Which like old Plate upon a Gaudy day,
S'brought forth to make a show, and that is all,
For of no use y'are, y'had best deny this:

Str. Oh no !

Per. Or that you do want wit,
And then talk loud to make that pass for it :
You think there is no wisdom but in form ;
Nor any knowledge like to that of whispers : —

Str. Right, right.

Per. Then you can hate and fawn upon a man
At the same time,
And dare not urge the vices of another,
You are so foul your self ;
So the Prince seldom hears truth.

Str. Oh ! very seldom.

Per. And did you never give his Grace odd Counsels,
And when you saw they did not prosper,
Perswade him take them on himself. —

Str. Yes, yes, often.

Per. Get baths of Sulphur quick,
And flaming oyles,
This crime is new, and will deserve it.
He has inverted all the rules of State,
Confounded policie.
There is some reason why a Subject
Should suffer for the errors of his Prince ;
But why a Prince should bear
The faults of's Ministers, none, none at
All. — Cauldrons of Brimstone there.

Ther. Great Judge of this infernal place,
Allow him yet the mercy of the Court.

Str.

Str. Kind Devil. —

Per. Let him be boyl'd in scalding lead a while
T'enture and to prepare him for the other.

Str. Oh ! hear me, hear me,

Per. Stay !

Now I have better thought upon't,

He shall to earth agen :

For villanie is catching, and will spread :

He will enlarge our Empire much,

Then w'are sure of him at any time,

So 'tis enough — where's our Governor ? — *Exit.*

*Enter Goaler, Samrat, Nassurat,
Pilgrin, three others in disguise*

Iai. His hair curls naturally,

A handsom youth —

Sam. The same, —

Drinks to him.

Is there no speaking with him ?

He owes me a trifling sum. —

Iai. Sure Sir the debt is something desperate,

There is no hopes he will be brought

To clear with the world,

He struck me but for perswading him

To make even with Heaven,

He is as surly as an old Lyon,

And as fullen as a Bullfinch,

He never eat since he was taken. — *Gentlemen*

Sam. I must needs speak with him,

Heark in the ear. —

Iai. Not for all the world.

Sam. Nay I do but motion such a thing.

Iai. Is this the business Gentlemen ?

Fare you well —

Sam. There is no choice of ways then. —

Stir not, if thou but think'st a noise,

Or breath'st aloud, thou breath'st thy last,

So bind him now. —

*Raus after him
draw
their daggers
set it to his
breast.*

Under

Undo,
Quickly, quickly,
his beard, his hat.

No, what will you do?
None of these Beards will serve,
There's not an eye of white in them.
Well. Pull out the silver'd ones in his,
And tickle them in the other.

No. Cut them, cut them out,
The bush will suit well enough
With a grace still.

Exit.
Sams. Desperate wounds must have desperate
Cures, extreams must thus be serv'd, ——
You know your parts,
Fear not let us alone, ——

him.
Sings a Catch.
Some drink, —— what Boy. —— some drink, ——
Fill it up, fill it up to the brink,
When the Potts cry clink,
And the pockets chink,
Then 'tis a merry world.

To the best, to the best, have at her,
And a Pox take the Woman hater ——
The Prince of darkness is a Gentleman,
Mahu, Mahu is his name,
Now d'you sir?

You gape as you were sleepy,
Good faith he looks like an —— O yes,

Pell. Or as if he had overstrain'd himself
At a deep note in a Ballad ——

No. What think you of an Oyfter at low ebb?
Some liquor for him,

afin
drag
lagger
so be
Undo.
You will not be a Pimpe for life you Rogue,
Nor hold a door to save a Gentleman,
You are —— Pox on him, what is he Pellagrin?
If you love me, lets sit he him,
And say 'twas a sudden judgement upon him,

For

For swearing; the posture will confirm it.

P. 4. We're in excellent humor,

Let's have another bottle,

And give out that *Ann* my wife is dead.

Shall I Gentlemen? —

Na. Rare Rogue in Buckram,

Let me bite thee.

Before me thou shalt go out wit,

And up in as good terms

As some of those in the Ballad too —

Pell. Shall I so? — Why then four tree for the Guise,

Saints shall screw, and ours shall be

The black ey'd beanies of the times;

I'll tick you for old ends of Plays: —

They sing, —

A Round, — A Round, — A Round,

A Round, — A Round, — A Round, —

(knock)

Some bodie's at door.

Preethee, preethee, Sirra, Sirra,

Try thy skill.

Na. Who's there?

Missen. One *Sturgeon* a Taylor here —

Na. Such a one there was my friend,

But he's gone above an hour ago:

Now did this Rogue whisper in his heart

That's a lie, — and for that very reason,

I'll cut his throat. — —

P. 11. No preethee now, — for thinking?

Thou shalt not take the pains,

The Law shall do't — —

Na. How, — how? —

Pell. Marry we'll write it over when we're gone

He joy'd in the plot, and put himself

Into this posture, meerly to disguise it to

The world.

Na. Excellent!

Here's to thee for that conceit.

The GOBLINS

97

VVe should should have made rare Sceptersmen;
VVe are so witty in our mischief;
Another Song, and so let's go,
It will be time,

— Sing —

A health to the Nut brown Lads;
VWith the hazel eyes let it pass

Shee that has good eyes,
Has good thighs,

Let it pass, — let it pass, —

As much to the lively Grey,

'Tis as good 'th night as the day ;

Shee that has good eyes,
Has good thighs,

Drink away, — drink away. —

I pledg, I pledg ; what ho some Wine,

Here's to mine, and to thine,

The colours are divine, —

But oh the black, the black ;

Give me as much agen, and let's be Sack,

Shee that has good eyes,

Has good Thighs,

And't may be a better knock. —

Na. A reckonig Boy. —

(They knock)

There. —

(paies him)

Do'ft here ?

Here's a friend of ours 'has forgotten himself

A little (as they call it)

The wine has got into his head,

As the frost into his hand ; he is bennum'd.

and has no use of himself for the present.

Boy, Hum Sir. —

(Smiles)

Na. Prethee lock the dore, and when he

Coms,

Q

Comes ~~himself~~ ~~and~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~old~~ ~~place,~~
 Tell him he shall find ~~us~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~old~~ ~~place,~~
 He knows where.

Boy. I will Sir. —

Exeunt.

Enter *Orsabin*,

Or. To die! yea what's that?

For yet I never thought ~~on't~~ ~~seriously.~~

It may be 'tis — hum?

It may be 'tis not too.

Enter *Samrat*, as Goaler ~~undoe~~

his Fetters.

Ha — (as amaz'd.)

What happy intercession wrought this change?

To whose kind prayers owe I this my friend?

Sam. Unto thy verue — Noble youth,

The Gods delight in that as well as prayers.

I am —

Or. Nay, nay, —

Be what thou wilt,

I will not question't,

Undoe, undoe.

Sam. Thy friend *Samrat*.

Or. Ha?

Sam. Lay by thy wonder,

And put on these cloathes,

In this disguise thou'lt pass unto the

Prison gates, there you shall finde

One that is taught to know you.

He will conduct you to the corner

Of the wood, and there my horses wait

Us —

I'll throw this Goaler off in some odde place,

Or. My better Angel. — *Exeunt.*

Enter *Thieves*.

Per. It is 'een as hard a world for thieves

As honest men, — nothing to be got —

No prize stirring. —

1. Thee. None, but one with horses
Who seem'd to stay for some
That were to come,
And that has made us wait thus long.

Per. A leane days work, but what remedy?
Lawyers, that rob men with their own consent,
Have had the same.
Come, call in our *Perdues*,
We will away. — (they whistle.)

Enter Orsabrik, as seeking the horses,

Or. I hear them now,
Yonder they are. —

Per. Hallow, who are these?
Any of ours?

Thee. No, stand close,
They shall be presently;
Yeeld — yeeld. —

Or. Agen betraid? there is no end of my misfortune,
Mischief vexes me
Like a quotidian,
It intermits a little, and returns
E're I have lost the memory of
My former fit. —

Per. Sentences, sentences,
Away with him — Away with him. —

Exeunt.

Enter Gdaler, Drawers,
over the Stage.

Gdaler. I am the Gdaler, undone, undone,
Conspiracie, a cheat, my prisoner my prisoner! *Exeunt.*

Enter Samorat.

Sam. No men? — nor horses? —
Some strange mistake, —
May it be th're sheltred in the wood —

Enter Peridor and other Theeys, exami-
ning the young Lord *Torchuor*
that was hurt.

Perid. And if a Lady did but step aside,

To fetch a Masque or so,
 You follow'd after still,
 As if she had gone proud?
 Ha? Is't not so?—

Tor. Yes.

Per. And if you were us'd but civilly in a place,
 You gave out doubtful words upon't,
 To make men think you did enjoy.

Tor. Oh! yes, yes,

Per. Made love to every peice of cried-up beauty.
 And swore the same things over to them.

Tor. The very same.—

Per. Abominable.

Had he but sworn new things, yet't had been
 Tolerable.—

Reades the summe of the Confession.

Tb. Let me see.—let me see,

Hum.

Court Ladies Eight,
 Of which two great ones,—
 Country Ladies twelve.
 Termers all—

Per. Is this right?

Tor. Very right.

Per. Citizens wives of several trades,
 He cannot count them,—
 Chamber maids, and Country wenches
 About thirty.—

Of which the greater part:
 The night before th' were married,
 Or else upon the day:

Per. A modest reckoning, is this all?

Tor. No.—

I will be just t'a scrup'le.

Per. Well said, — well said, —

Out with it, — —

Tor. Put down two old Ladies more

Per.

Per. I'th name of wonder,
How could he think of old,
In such variety of young?

Tor. Alas I could never be quiet for them.

Per. Poor Gentleman!

Well what's to be done with him now?
Shall he be thrown into the Cauldron
With the Cuckolds,
Or with the Jealous?
That's the hotter place.

Per. Thou mistakest;
'Tis the same, they go together still:
Jealous and Cuckolds differ no otherwise
Then Sheriff and Alderman;
A little time makes th'one th'other;
What think you of gelding him,
And sending him to the earthenagen,
Amongst his women?
'Twould be like throwing a dead fly
Into an Ants nest.
There would be such tearing, pulling.
And getting up upon him,
They would worry the poor thing
To death;—

Th. 1. Excellent?

Or leave a string as they do sometimes
In young Colts:

Desire and impotence,
Would be a rare punishment.

Fie, fie, the common disease of age,
A very old man has it.

Enter Thi.

A prize,— a prize,— a prize,

Horns blow, Brass

Ors. This must be hell by the noise

Pots, &c.

Ta. Set him down, set him down,
Bring forth the newest wrack.

And flaming pinching Irons.

This is a stubborn piece of flesh)

I would have broke loose,

Or, So, this comes of wishing my self
With Devils agen. —

Per. What art? —

Or. The slave of Chance,
One of Fortunes fools,
A thing she kept alive on earth
To make her sport,

Per. Thy name?

Or. Orsabin,

Per. Ha! he that liv'd with Pirates?
Was lately in a storme?

Or. The very same. —

Ta. Such respect as you have paid to me, — (*whispers*)
Prepare to Revels, all that can be thought on:
But let each man still keep his shape. — *Exit.*

They unbind him, all bow to him.

(*Musick.*)

Or. Ha!

Another smile of fortune? — (*They bring out several suits*
Is this the place the Gowned Clarks (of Cloathes, and a
Do fright men so on earth with? (*banquets.*
Would I had been here before.

Master Devil,

To who are these set out?

Tam. To yours Sir.

Or. Ile make bold to change a little, — (*takes a bat,*
Could not you afford a good plain sword (*dresses himself.*
To all this gallantry? —

Per. Wee'le see Sir,

Or. A thousand times civiller than men,
And better natur'd.

Enter Tamoren, Reginella.

Tam. All leave the roome.

I like not this. —

Exit.

Tam. Cupid do thou the rest,

A blunter arrow, and but slackly drawn,
Would perfect what's begun,
When young and handsome meet,

— The work's half done, —

Or. She cannot be less than a Goddess,
And 't must be *Proserpine* :

I'll speak to her, though *Pluto's* self stood by,

Thou beautiful Queen of this dark world,

That mak'st a place so like a hell,

So like a heaven, instruct me

In what forme I must approach thee,

And how adore thee ? —

Re. Tell me what thou art first

For such a creature

Mine eyes did never yet behold. —

Or. I am that which they name above a man ;

With watry Elements I much have liv'd ;

And there they terme me *Orsabin*.

Have you a name too —

Re. Why do you ask ?

Or. Because I'de call upon it in a storme,

And save a Ship from perishing sometimes.

Re. 'Tis *Reginella*.

Or. Are ye a woman too ?

I never was in earnest until now.

Re. I know not what I am,

For like my self I never yet saw any.

Or. Nor ever shall.

Oh ! how came you hither ?

Sure you were betrayed.

Will you leave this place,

And live with such as I am ?

Re. Why may not you live here with me ?

Or. Yes, —

But I'de carry thee where there is a glorious light,

Where all above is spread a Canopie,

Studded with twinkling Gems,

Beauteous, as Lovers eyes ;
 And underneath Carpets of flowry Meads
 To tread on. —
 A thousand thousand pleasures
 Which this place can ne're afford thee, —

Re. Indeed !

Or. Yes indeed —

I'll bring thee unto shady walks,
 And Groves fring'd with silver purling streams,
 Where thou shalt hear soft feather'd Quiristers
 Sing sweetly to thee of their own accord.
 I'll fill thy lap with early flowers ;
 And whilst thou bind'st them up mysterious ways,
 I'll tell thee pretty tales, and sigh by thee ;
 Thus press thy hand and warm it thus with kisses,

Re. Will you indeed ? —

Enter King Per., above with others.

Ta. Fond Girl :

Her rashness sullies the glory of her beauty,
 'Twill make the conquest cheap,
 And weaken my designs
 Go part them instantly.
 And bid him as before ;
 Be you his keeper *Peridore*.

Per. Yes, I will keep him.

Or. Her eyes like lightning shoot into my heart
 They'll melt it into nothing,
 Ere I can present it to her,
 Sweet Excellence. —

Enter Thieves.

Ha ! why is this hateful curtain drawn before my eyes ?
 If I have sin'd, give me some other punishment,
 Let me but look on her still,
 And double it, oh whether whether do you hurry me

Per. Madam, you must in. —

Re. Ay me, what's this ? —

(carry him away)

Must? ———

Exeunt.

Enter other Devils.

Th. 1. We have had such sport;
Yonder's the rarest Poet without
Has made all his confession in blank verse:
Not left a God, nor a Goddesse in Heaven,
But fetcht them all down for Witnesse;
Has made such a discription of *Sixx*,
And the Ferry;
And verily thinks has past them.
Enquires for the blest shades,
And asks much after certain British blades,
One *Shakespear* and *Fletcher*:
And grew so peremptory at last,
He would be carried where they were.

Th. 2. And what did you with him?

Th. 1. Mounting him upon a Cowle-staff,
Which (tossing him something high)
He apprehended to be *Pegasus*.
So we have left him to tell strange lies,
Which hee'l turn into verse;
And some wise people hereafter into Religion.

ACT. IV.

Enter *Samorat, Nasborat, Pellegrin.*

Na. Good faith 'tis wonderous well,
GWec have ee'n done like eager disputers;
And with much ado.

Are got to be just where we were.
This is the corner of the wood,

Sa. Ha! 'tis indeed. ———

Pe. Had we no walking fire,
Nor sawcer-ey'd Devil of these woods that led us?
Now am I as weary

As a married man after the first week,
And have no more desire to move forwards,
Then a Post-horse that has past his stage.

Na. 'Sfoot yonder's she might too stealing away
With her black Gown about her :
Like a kind wench, that had staid out the
Last minute with a man.

Pel. What shall we doe, Gentlemen?
I apprehend falling into this Jaylors
Hands strangely? hee'd use us worse
Then we did him.

Na. And that was ill enough of Conscience :
What think you of turning Beggars?
Many good Gentlemen have don't : or Theeves?

Pel. That's the same thing at Court :
Beeeing is but a kind of robbing th'Exchequer.

Na. Look four fathome and a half O O S —
In contemplation of his Mistress :
There's a Feast, you and I are out now *Pellegrin* ;
'Tis a pretty trick, this enjoyning in absence.
VVhat a rare invention 'twould be,
If a man could find out a way to make it real.

Pel. Dost think there's nothing in't as t'is?

Na. Nothing, nothing.
Did'st never hear of a dead *Alexander*,
Rais'd to talk with a man?
Love's a learned Conjurer,
And with the glass of Fancie will do as strange things?
You thrust out a hand,
Your Mistress thrusts out another ;
You shake that hand that shakes you agen :
You put out a lip, she puts out hers :
Talk to her, shee shall answer you ;
Marry, when you come to grasp all this,
It is but aire.

(*As out of his study*)

Sam. It was unluckie, —
Gentlemen, the day appears,

this is no place to stay in;
to some neighbouring Cottage,
may be the Searchers will neglect
the neerer places,
and this will but advance unto our safety.

Enter Fiddlers.

Na. VWho are there?

Fid. 1. Now if the spirit of Melancholly should possess

F. 2. VWhy if it should, (them,
an honorable retreat,

Na. I have the rarest fancie in my head, —

VWhether are you bound my friends so early?

Fid. To a VWedding Sir.

Na. A VWedding?

told you so.

Vhose?

Fid. A Country whences here hard by,
the Erblins daughter.

Na. Good; Erblin: the very place;

to see how things fall out.

told here's money for you.

mark you, you must assist me in a small design.

Fid. Any thing.

Sam. What do'st mean?

Na. Let me alone,

have a plot upon a wench. —

Fid. Your worship is merry.

Na. Yes faith, to see her only.

ook you, some of you shall go back to'th'town

and leave us your Coats.

My Friend and I am excellent at a little instrument,

and then wee'l sing catches.

Pol. I understand thee not;

thou hast no more forecast then a Squirrel,

and hast less wise consideration about thee,

where a way safer then this?

most think what we have done

VVill

Will not be spread beyond this place with ev'ry light
Should we now enter any house
Thus near the Town, and stay all day,
'Tould be suspicious; what pretence have we?

P. He speaks reason *Samorat*.

Sa. I do not like it.

Should any thing fall out 'twould not look well,
I'de not be found so much out of my self,
So far from home as this disguise would make me
Almost for certainty of safety.

N. Certainty? Why, this will give it us,
Pray let me govern once.

Sa. Well, you suffer'd first with me,
Now 'tis my turn.

P. Pree the name not suffering.

N. Come, come your Coats,
Our beards will suit rarely to them:
There's more mony,
Not a word of any thing as you tender—

Fid. O Sir.

N. And see you carry't gravely too—
Now afore me *Pellegrins* rarely translated,
'Sfoot they'l apprehend the head of the Base Viol
As soon as thee,
Thou art so likely;

Only I must confess, that has a little the better face.

P. Has it so? —

Pox on thee, thou look'st like I can tell what.

N. Why, so I would fool,
Th' end of my disguise is to have none
Know what I am!

Look, look, a Devil ayring himself. (Enter a Devil)

I'll catch him like a Mole ere he can get under ground.

P. *Nashort, Nashorat*. —

N. Pox on that noise, he's earth't;
Pree the let's watch him and see
Whether hee'll heave agen,

P. Ar't mad? —

N. By this light, three or four of their skins,
and wee'd rob.

I would be the better way. —

Come, come, let's go. —

Exeunt.

Enter Captain and Soldiers.

Cap. Let the Horse skirt about this place,

Yee'll make a search within. —

Ex.

Enter agen.

Now disperse

th hollow of the wood,

Yee'll meet agen.

Enter Na. Ps, Sa, Fid.

Sol. Who goes there?

Speak, — Oh! th'are Fidlers' —

aw you no men nor Horse

th wood to day, — as you came along?

(*Nashorat* puls one of the Fidlers by the skirt)

Na. Speak, speak Rogue. —

Fid. None Sir, —

Sol. Passe on. —

Exeunt.

N. Gentlemen what say you to th'invention now,

in a Rogue if I do not think

was design'd for the Helm of State,

am so full of nimble stratagems,

that I should have ordered affairs, and

Carried it against the stream of a faction.

With as much ease as a Skippar

Would laver against the wind. —

Ex.

Enter Captain and Soldiers met again.

Cap. VVhat no news of any?

Sol. No, — not a man stirring;

Enter other Soldiers.

How, away, — away —

Cap. VVhat, any discovery?

1. Sol. Yes. the horse has staid three fellows,

Fidlers they call themselves;

Ther'cs

There's something in't; they look suspiciously;
 One of them has offer'd at confession once or twice,
 Like a weak stomach at vomiting,
 But 'twould not out—

Cr. A little cold Iron thrust down his throat
 Will fetch it up.—
 I am excellent at discovery,
 And can draw a secret out of a Knave,
 With as much dexterity as a Barber-Surgeon
 Woo'd a hollow tooth.
 Let's joyn forces with them.——

Enter Orsabin.

Or. Sure 'tis eternal night with me;
 Would this were all too—
 For I begin to think the rest is true,
 Which I have read in books,
 And that there's more to follow.——

Enter Reginella.

Rr. Sure this is he.——

Or. The pure and first created Light
 Broke through the Chaos thus—
 Keep off, keep off thou brighter Excellence,
 Thou fair Divinity: If thou com' neere,
 (So tempting is the shape thou now assum'st)
 I shall grow launcy in desire agen,
 And entertain bold hopes which will but draw
 More, and fresh punishment upon me.——

Re. I see ye are angry Sir:
 But if you kill me too, I meant no ill:
 That which brought me hither,
 Was a desire I have to be with you,
 Rather then those I live with: This is all
 Beleeve't——

Or. With me? Oh thou kind Innocence!
 VVitness all that can punish falshood,
 That I could live with thee,
 Even in this dark and narrow prison:

And think all happiness confin'd within the walls——

Oh, hadst thou but as much of love as I.

Re. Of love? what's that?

Or. VVhy 'tis a thing that's had before 'tis known :
A gentle flame that steals into a heart,
And makes it like one object so, that it scarce cares
For any other delights, when that is present :
And is pain when 'tis gone ; thinks of that alone,
And quarrels with all other thoughts that would
Intrude and so divert it——

Re. If this be love, sure I have some of it,
It is no ill thing, is it Sir?

O. Oh most Divine,
The best of all the goods strangely abound in't,
And Mortals could not live without it :
It is the soul of vertue, and the life of life.

Re. Sure I should learn it Sir, if you would teach it.

Or. Alas, thou taught'st it me ;
It came with looking thus—— (*They gaze upon one another*)

Enter *Per*.

Per. I will no longer be conceal'd,
But tell her what I am,
Before this smooth-fac'd youth
Hath taken up all the room
Up in her heart,
Ha ! unbound ! and sure by her !
Hell and Furies.

P. What ho——within there——Enter other *Theeves*.
Practice escapes?

Get me new yrons to load him unto death.

Or. I am so us'd to this,
It takes away the fence of it :
I cannot think it strange.

Re. Alas he never did intend to goe.

Use him for my sake kindly :

I was not wont to be deny'd.

Alas ! they are hard-hearted all.

VVhat

VVhat shall I do? Ile to my Govenor,
Hce? I nor be thus cruel —

Exit

Enter Samrat, Nashorat. Pellegrin.

Nas. 'Tis a rare wench, she 'th blew stockings:
VVhat a complexion she had when she was warm —
'Tis a hard question of these Country wenches,
VVhich are simpler, their beauties or themselves.
There's as much difference betwixt
A Town-Lady, and one of these,
As there is betwixt a wild Pheasant and a tame.

Pell. Right: —

There goes such essensing, washing, perfuming,
Dawbing, to th'other that they are the least part
Of themselves.

Indeed there's so much sauce, a man cannot taste the meat.

N. Let me kiss thee for that;

By this light I hate a woman drest up to her height,
VVorse then I do Sugar with muscadine:

It leaves no room for me to imagine:

I could improve her if she were mine:

It looks like a Jade with his tayl tied up with ribbons,
Going to a Fair to be sold.

Pell. No, no, thou hatest it out of another reason, Na.

Nas. Prethee what's that?

Pell. VVhy th'are so fine, th'are of no use that day.

Na. Pellegrin is in good feeling.

Sirra, did'st mark the Lasse 'ich green upon yellow,
How she bridled in her head,
And danc't a stroke in, and a stroke out,
Like a young Fillet training to a pace.

Pell. And how she kist,

As if she had been sealing and delivering her self up
To the use of him that came last,
Parted with her sweet hearts lips still
As unwillingly, and untowardly,
As soft wax from a dry Seal.

N. True; and when she kisses a Gentleman,

She makes a Curretsy, as who should say,
The favour was on his side.

What dull fools are we to besiege a face
Three months for that trifle!

Sometimes it holds out longer, ———

And then this is the sweeter flesh too, ———

Enter Fiddlers.

Fid. You shall have horses ready at the time,
And good ones too (if their betruth in drink)

And for your letters, they are there by this. ———

Sa. An excellent Officer, ———

Enter Wedding.

Clowne. Tut, tut, tut,

That's a good one y'faith, not dance?

Come, come, strike up. (Enter souldiers muffled up in

Sa. Who are those that eye us so severely? (their cloaks
Belong they to the Wedding?

Fid. I know 'em not.

(women)

Clo. Gentlemen, wil't please you dance? — (Offer their

Sol. No, keep your women, wee'l take out others here,

Samorat. If I mistake not.

Sa. Ha! betra'd? ———

(A bustle)

Clo. How now! what's the matter? abuse our Fiddlers?

Sol. These are no Fiddlers, fools, obey the Princes Officers

Unless you desire to go to Prison too.

Sa. The thought of what must follow disquiets not at all

But tamely thus to be surpriz'd

In so unhandsome a disguise? ——— They carry him away.

Pel. I'f't ee'n so? VVhy then,

Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big VVars,

Which made ambition vertue. ———

Nas. I, I, Let them goe, let them goe.

Pel. Have you ever a stratagem Nasbayot?

I wood be very seasonable. VVhat think you now?

Are you design'd for the helme of State?

Can you Laver against this Tempest?

No, Pree the let me alone, I am thinking for life.

R

Pe. Yes

Pr. Yes 'tis for life indeed, would 'twere not.
Cl. This is very strange; Let's follow after,
 And see if we can understand it. — *Exeunt.*

Enter Peridor, Orsabin.

Per. A meer fantasm
 Rais'd by Art to try thee.

Or. Good kind Devil,
 Try me once more.
 Help me to the sight of this Phantasm agen,

Per. Thou art undone.
 Wert thou not amorous
 In th' other world?
 Did'st not love women?

Or. Who did hate them?

Per. Why there's it;
 Thou thought'st there was no danger in the sin,
 Because 'twas common.

Above the half of that vast multitude
 Which fills this place, women sent hither,
 And they are highliest punisht still
 That love the handsomest.

Or. A very lying Devil this
 Certainly. —

P. All that had their women with you,
 Suffer with us.

Or. By your friendships favour though
 There's no justice in that:
 Some of them suffered enough
 In all conscience by e'm there —

P. Oh, this is now your mirth:
 But when you shall be pincht
 Into a gelly,

Or. made into a Cramp all over,
 These will be sad truths.

Or. He talks odly now I do not like it.
 Do'st hear? — —

Prethee exchange some of thy good counsel.

For deeds.

Thou be'st an honest devil,

(As thou seem'st to be)

Put a sword into my hands;

And help me to the sight of this

Apparition agen. —————

P. Well something I'll do for thee,

Or rather for my self, ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter two other *Devils*.

1. D. Come, lets go relieve our Poet.

2. D. How, relieve him? he's releas'd; is he not?

1. D. No, no.

Borſat bethought himself at the mouth of the Cave,
And found he would be necessary to our Masque too night
We have set him with his feet in a great tub of water,
In which he dabbles and believes it to be Helicon:
There he's contriving th' honour of *Mercury*,
Who I have told him comes this night of a message
from *Jupiter* to *Pluto*, and is feasted here by him.

Enter Poet and *Iberues*.

Th. Oh, they have fetcht him off.

Po. *Carer per solo Carer*,

Or he that made the Fairy Queen.

1. *Th.* No, none of these:

They are by themselves in some other place,

But here's he that writ *Tamara* and

P. I beseech you bring me to him;

There's something in his Scene

Betwixt the Empresses a little high and cloudy,

I would resolve my self.

1. *Th.* You shall Sir.

Let me see—the Author of the bold *beauchams*,
And *Englands Joy*.

Po. The last was a well writ peice I assure you,

A Brittain I take it; and *Shakespears* very way.

desire to see the Man.

1. Excuse me, no seeing here.

R 2

The

The Gods in complement to *Honor*,
Do make all Poets poor above,
And we, all blind below.
But you shall confess Sir ;
Follow.

Ex.

Enter *Peridor*, *Orsabin*,

Or. Hallight and fresh aire agent? (*Peridor unbinds him*
The place I know too. ————— (*and slips away*)
The very sam? I fought the Duel in.
The Devil was in the right ;
This was a meer Apparition :
But 'twas an handsome one, it left impressions here,
Such as the fairest substance I shall ere behold,
Will scarce deface.
Well I must resolve, but what, or where?
I' that's the question.
The Town's unsafe, there's no returning thither :
And then the Port. ————— (*Enter some*
Ha! What means the busie haste of these, ————— (*to pass on*
Honest friend ——— No ——— (*Passes hastily*
Do'st hear? ——— (*To another*
What's the matter pray ?

Clo. Gentlemen, gentlemen,
That's good satisfaction indeed.
Ors. Prethee good fellow tell me, (*Enter another*
What causes all this hurry? — (*to another*

Clo. One *Samoras* is led to prison Sir,
And other Gentlemen about Lord *Forcular*.

Ho! *Samoras*!

There is no mean nor end of Fortunes malice :
Oh! 'tis insufferable ;
I'm made a boy whipt on anothers back :
Cruel ; I'd not endure't by heaven,
He shall not dye for me :

I will not hold a wretched life upon such wretched terms

Enter *Tamarin*, *Peridor*, and others, (*E*

Tam. Flie ; flie abroad, search every place, and

Brin

Bring him back :

Thou hast undone us all with thy neglect,
Destroi'd the hopes we had to be our selves agen ;
I shall run mad with Anger ;

Fly, be gone. ————— *Exeunt* all but *Tam*.

Enter Reginella.

My Reginella, what brings you abroad ?

Re. Dear Governor ? I have a sure to you.

Ta. To me my pretty sweetness, what ?

Re. You will deny me Sir I fear ;

Pray let me have the stranger that came last in keeping.

Ta. Stranger ? *Alas* hee's gone, made an escape.

Re. I feard he would not stay, they us'd him so unkindly
Indeed I would have us'd him better, *(weeps.)*
And then he had been here still.

Tam. Come, do not weep my girl :
Forget him pretty Pensiveness, there will
Come others every day as good as he.

Re. Oh ! never : I'll close my eyes to all now he's gone

Tam. How catching are the sparks of love ? still this
Mischance shows more and more unfortunate,
I was too curious ; —————

Come indeed, you must forget him,
The gallan't and goodli't to the eye are not the best,
Such handsome and fine shapes as those,
Are ever false and foul within.

Re. VVhy Governour'd you then put
Your finest thing still in your finest Cabinets ?

Ta. Pretty Innocence ! no ; I do not ;
You see I place not you there,
Come, no more tears :

Lets in and have a Mate at Chess,

"*Diversion cures a loss, or makes it less.*" ————— *Exit.*

ACT. V.

Enter *Tamoren*, *Peridor*, and others.

Pe. **C**roft all the High ways, searcht the woods
Beat up and down with as much pain & diligence
As ever Huntsman did for a lost dear.

Ta. A race of Cripples, are y' all
Issue of Snayles, he could not else have scap't us,
Now, what news bring you?

Tb. Sir, we have found him out,
The party is in prison.

Ta. How? in prison,

Tb. For certain Sir,
It seems young *Samorat* and he
Were those that fought the duel t'other day,
And left our *Torcular* so wounded there.
For his supposed death was *Samorat* taken,
Which when this youth had found,
He did attempt to free him scaling the wall
By night finding it impossible,
Next morning did present himself
Into the hands of Justice, imagining
His dearn that did the fact, an equal sacrifice,

Ta. Brave *Orfabrin*.

Tb. Not knowing that the greedy law asks more,
And doth prescribe the accessory
As well as principal.

Ta. Just so it'sh nickt 'ith very nick of time?

Per. He's troubled.

Ta. It will be excellent.
Be all in Souldiers straight.

Where's *Torcular*?

Tb. Forth coming Sir

Ta. How are his wounds?

Will they endure the aire,
Under your gaberdines wear pistols all.

Per. What does he mean?

Ta. Give me my other habit and my sword;
Th' least suspected way hast after me.

Isb. All?

Tam. All but *Peridor*. I will abroad,
My broken hopes and sufferings
Shall have now some cure.

Fortune spite of her self shall be my friend,
And either shall redress or give them end. — *Exit.*

P. I've found it out.

He does intend to fetch this stranger back,
And give him *Reginella*.

Or else — No, no, it must be that;

His anger and the search declare it;

The secret of the prison-house shall out I swear.

I'll set all first on fire;

For middle ways to such an end are dull —

Exit.

Enter Prince, Phi.

Pr. Since she was refus'd to speak with you Sir

Nor look of any

Languishes so fast

Her Servants fear she will not live

To know what does become of him.

Ph. Sir 'tis high time you visit her.

Pr. I cannot look upon her, and deny her;

Ph. Nor need you Sir;

All shall appear to her most gracious,

Tell her the former part o' th' Law

Must pass, but when it comes t' execute,

Promise her that you intend to interpose.

Pr. And shall then *Sansovet* live?

Ph. Oh! —

Nothing less, the censure past,

His death shall follow without noise:

'Tis but not owning of the fact

Disgracing for a time, a Secretary,

Or so — the things not new —

Put on forgiving looks Sir,

VVe are there ———

Enter Sabrin's Chamber.

A mourning silence

Sister *Sabrina* ———

Sab. Hence, hence,

Thou cruel hunter after life :

Thou art a pain unto my eyes as great;

As thy dear mother had when she did

Bring thee forth — And sure that was

Extream, since she produc't a monster.

Ph. Speak to her your self,

She's so incens'd against me,

She will not welcome happiness ;

Because I bring it,

Pr. Fair ornament of grief,

VVhy are you troubled ———

Can you beleeeve there's any thing within

My power which you shall mourn for ?

If you have any fears, impart them ;

Any desires, give them a name,

And I will give thee rest :

You wrong the greatness of my love,

To doubt the goodness of it.

Sab: Alas, I do not doubt your love my Lord,

I fear it ; 'tis that which does undo me,

For 'tis not *Samor* at that's prisoner now,

It is the Princes Rival ;

Oh I for your own sake Sir be merciful :

How poorly will this sound hereafter,

The Prince did fear another's merit so,

Found so much vertue in his rival, that

He was forc't to murder it, make it away ;

There can be no addition to you Sir by his death

By his life there will ; You get the point

Of honor ; fortune does offer here

VVhat time perchance cannot agen :

A handsome opportunity to show
The bravery of your mind——

Pri. This pretty Rhetorique cannot perswade me (fair
To let your *Samorai* live for my sake:
It is enough he shall for yours.

Sab. Though vertue still rewards it self, yet here
May it not stay for that; but may the gods
Showre on you suddenly such happiness,
That you may say, my mercy brought me this——

P. The gods no doubt will hear when you do pray
Right ways: But here you take their names in vain,
Since you can give your self that happiness
VVhich you do aske of them.

Sab. Most gracious Sir, do not ——

Pr. Hold, I dare not hear thee speak,
For fear thou now should'st tell me,
VVhat I do tell my self;
That I would poorly bargain for any favors;
Retire and banish all thy fears;
I will be kind and just to thee *Sabrina*,
VVhats'ere thou prov'st to me.

Ph. Rarely acted Sir—— Ex. *Sabr.*

Pr. Ha! ——

Ph. Good faith to th'very life.

Pr. Acted? —— No, —'twas not acted.

Ph. How Sir?

Pr. I was in earnest.

I mean to conquer her this way.
The others low and poor.

Ph. Ha?

Pr. I told thee 'twould be so before.

Ph. Why Sir, you do not mean to save him? ——

Pr. Yes—— I do——

Samorai shall be releas't immediately.——

Ph. Sure you forget I had a brother Sir,
And one that did deserve Justice at least.

Pr. He did——

And

And he shall have it.
 He that kil'd him shall dye —
 And 'tis high satisfaction, that,
 Look not —
 It must be so —

Exit.

Enter Stramador, and Peridor.

P. No devils Stramador.
 Believe your eyes — To which I
 Cannot be so lost, but
 You may call to mind
 One Peridor.

Str. Ha? Peridor? thou didst
 Command that day
 In which the Tamorens fell.

P. I did — — —
 Yet Tamoren lives.

Str. Ha!

P. Not Tamoren the Prince, he fell indeed;
 But Tamoren his brother, who that day
 Led our Horse,
 Young Reginella too,
 Which is the subject of the suit. —
 You have engag'd your self by oath,
 The King shall grant.

Str. Oh! 'tis impossible,
 Instruct me, how I should believe thee.

P. Why thus —

Necessity upon that great defeat
 Forc't us to keep the woods, and hide our selves
 In holes, which since we much enlarg'd,
 And fortified them in the entrance so
 That 'twas a safe retreat upon pursuit:
 Then swore we all allegiance to this Tamoren,
 These habits better to disguise our selves, we took at first
 But finding with what ease he rob'd,
 We did continue 'em, and took an oath,
 Till some new troubles in the State should happen,

Or fair occasion to make known our selves
Offer it self, we would adpear no other,
But come let's not lose
What we shall ne're recover,
This opportunity —

Enter Nashorat, and Pe.

Pe. *Nashorat*, you have eot thought of any
Stratagem yet —

N. Yes I have thought —

Pe. What? —

N. That if you have any accompts with heaven
They may go on —

This villanous dyings, like a strange tune;
Has rpn so in my head,
No wholesome consideration would enter it,
Nothing angers me neither but that?
pass by my Mistresses window to't.

Pe. Troth, that's unkind
Have something troubles me too.

N. What's that.

Pe. The people will say as we go along,
Thou art the properer fellow,
Then I break an appointment
With a Merchants wife.

But who can help it? — *Nashorat.*

N. Yes who can help it indeed?
She's too blame though 'faith if she
Does not bear with thee.

Considering the occasion — — — — —

P. Considering the occasion as you say,
A man would think he might be born with.
There's a Scrivener I should have paid
some mony to, upon my word,

first out —

Enter Orsabin, Samorai, Princes Servants.

Or. By fair *Sabrina's* name,
conjure you not to refuse the mercy

Of the Prince —

Sam. It is resolv'd Sir, you know my answer.

Or, Whether am I false?

I think if I should live a little longer,
I should be made the cause of all the mischief
Which should arise to the V World —

Hither I came to save a friend,

And by a flight of fortune I destroy him :

My very ways to good proves ill,

Sure I can look a man into misfortune :

The plague's so great within me 'tis infectious.

Oh ! I am weary of my self :

Sir I beseech you accept of it,

For I shall be his way

A sufferer,

And an executioner too —

Sam. I beg of thee no more,

Thou do'st beget in me desire to live ;

For when I find how much I am

Behind in noble acts of friendship,

I cannot chuse but wish for longer time, that I might

Struggle with thee, for what thou hast too clearly now

Got from me : The point of honor — — —

Oh ! it is wisdom and great thrift to dye ;

For who with such a debt of friendship and

Of Love, as you and my *Sabrina* must expect from me

Could e're subsist.

N. They are complementing ;

'Sfoot they make no more of it,

Then if 'twere who should go in first at

A door — I think *Pellegrin* as you and I

Have cast it up, it comes to something

More —

Mess. Gentlemen, prepare, the Court is setting.

Sams. Friends, this is no time for ceremony ;

But what a rack have I within me,

To see you suffer ?

And yet I hope the Prince will let this anger die
In me, not to take the forfeiture of you.

N. If he should, *Pellegrin* and I are resolv'd,
And are ready, all but our speeches to the people,
And those will not trouble us much,
For we intend not to trouble them. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince, Peridor, and others.

Pr. Not accept it ?

Lose this way too ? — What shall I do ?

He makes advantages of mine,
And like a skilful Tennis-player,
Returns my very best with excellent design.
It must not be ;

Bring to the Closet here above, the chief o, th' Jury :
I'll try another way. — *Ex.*

Enter Judges, Prisoners, Lawyers.

N. Of all the ways of destroying mankind.
These Judges have the easiest,
They sleep and do it.

Pr. To my thinking now,
This is but a solemn kind of Puppet-play :
How the Devil came we to be Actors in't ?
So, it begins.

1 *Judg.* The Princes Counsel, are they ready ?
Are they ready ?

Law. Here —

Judg. Begin then —

Law. My Lords, that this so great and strange.

Sa. Most reverend Judges,
To save th' expence of breath and time,
And dull formalities of Law —
I here pronounce my self guilty.

Pri. from above. Agen he ha's prevented me —

Sa. So guilty that no other can pretend
A share —

This noble youth, a stranger to every thing
But Gallantry, ignorant in our Laws and Customs,

Has

Has made perchance
 (In strange severity) a forfeit of himself;
 But should take it,
 The Gods when he is gone will sure revenge it.
 If from the stalk you pull this bud of vertue;
 Befor't 'has spread and shewn it self abroad,
 You do an injurie to all mankind,
 And publick mischief cannot be private justice.
 This man's as much above a common man,
 As man's above a beast; And if the Law
 Destroys not man for killing of a beast,
 It should not here for killing of a man.
 Oh what mistake 'twould be?

For here you sit to weed the Cankers out
 That would do hurt 'ith 'State to punish vice;
 And under that you'd root out vertue too——

Or, If I do blush, 'tis not (most grations Judges)
 For any thing which I have done; 'tis for that
 This much mistaken youth hath here deliver'd.
 'Tis true (and I confess) I ever had
 A little flock of honor (which I still preserv'd)
 But that (by leaving me behind alive)
 He now most cunningly doe's think to get from me;
 And I beseech your Lordships to assist me;
 For 'tis most fraudulent all he desires.
 Your Laws I hope are reasonable;
 Else why should reasonable men
 Be subject to them? and then
 Upon what grounds is he made guilty now?
 How can he be thought accessary
 To th' killing of a man,
 (That did not know o'th fighting with him?
 Witness all those powers which search mens hearts,
 That I my self, (untill he beckned me)
 Knew nothing of it, if such a thing
 As sacrifice must be——why? Man for man's enough.
 Though elder times t'appease diviner Justice,
 Did offer up——

(What

(Whether through gallantrie, or ignorance)
Vast multitudes of Beasts in sacrifice :
Yet numbers of men is seldome heard of :
One single *Curtius* purg'd a whole States sin :
You will not say th' offence is now as great,
Or that you ought to be more highly satisfied
Then Heaven——

P. Brave youths——

N. *Pelligrin*, you and I will let our speeches alone.

1 *Judg.* If that the law were so fine a web,

As wit and fancy spin it out to, here,
Then these defences would be just, and save :
But that is more substantial,
Of another make——

And Gentlemen if this be all,
Sentence must pass——

Enter *Tamoren*.

Tam. *Orsabin* !

Or. Ha ! who names me there ?

Ta. A friend : hear me :

I am an Officer in that dark world
From whence thou cam'st, sent
Thus disguis'd by *Reginella* our fair Queen,
And to redeem thee

Or. *Reginella* !

Th' midst of all these ills,
How preciouslly that name does sound ?

Ta. If thou wilt swear to follow me,
At th' instant th' art releas't ;
I'll save thee and thy friends,
In spite of Law.——

Or. Doubt not of that ;
Bring me where *Reginella* is :

And if I follow not, perpetual misery follow me ;
It cannot be a Hell

Where she appears.——

Tam. Be confident——(Goes out and brings Torcular,
Behold

Behold (grave Lords) the man
Whose death question'd the life of these,
Found and recovered by the Theeves.

'Tith Woods :

And rescued since by us, to rescue Innocence.

Or. Rare Devil !

With what dexterity h^{as} raised this
Shape up ; to delude them —

Pr. Ha ? *Torcular* alive ?

Ph. *Torcular*.

I should assoon beleieve my brother
Nere in being too.

Tor. You cannot wonder more to find me here,
Then I do to find my self.

Na. Come unbinde, unbinde, this matter's answered
Jndg. 2. Hold : they are not free the Law exacts
The same for breach of Prison that it did before.

Or. There is no escaping out of fortunes hands.
Doeſt hear ; haſt never a trick for this ? —

Ta. Doubt me not, I have without, at my command
Those which never fail'd me ;
And it ſhall coſt many a life yet
Sir, are yours be loſt —

Pr. *Stramador* you have been a ſtranger here of late.
Sir. Peruſe this paper Sir, you'l find there was good reaſon

Enter Prince *Philatell* from above. (for

Stramador, *Peridor*, *Reginella* meet them below.

Pr. How ! old *Gamarens* brother, Captain
Of the Theeves, that has infeſted thus
Our Country ?

Reginella too, the heire of that fear'd Family
A happy and a ſtrange diſcovery.

Ta. *Peridor*, and *Reginella* ; the villane
Has betrail'd me.

Re. 'Tis *Orjabrin*, they have kept their words ;

Or. *Reginella* ? ſhe was a woman then,

Let me go.

Fay. Y

Jay. You do forget sure what you are !

Or. I do indeed; oh, to unriddle now.

Stray. And to this man you owe it Sir,
You find an engagement there to him,
And I must hope you'll make me just to him.

Pr. He doth deserve it,

Seize on him——

Tam. Nay then all truths must out
That I am lost and forfeit to the Law,
I do confess,

Yet since to save this Prince,

P. Prince !

Or. (Our *Mephistophilus* is mad.)

Ta. Yet, Prince, this is the *Orsabin*,

Or. Ha !——

Tam. So long ago,

Supposed lost,

Your Brother Sir !

Fetch in there *Ardelan* and *Piramon*.

Enter *Ardelan* and *Piramon*.

N. What mad Planet rules this day,

Ardelan and *Piramon*.

Or. The Devils wanton

And abuses all mankind to day.

Ta. These faces are well known to all *Francelians*

Now let them tell the rest——

Pi. My noble Master living ; found in *Francelia*,

Ar. The gods have satisfied our tedious hopes.

Pb. Some Imposture.

Or. A new design of Fortune——

dare not truit it.

Tam. Why speak you not ?

Piram. I am so full of joy, it will not out,

now ye *Francelians*,

When *Sanborn* fatal field was fought

so desperate were the hopes of *Orsabin*,

that 'twas thought fit to send away this prince:

S

And

And give him safety in another clime,
That spite of an ill day, an *Orsabin* might be
Preserv'd alive.

Thus you all know,
To *Garadans* chief charge he was committed,
Who when our bark by Pyrats was surpriz'd,
(For so it was) was slain 'ith first encounter;
Since that we have been forc'd to wait
On Fortunes pleasure,
And Sir, that all this time we kept
You from the knowledge of your self,
You'l pardon; it was our zeal that er'd
Which did conclude it would be prejudicial,

Ar. My Lords, you look as if you doubted still,
If *Pirramont* and I be lost unto your memory,
Your hands I hope are not —
Here's our Commission:
Theres the Diamond Elephant.
That which our Princes Sons are ever known by,
Which we to keep him undiscovered,
Tore from his Riband in that fatal day
When we were made prisoners,
And here are those that took us,
VVhich can witness all circumstances,
Both how, and when, time and place,
VVith whom we ever since have liv'd by force;
For on no Kingdom, friend unto *France*
Did fortune ever Land us, since that hour,
Nor gave us means to let our Country know
He liv'd.

T. These very truths; when they could have no end
(For they believ'd him lost)
I did receive from them before,
Which gave me now the boldness to appear
Here, where I'm lost by Law.

Shout, wicket } Long live Prince Orsabrin.
Long live Prince Orsabrin.

The GOBLINS.

133

Na. *Pillegrin* lets second this
Right or wrong 'tis best for us.

Pr. Observe, observe.

Pr. What shouts are those?

Sir. Souldiers of *Tamarens* the first,
The second was the peoples, who
Much press to see their long-lost Prince.

Phi. Sir, 'tis most evident and all agree,
This was his colour'd hair,
His ir Ae, though alter'd much with time:
You wear too strange a face upon this News:

Sir. you have found a Brother;
I, *Torcular*, the Kingdoms happiness;
For here the Plague of Robberies will end.
It is a glorious day — — —

Pr. It is indeed, I am amaz'd, not sad,
Wonder does keep the passage so,
Nothing will out.

Brother (for so my kinder Stars will have it),
There receive you as the bounty of the gods,
A blessing I did not expect,
And in return to them, this day,
Francelia ever shall keep holy.

Or. Fortune by much abusing me, has
So — — — dul'd by faith, I cannot
Credit any thing.

I know not how to own such happiness.

P. Let not your doubts lessen your joys
If you have had disasters heretofore,
They were but given to heighten what's to come.]

Na. Here's as strange a turn as if 'twere the
First Act in a Play. — — —

Peli. I 'm sure 'tis a good turn for us.

Or. Sir, Why stands that Lady so neglected there
That does deserye to be the business of mankind?

Oh ye gods, since you'll be kind
And bountiful, let it be here.

As fearfully, as jealous husbands ask
 After some secrets which they dare not know;
 Or as forbidden Lovers meet i'th night,
 Come I to thee (and 'tis no ill sign this,
 Since flames when they burn highest tremble most)
 Oh should she now deny me!

Re. I know not perfectly what all this means:
 But I do find some happiness is near,
 And I am pleas'd because I see you are—

Or. She understands me not—

Pr. He seems to have passion for her.

Ta. Sir, in my dark commands these flames broke out
 Equally, violent at first sight;
 And 'twas the hope I had to reconcile my self,

Or. It is a holy Magick that will make
 Of you and I but one—

Re. Any thing that you wou'd ask me, sure I might grant

Or. Harke Gentlemen, she do's consent,
 What wants there else?

Re. My hopes grow cold, I have undone my self.

Pr. Nothing we all will joy'n in this,
 The long liv'd feud between the Families,
 Here dies, this day the Hymenal
 Torches shall burn bright,
 So bright that they shall dim the light
 Of all that went before.

See *Sabrina* too. ————— (*Enter Sabrina*)

Ta. Sir, I must have much of pardon,
 Not for my self alone, but for all mine—

Pr. Rise, had'st thou not deserv'd what now thou su'st for
 This day should know no clouds.

Peridor kneels to *Tamareu*;

Tam. Taught by the Princes mercy, I forgive too.

Sab. Frighted hither Sir.

They told me you would not accept the Princes mercy.

Sam. Art thou no further yet in thy intelligence?
 See, thy brother live.—

Sab. My brother?

The GOBLINS.

134

Tor. And 'tis the least of wonders has safn out.

Or. Yes such a one as you are, fair *(Rginella looks*
And you shall be acquainted. *(as Sabrina*

Sam. Oh could you hate my Lords, now,
Or your Love die.

Phy. Thy merit has prevail'd
With me.

Tor. And me.

Pr. And has almost with me.

Samorat, thou do'st not doubt thy Mistress Constancy?

Sam. No Sir.

Pr. Then I will beg of her,
That till the Sun returns to visit us,
She will not give away her self for ever.
Although my hopes are faine,
Yet I would have 'em hopes,
And in such jolly hours as now attend us,
I would not be a desperate thing,
One made up wholly of despair.

Sab. You that so freely gave me *Samorat's* life,
VVhich was in danger,
Most justly, justly may be suffer'd to attempt
Upon my Love, which is in none.

Pr. VVhat says my noble Rival?

Sa's. Sir y'are kind in this, and wisely do
Provide I should not tarstest:

For here is happiness enough besides to last the Sun's return.

N. You and I are but lovers with all this *Pellegrin*.
But by the Lord 'tis well we came off
As we did, all was at stake——

Pr. Come, no more whispers here,
Let's in, and there unriddle to each other——
For I have much to ask.

Or. A Life, a friend, a Brother, and a Mistress,
Oh? what a day was here? I
Gently my Joys distil,
Least you should break the Vessel you should fill.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

ANd how, and how in faith, — a pretty plot,
 And smartly carried through too, was it not
 And the Devils, how, well? and the fighting,
 Well too; a foot, and 't had been just old writing.
 O what a Monster wit must that man have
 That could please all which now their twelve pence gave
 High Characters (cries one) and he would see
 Things that we're were, nor are, nor ne're will be
 Romances crie easie-souls, and then they sweat
 The Play's well writ, though scarce a good line's there.
 The Women--- Oh if Stephen should be kil'd!
 Or miss the Lady, how the Plot is spil'd?
 And into how many pieces a poor play
 Is taken still before the second day?
 Like a strange beauty newly come to Court;
 And to say truth, good faith 'tis all the sport:
 One will ask all the ill things in a Play,
 Another, some o'th' good, but the wrong way;
 So from one poor Play there comes t' arise
 At several tables several Comedies.
 The ill is only here, that 't may fall out
 In Plays as Faces? and who goes about
 To take a sunder oft destroys (we know)
 What altogether made a pretty show.

F I N I S.

BRENNORALT

A TRAGEDY.

Presented at the Private-House
IN

Black-Fryers.

By his Majesties Servants.

Written by
Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

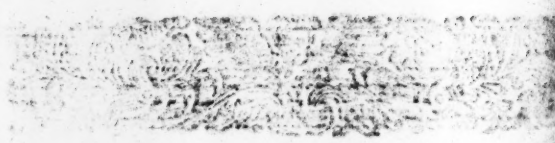


LONDON,
Printed for Humphrey Mosely at the Princes Arms,
in St. Pauls Churchyard. 1658.

TRISTAN

TRAGEDY

Black-Flies



NEW YORK
Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.
1854

S
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The Scene Poland.

The Actors,

Sigismund—King of Poland.

Mieſſa. }
Melidor. } Counsellors to the King,
A Lord. }

Brennoralt—a Discontent.

Doran—His Friend.

Villanor. }
Grainevert. } Cava'iers and Officers
Marinel. } under Brennoralt.

Stratheman.

Frefolin, Brother to Francelia.

Phigine—young Palatine of Florence. (Rebels.

Palatine of Menſeeke, Governor, one of the chief

Palatine of York a Rebell.

Almerin, a gallant Rebell.

Morat, his Lieutenant Colonel.

Francelia, the Governors Daughter.

Drilla, a waiting woman to Francelia.

Laquelin, A ſervant in the Governors houſe, but

Spie to Brennoralt.

Jaylor.

Guard.

Soldiers,



Brennoralt,

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter *Brennoralt, Doran.*

Bren. **I** Say, the Court is but a narrow Circuit;
 Though something elevate above the common,
 A kind of Ants nests in the great wild field,
 O're-charg'd with multitudes of quick Inhabi-
 Who still are miserably busied to get in, (tants
 What the loose foot of prodigality
 As fast doe's throw abroad.

Dor. Good!

A most eternal place of low affronts,
 And then as low submissions,

Bren.

Bren. Right.

High cowards in revenges 'mongst themselves,
And only valiant when they mischeif others.

Dor. Stars, that would have no names,
But for the ill they threaten in conjunction.

Bren. A race of shallow and unskilful Pilots,
Which do misguide the Ship even in the calme,
And in great storms serve but as weight to sink it
More, preethe more. — (Alarm within.

'Tis musick to my melancholly.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My Lord, a cloud of dust and men
The Sentinels from th' East gate discover;
And as they guess, the storm bends this way.

Bren. Let it be.

Sol. My Lord? —

Bren. Let it be.

I will not fight to day,
Bid *Strathman* draw to the trenches.
On, prithee on.

Dor. The King employes a company of formal beards,
Men, who have no other proofs of their
Long life, but that they are old.

Bren. Right, and if th'art wise,
'Tis for themselves, not others, — (Alarms
As old men ever are,

Enter second Soldier.

2. *Sol.* Coronel, Coronel;
Th' Enemies at hand, kills all the Centries:
Young *Almerin* leads them on agen.

Bren. Let him lead them off agen.

2. *Sol.* Coronel.

Bren. Be gone.

If th'art afraid, go hide thy self.

2. *Sol.* What a Divil ays he? — (Exit.

Bren. This *Almerin*'s the Ague of the Camp; from
He shakes it once a day.

Dor. Hee's the ill conscience rather :
He never lets it rest ; would I were at home agen,
'Sfoot we lie here i' th' trenches, as if it were
For a wind to carry us into th' other
World : every hour we expect
I'll be no more on't.

Bre. Prethee —

Dor. Not I, by heaven.

Bre. VVhat man ! the worst ? but fair death.

Dor. And what will that amount to ? A fair Epitaph,
A fine account — I'll be home I swear.

Enter Strathman.

Stra. Arme, arme my Lord.
And shew your self, all's lost else.

Dor. VVhy so ?

Stra. The Rebels like an unruly flood,
Rowle o're the Trenches and throw down
All before them.

Bre. Ha ?

Stra. VVe cannot make a stand.

Bre. He would out-rival me in honor too,
As well as love ; but that he must not do.

Help me Strathman — (Puts on Armour)
The danger now grows worthy of our swords ;
And, oh Doran, I would to heaven there were
No other stormes then the worst tempest here. (Exiunt)

Enter Marinel, throwing down

one he carries

Mari. There ;
The Suns the nearest Surgeon I know,
And the honestest ; if thou recoverest, why so :
If not, the cures paid, they have maul'd us.

Enter Grainever, with another
upon his back.

Grain. A curse light on this powder ;
It stays valor, e're it's half way on it's journey :
VVhat a disadvantage fight we upon in this age ?

He

He that did well heretofore,
Had the broad fair day to shew it in;
Witnesses enough: we must believe one another——

'Tis night when we begin:

Eternal smoake and sulphur,
Smalk; by this hand I can bear with thee
No longer; how now; dead as I live;
Stolne away just as he us'd to wench.
Well go thy ways, for a quiet drinker and dier,
I shall never know thy fellow.

(searches his
pocket)

These trifles too about thee?
There never was an honest poor wretch
Born I think——look i'th' other pocket too——hum,
Marinell.

Mar. Who's that?

Gran. 'Tis I, how go the matters?

Mar. Scurvily enough;

Yet since our Colonel came th'v'e got no ground
Of us; A weak Sculler against Wind and Tide,
VVould have done as much; hark!
This way the torrent bears.

Exeunt.

Enter Fresolini, Almerin, Rebels.

Fres. The Villaines all have left us.

Alm. VVould they had left their fears
Behind them. But come since we must——

Enter Brennorals, Soldiers.

Bren. Hoe *Strabman*;

Skirt on the left hand with the horse,
And get between these and that body;
They'r new rallied up for rescue. *Dor.* Th'are ours,

Brennorals charges through.

I do not see my game yet——

Exeunt.

A shout within

Enter Brennorals, Doran, Strabman, Marinell.

Bren. VVhat shout is that?

Stra. They have taken *Almerin*, my Lord.

Bren. *Almevin?* the Devil thank 'm for't:

VWhen I had hunted hard all day,
And now at length unherded the proud Dear,
The Curs have snach'd him up; found a Retreat;
There's nothing now behind. VWho saw *Doran*?

Str. Shall we bring *Almevin* in?

Bre. No, gazing is low Triumph;
Convey him fairly to the King,
He fought it fairly——

Dor. VWhat youth was that whom you bestrid my Lord,
And sav'd from all our swords to day?

Was he not of the Enemy?

Bre. It may be so——

Str. The Governors Son *Fresolin*, his Mistris Brother (*In*
Bre. No matter who. 'Tis pittie, the rough hand (*Dorans* ear.
Of war should early courages destroy
Before they bud, and shew themselves i'th' heart
Of Action——

Mar. I threw (my Lord) a youth upon a bank,
Which seeking after the retreat I found,
Dead, and a woman, the pretty daughter
Of the Forester, *Lucilia*.

Bre. See, see *Doran*: A sad experiment:
VWoman's the Cowardly 'st and coldest thing
The world brings forth; yet Love, as fire works water,
Make it boyl o're, and do things contrary
To'ts proper nature—— I should shed a tear,
Could I tell how—— Ah poor *Lucilia*!
Thou did'st for me what did as ill become thee,
Pray see her gently buried——

Boy, send the Surgeon to the Tent: I bleed:
VWhat lowlie Cottages th'ave given our souls?
Each petty storm shakes them into disorder,
And't costs more pains to patch them up agen,
Then they are worth by much, I'm weary of
The Tenement.——

Exeunt

Enter

Enter Villanor, Grainvert, Marinel;
and Stratheman.

Gra. Villanor! welcome, welcome whence camest thou?

Vil. Look, I wear the Kings highway still on my boots;

Gra. A pretty riding phrase, and how? and how?
Ladies cheap?

Vil. Faith reasonable:

Those toys were never dear thou know'st

A little time and industry they'll cost;

But in good faith not much: some few there are

That set themselves at mighty rates —

Gra. Which we o'th wise passe by,

As things o're-valued in the market.

I'st not so?

(married)

Vil. Y^e have said Sir. Hark you, your friend the Rival
Has obtain'd the long lov'd Lady, and is such an ass after?

Gra. Hum.

'Tis ever so.

The motions of married people, are as of

Other naturals; violent Gentlemen to the place,

And calm in it.

Mar. We know this too, and yet we must be fooling.

Gra. Faith, women are the baggage of life:

They are troublesome, and hinder us

In the great match, and yet we cannot

Be without 'em.

Mar. You speak very well,

And Soldier like.

Grain. What? thou art a wit too I warrant,
In our absence?

Vil. Hum — no, no, a poor pretender,

A Candidate or so, gainst the next Sessions:

Wit enough to laugh at you here.

Gra. Like enough, valour's a crime

The wise have still reproached unto the valiant.

And the fools too.

Vil. Rallies a part, Grainvert;

What accommodations shall we find here?

Gra. Clean straw (sweet heart) and meat

When thou canst get it.

Vil. Hum? straw?

Gra, Yes.

That's all will be betwixt lacest,

You and your mother earth must lye together:

V. Prethee let's be serious; will this last?

How goes affairs?

G. VVell.

V. But well.

G. Faith, 'tis now upon the turning of the ballance:

A most equal business, betwixt Rebellion

And Loyaltie.

V. What dost mean?

G. Why; which shall be the vertue, and which the vice;

V. How the Devil can that be?

G. Oh success is a rare paint; hides all the ugliness.

V. Prethee, what's the quarrel?

G. Nay, for that excuse us;

Ask the children of peace,

They have the leisure to study it;

We know nothing of it; Liberty they say,

V. 'Sfoot, let the King make an act

That any man may be unmarried agen;

There's liberty for them, a race

Of half-witted fellows quarrel about freedom:

And all that while allow the bonds of Matrimony?

G. You speak very well Sir.

Enter King, Lords, Brennoralt.

M. Soft; the King and Counsel—

G. Look, they follow after like tyred spaniels:

Que't sometimes for company; tha is, concur:

And that's their business.

M. They are as weary of this sport

As a young unthrift of's land;

Any bargain to be rid on't.

V. Can you blame them?

Who's that?

M. Brennoralt, our brave Coronel,
A discontent, but, what of that; who is not?

V. His face speaks him one.

G. Thou art i'th' right.

He looks still as if he were saying to
Fortune, *Huswife*, go about your business.

Come, let's retire to *Barathens* Tent.

Taste a bottle and speak bold truths,

That's our way now.

Ex. Manet. King and Lords.

Mief. ———— Think not of pardon, Sir.

Rigor and mercy us'd in States uncertainly

And in ill times, look not like th' effects

Of vertue, but necessity: nor will

They thank your goodness, but your fears ———

Melid. My Lords,

Revenge in Princes should be still imperfect

It is then handsom'st, when the King comes to

Reduce, not Ruine ———

Bren. VWho puts but on the face of punishing,

And only gently cuts, but prunes rebellion,

He makes that flourish which he would destroy

Who would not be a Rebel when the hopes

Are vast; the fears but small? [*Mel.*] Why, I would not

Nor y u my Lord, nor you, nor any here

Fear keeps low spirits only in, the brave

To get above it, when they do resolve.

Such punishments in infancy of war,

Make men more desperate, not the more yeelding

The common people are a kind of flies,

They're caught with honey, not with wormwood, Sir.

Severity exasp'rates the stirr'd humor;

And State-distempers turns into diseases.

Bren. The gods forbid, great Polands State should be

Such as it dares not take right Physick. Quarter

To Rebels? Sir! when you give that to them,

Give

Give that to me, which they deserve. I would
Not live to see it——

3 Lord. Turn o're your own, and others Chronicles,
And you shall find (great Sir)

"That nothing makes a Civil war long liv'd,
"But ransome and returning back the brands
Which unextinct, kindled still fiercer fires.

Misf. Mercy bestow'd on those that do dispute
With swords, do's loose the Angels face it has,
And is not mercy Sir, but policy,
With a weak vizard on ——

King. —Y' have met my thoughts
My Lords, nor will it need larger debate.
To morrow; in the sight of the besiedg'd,
The Rebel dyes, *Misf.* 'tis your care,
The mercy of Heav'n may be offended so,
That it canot forgive; Mortals much more,
Which is not infinite; my Lords. (Exeunt.

Enter *Iphigene*, *Almerin* (as in prison.)

Iph. O *Almerin*, would we had never known
The ruffle of the world! but were again
By Stolden banks, in happy solitude,
When thou and I, Shepherd and Shepherdess,
So oft by turns, as often still have wish'd,
That we as eas'ly could have chang'd our sex,
As cloaths, but (alas) all those innocent joys
Like glorious Mornings, are retir'd into
Dark sullen clouds, before we knew to value
What we had. [*A.*] Fame & victory are light (to himself
Huswives, that throw themselves into the arms,
Not of the valiant, but the fortunate.
To be tane, thus! [*Iph.* *Almerin* [*Alm.*] Nipt it's bad
Of honor! [*Iph.*] My Lord [*Alm.*] Foil'd! & by the man
That does pretend unto *Francelia*!

Iph. What is't you do, my *Almerin*? sit still?
And quarrel with the Winds, because there is
A shipwrack tow'rd's, and never think of saving

The bark? [*Almer.*] The bark? what should we do with
When the rich freight is lost : my name in armes? (that
Iph. ————— who knows

VVhat prizes are behind, if you attend
And wait a second Voyage? [*Almer.*] never, never.
There are no second Voyages in this,
The wounds of honour do admit no cure,

Iph. Those slight ones which misfortune gives, must needs
Else, why should Mortals value it at all?

For who would toyl to treasure up a wealth;
VVhich weak inconstancy did keep, or might
Dispose of? ——— Enter *Melidor.*

Oh my Lord, what news?

Mel. As ill as your own fears could give you;
The Council has decreed him sudden death,
And all the wayes to mercy are blockt up.

(*She weeps*
(and *sighs*.)

Almer. My *Iphigine* ———
This was a misbecoming peice of love:

VVomen would manage a disaster better — (*Iph. weeps &*
Again? thou art unkind. ——— (*sighs again.*

Thy goodness is so great it makes the faulty:
For while thou think'st to take the trouble from me,
Thou givest me more, by giving me thine too,

Iph. Alás! I am indeed a useless trifle;
A dull, dull thing: For could I now do any thing
But grieve and pity, I might help: my thoughts
Labour to find a way; but like to birds
In cages, though they never rest, they are
But where they did set out at first ———

Enter *Jaylor.*

Jay. My Lords, your pardon;
The prisoner must retire;
I have receiv'd an order from the King,
Denies access to any.

Iph. ——— He cannot be
So great a Tyrant, (*Almer.*) I thank him; nor can
He use me ill enough: I only grieve

That

That I must die in d. bc? a Barnkrup: such
Thy love hath made me: my dear *Iphigene*
Farewell; it is no time for Ceremony.

Show me the way I must ———— (Exit.

Iph. Grief strove with such disorder to get out,
It stopt the passage, and I nt back my words
That were already on the place — (*Melid*) Stay there
Is yet away. (*Iph.*) O speak it! (*Mel.*) But there is
Danger in't *Iphigene*, to the high danger.

Iph. Fright children in the dark with that, and let
Me know it: there is no such thing in nature
If *Almerin* be lost. (*Melid.*) thus then; you must
Be taken pris'ner too, and by exchange
Save *Almerin*,

Iph. How can that be?

Mel. VVhy ———— (*Studies.*
Step in, and pray him set his hand, about (*To the Taylor.*
This distance; his seal too ————

Jay. My Lord, I know not what this is.

Mel. Settling of mony-busines, fool, betwixt us.

Jay. If't be no more ———— (Exit.

Mel. Tell him that *Iphigene* and I desire it.

I'll send by *Strathocles* his servant,
A Letter to *Morat* thus sign'd and seal'd,
That shall inform the sudden execution;
Command him as the only means
To save his life, to sa'llie out this night
Upon the quarters, and endeavour prisoners.
Name as you most secure and slightest guarded,
Best pledge of safety; but charge him,
That he kill not any, if it be avoidable;
Lest't should inrage the King yet more,
And make his death more certain.

Jay. He understands you not (Enter *Jaylor* with
He sayes; but he has sent it. (the writing.

Melid. So ————

Iph. But should *Morat* mistrust now?
Or this miscarry?

Melid. ————— Come,
Leave it to me, I'll take the *Pilots* part,
And reach the Port, or perish in the Art. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter *Almerin* (in prison.)

Almer. Sleep is as nice as woman,
The more I court it, the more it flies me,
Thy elder brother will be kinder yet,
Unsent for death will come. — To morrow —
Well — — — What can to morrow do
'Twill cure the scuse of honour lost —
I, and my discontents shall rest together,
What hurt is there in this?
But death against the will,
Is but a slovenly kind of potion,
And though prescrib'd by Heaven,
It goes against mens stomachs:
So does it at fourscore too, when the soul's
Mew'd up in narrow darkness;
Neither sees nor hears, — pish, 'tis meer fondness in our
A certain clownish cowardise, that still (nature
Would stay at home, and dares not venture
Into forreign Countreys, though better then,
It's own, — ha. what Countries, for we receive
Descriptions of th'other world from our Divines,
As blind men take relation of this from us,
My thoughts lead me into the dark,
And there they'll leave me, I'll no more on't,
Within. (Knocks) — — — Enter.
Some paper and a Light, I'll write to'th King.

Desire

Defie him, and provoke a quick dispatch.
I would not hold this ling'ring doubtful State
So long again, for all that hope can give.

Enter 3 of the Guard (with paper and ink.)

That sword does tempt me strangely—— *(writing,*
Wer't in my hands, 'twere worth th' other two.
But then the Guard, —— it sleeps or drinks; may be
To contrive it so that if I should not pass, ——
Why if I fall in't,

'Tis better yet then Pageantry;
A scaffold and spectators; } *One of the guard peeps over his*
more souldier like—— } *shoulder.*

Uncivil villain, read my Letter —— *(Seizes his sword.*

I Guar. Not I, nor I my Lord.

Alm. Deny it too?

Guar. Murder, murder.

Guar. Arme, arme —— *(The guard runs out.*

Alm. I'll follow,

Give the alarum with them,

'Tis least suspicious —— *(Arme, arme, arme.*

All. — the enemy, the enemy —— *Enter Soldiers running*

Soul. Let them come.

Let them come.

} over the Stage, one throw-
ing away his arms.

Let them come —— —— —— *(Enter Almerin.*

Alm. I hear fresh noise,

The Camp's in great disorder: where am I now?

'Tis strangely dark —— Goddess without eyes

Bethou my guide, for —— blindness and sight

Are equal sense, of equal use, this night.

Enter Grahevert, Stratheman, Villanor, Marinel,

Gra. Trouble not thy self, child of discontent:

'Twill take no hurt I warrant thee;

The State is but a little drunk,

And when 'tis spued up that that made it so,

'Twill be well agen, there's my opinion in short,

Mar. Th' art i'th right.

The State's a pretty forehanded State,

And will do reason hereafter.

Let's drink and talk no more on't.

All. ——— A good motion, a good motion,
Let's drink.

Villa. I, I let's drink agen.

Stra. Come, to a Mistris.

Gra. Agreed.

Name, name.

Villa. Any body. — *Vermelia.*

Gra. Away with it.

She's pretty to walk with,

And witty to talk with,

And pleasant too to think on :

But the best use of all,

Is, her health is a stale,

And help us to make us drink on.

Stra. Excellent.

Gentlemen, if you say the word,
Wee'l vant credit, and affect high pleasure;
Shall we ?

Villa. I, I, let's do that.

Stra. What think you of the sacrifice now ?

Mar. Come wee'l ha't, — for trickling tears are vain,

Villa. The sacrifice ? what's that ?

Stra. Child of ignorance, 'tis a Camp health.

An A---la---mode one. *Gra.* never begin it,

Grain. Come give it me.

Let me see ————— { *Pins up a rose.*

Which of them this Rose will serve.

Hum, hum, hum.

Bright Star o'th' lower Orbe, twinkling inviter,

Which draw'st (as well as eyes) but set'st men right'er :

For who at the begins, comes so the place,

Sooner then he that sets out at the face :

Eyes are seducing lights, that the good women know

And bang out these a nearer way to show.

Mar. Fine and patherical ; Come *Villa.* or,

Vila. VVhat's the matter ?

Mar.

Mar. Come, your Liquor, and your stanza's
Lines, Lines.

Villa. Of what?

Mar. VVhy, of any thing your Mistris has given you.

Vil. Gentlemen, she never gave me any thing but a box
Oph'ear for offering to kiss her once.

Stra. Of that box then

Mar. I, I that box, of that box,

Vil. Since it must be,

Give me the poyson then. — (drinks and spits.

That box, fair Mistris, which thou gav'st to me;

In humane guess, is like to cost me three

Three cups of Wine, and verses six,

The Wine will down, but rime still sticks,

By which you all may easily Gentiles know,

I am a better drinker than a Po — Enter Doran,

Mar. Doran.

Doran.

Gra. A Hall, a hall

To welcome our Friend

For some liquor call,

A new or fresh face,

Must not alter our pace;

But make us still drink the quicker,

Wine, Wine, Oh 'tis divine

Come fill it unto our brother :

What's at the tongues end

It forth does send,

And will not a syllab'e smother

Then,

It unlocks the brest

And throws out the rest,

And learns us to know each other.

Wine — VVine. —

Dor. Mad lads, have you been here ever since?

Stra. Yes faith, thou seest the worst of us.

We — debauch — in discipline:

Four a twenty hours is the time :

Barnet.

Barruthen had the watch to night,
To morrow 'twil be at my Tent.

Dor. Good,
'And d'you know what has falln out to night?

Sira. Yes:

Grainevert, and my Lieutenant Coronel.

But they are friends again.

Dor. Pish, pish--- the young Palatine of Plocence,
And his grave Guardian surpriz'd to night?
Carri'd by the enemy out of his quarters.

G. As a Chicken by a Kite out of a backside?
Was't not so?

D. Is that all?

G. Yes.

My Coronel did not love him:
He eats sweet meats upon a march too.

D. Well, hark ye,
Worse yet; *Almerin's* gone:
Fetc'd the Court of Guard where he was prisoner,
And has made an escape.

G. So pale and spiritless a wretch,
Drew *Priams* curtain in the dead of night,
And told him half his *Troy* was burnt.
He was of my mind. I would have done so my self.

D. Well.

Theres high suspicions abroad:
Ye shall see strange discoveries
I'th Council of War.

G. VVhat Council?

D. One cal'd this morning.
Y'are all sent to.

G. I will put on clean Linnen, and speak wisely.

V. 'Sfoot we'l have a Round first.

G. By all means Sir,

Sings.

Come let the State stay

And drink away,

There is no business above it,

*It warms the cold brain
Makes us speak in high strain,
He's a fool that does not approve it,
The Macedon youth
Left behind him this truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He drunk and he fought,
Till he had what he sought
The world was his own by good drinking.*

(Exit.)

*Enter General of the Rebels, Palatine of Trock,
Palatine of Menfack, Franceling Almarin,
Morat, Iphigene.*

G. As your friend, my Lord, he has the privilege of ours,
And may enjoy a liberty we would deny
To enemies

A. I thank your excellence; O Iphigene,
He does not know,

That thou the nobler part of friendship hold'st,
And do'st oblige, whilst I can but acknowledge,

Men. Opportunity to States-men is as the just degree
Of heat to Chymists—it perfects all the work,
And in this pris'ner 'tis offer'd.

We now are there, where Men should still begin
To treat upon advantage,

The Palatine of Trocke, and Menfack,
With Almarin, shall to the King;

Petitions shall be drawn,

Humble in form, but such for matter

As the bold Macedonian youth would send

To men he did despise for luxury,

The first begets opinion of the world,

Which looks not far, but on the outside dwells,

Wh'other inforces courage in our own,

For bold demands must boldly be maintain'd.

Pal. Let all go on still in the publique name,

But keep an ear open to particular offers,

Liberty and publique good are like great Oles,

Must

Must have the upper end still of our tables,
Though they are but for shew.

Fra. Would I had ne're seen this shape, 't has poyson in't
Yet where dwells good, if ill inhabits there?

Men. — Press much Religion,
For though we dress the scruples for the multitude,
And for our selves reserve th' advantages,
(It being much pretext) yet it is necessary;
For things of faith are so abstruse and nice,
They will admit dispute eternally:
So how soe're other demands appear,
These never can be prov'd unreasonable;
The subject being of so fine a nature,
Is not submits it self to sense, but escapes
The trials which conclude all common doubts.

Fra. My Lord, you use me as ill painters paint,
Who while they labour to make faces fair,
Neglect to make them like.

Iph. Madam, there is no shipwrack of your
Vertues near, that you should throw away
Any of all your excellencies
To save the dearest, modesty.

Gen. If they proceed with us, we can retreat unto
Our expositions, and the peoples votes.
If they refuse us wholly, then we plead,
The King's besieged, blockt up so straitly
By some few, relief can find no way
To enter to the King, or to get out to us,
Exclaim against it loud,
Till the *Polonions* think it high injustice
And wish us better yet,
Then easily do we rise unto our ends;
And will become their envy through their pitty,
At worst you may confirm our party there,
Increase it too: there is one *Brennoralt*,
Men call him Gallant, but a discontent
My Cosen the King hath us'd him still
him a handsome whisper will draw.

The afternoon shall perfect,
What we have loosely now resolv'd ———

Iph. If in discourse of beauty,
(So large an Empire) I do wander,
It will become your goodnesse Madam,
To set me right.

And in a countrey where you your self is Queen,
Not suffer strangers lose themselves.

Gen. What making revenges *Palatins*?
And taking prisoners fair Ladies hearts

Iph. Yes my Lord.
And have no better fortune in this War,
Then in the other; for while I think to take,
I am surprized my self.

Fra. Dissembler, would thou wert,

M. You are a Courtier my Lord.

The *Palatine* of *Ploence*, (*Almerin*)

Will grace the *Hymeneals*;

And that they may be while his stay here,

I'll court my Lord in absence,

Take off for you the little strangenesses

Virgins wear at first, ——— *Iphi.* sounds.

Look to the *Palatine*.

Mor. How is't my dearest *Iphigene*;

Iph. Not well, I would retire.

Gen. A qualm.

Lo. His colour stole away, sank down,

As water in a weather-glass

Prest by a warm hand.

Menf. A cordial of kind looks, ——— (*Enter a Trump-*
From the King. *(pet blinded.*

M. Lets withdraw,

And hear him, ——— *Exit.*

Enter Brennoralt, Dorau, Raguelin.

Dor. Yes to be married;

What are you mute now?

Bren. Thou cam'st too hastily upon me, put't
So close the colours to mine eye, I could

Not see. It is impossible. [Dor.] Impossible?
 If 't were impossible, it should be otherwise,
 What can ye imagine there of Constancy?
 Where 'tis so much there nature is to love change,
 That when they say but what they are,
 They excuse themselves for what they do?

Bren. She hardly knows him yet, in such an instant

Dor. Oh you know not how fire flies,
 When it does catch light matter, woman.

Bren. No more of that, She is
 Yet the most precious thing in all my thoughts.
 If it be so ——— (Studies)
 I am a lost thing in the world Doran.

D. How?

Bren. Thou wilt in vain persuade me to be other
 Life which to others is a Good that they
 Enjoy, to me will be an evil, I
 Shall suffer in ———

Dor. Look on another face that's present remedy

Bren. How ill thou dost conclude.

'Cause there are pestilent aires, which kill men suddenly
 In health, must there be sovereign as suddenly,
 To cure in sickness? 't never was in nature.

Exit, and

Enters again hastily.

Bren. I was a fool to think, Death only kept
 The doors of ill payed Love, when or disdain,
 Or spite could let me out as well ———

Dor. Right, were I as you,
 It should no more trouble me

To free my self of Love,
 Then to spit out that which made me sick.

Bren. He tell her so, that she may laugh at me,
 As at a prisoner threatening his Guard,
 He will break loose, and so is made the faster.
 She hath charms ——— (Studies)

Doran can fetch in a rebellious heart
 Ev'n while it is conspiring Liberty.

Oh she hath all

The virtues of her sex, and not the vices,
Chaste and unsullied, as first op'ning Lillies,
Or untouch'd buds——

Dor. Chaste? why! do you honour me,
Because I throw my self off a precipice?
'Tis her ruine to be otherwise,
Though we blame those that kill themselves (my Lord)
We praise not him that keeps himself alive,
And deserves nothing.

Bren. And 'tis the least,
She does triumph, when she does but appear:
I have as many Rivals as beholders.

Dor. All that increases but our jealousies;
If you have now such qualms for that you have none
What will you have for that you shall possess?

Bren. —— Dull heretiques
Know I have these, because I have not her
When I have her, I shall have these no more,
Her fancy now, her vertue then will govern,
And as I use to watch with doubtful eye,
The wavering Needle in the best Sun dial,
Till it has settled; then the troubles o're,
Because I know when it is fixt, it's true:
So here my doubts are all afore me, Sure
Doran, crown'd Corquerors are but the types
Of Lovers, which enjoy, and really
Possess what the other have in dreams. He send
A challenge to him. ——

Dor. Do, and be thought a mad-man.
To what purpose?
If she love him she will but hate you more.
Lovers in favour (*Brennoralt*) are Gamesters
In good fortunes the more you set them;
The more they get.

Bren. I'll see her then this night, by Heaven I will.

Dor. Where, in the Citadel?

Bren. Know what, and why ——

Dor. He raves, Brennoralt?

Bren. Let me alone — —

I conjure thee, by the discretion
Left betwixt us, (that's thine,
For mine's devour'd by injuries of fortune,)
Leave me to my self.

Dor. I have done.

Bren. Is there such a passage,
As thou hast told me of, into the Castle?

Rag. There is my Lord.

Bren. And dar'st thou let me in?

Rag. If you my Lord will venture.

Bren. There are no Centries near it.

Rag. None?

Bren. How to the Chamber afterward?

Rag. Her woman.

Bren. What's she?

Rag. A wicket to my Ladies secrets,
One that stands up to marriage with me.

Bren. There—upon thy Life be secret. — (*flings a purse*)

Rag. Else, — All punishment to ingratitude. —

Bren. Enough

I am a storm within till I am there,

Oh Doran!

That that which is so pleasant to behold,
Should be such pain within!

Dor. Poor Brennoralt!

Thou art the Martyr of a thousand tyrants,
Love, Honour, and Ambition reign by turns,
And shew their power upon thee.

Bren. Why let them, I'me still Brennoralt: "Ev'n Kings
"Themselves are by their servants rul'd sometimes:
"Let their own slaves govern them at odd hours:
"Yet not subject their Persons or their Powers.

Exeunt

Act

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Iphigene (as in a Garden.)

Iphi. **W**Hat have I got by changing place?
 But as a wretch which ventures to the wars,
 Seeking the misery with pain abroad,
 He found, but wisely thought he had left at home.
 Fortune thou hast no tyranny beyond
 This usage, _____ *(wipes)*
 Would I had never hop'd
 Or had betimes despair'd, let never in
 The gentle thief, or kept him but a guest,
 Not made him Lord of all.
 Tempests of wind thus (as my storms of grief
 Carry my tears; which should relieve my heart)
 Have hurried to the thankless Ocean clouds
 And showers, that needed not at all the curtesie,
 When the poor plains have languish'd for the want,
 And almost burnt asunder _____
 I'll have this Statues place and undertake
 At my own charge to keep the water full. — *(Lies down)*

Enter Francellia.

Fran. These fond impressions grow too strong upon me
 They were at first without design or end.
 Like the first Elements, that know not what
 And why they act and yet produce strange things,
 Poor innocent desires journeying they know
 Not whether, but now they promise to themselves
 Strange things grow insolent threaten no rest
 Till they be satisfy'd.
 What difference was between these Lords?
 The one made love, as if he by assault
 Would take my heart, so forc'd it to defence;
 While t'other blew it up with secret mines,
 And left no place for it here he is, —

Tears steal too from his eyes,
 As if not daring to be known.
 To pass that way, make it good, cunning grief,
 Thou know'st thou could'st not dress thy self
 In any other looks to make thee lovely. (*Spies Francelin*)

Iphi. Francelin

If through the ignorance of places
 I have intruded on your privacies,
 Found out forbidden paths, 'tis fit you pardon Madam:
 For 'tis my melancholy, not I, offends.

Fra. So great a melancholy would well become
 Mischances such as time could not repair;
 Those of the war are but the petty cures
 Of every coming hour——

Iph. Why should I not tell her all since 'tis in her
 To save my life, who knows but she may be
 Gallant so far, as to undo her self
 To make another happy?—— Madam,
 The accidents of war contribute least
 To my sad thoughts (if any such I have)
 —— Imprisonment can never be ——

Where the place holds what we must love, and yet ——

Fra. My Lord?

Iph. In this Imprisonment.——

Fra. Proceed my Lord:

Iph. I dare not Madam.

Fra. I see, I do disturb you, and enter upon secrets.
 Which when I know I cannot serve you in them.

Iph. Oh most of any,
 You are the cause of all.

Fra. I my Lord?

Iphi. You Madam —— you alone.

Fra. Alas: that 'tis so soon to understand.

Iph. Must not you marry Almeric?

Fra. They tell me 'tis design'd.

Iph. If he have you I am forever lost:

Fra. —— Lost?

The Heavens forbid they should design to ill!

Or when they shall, that I should be the cause.

Iph. Ha! her eyes are strangely kind.

She prompts me excellently;

Stars be propitious and I am safe.

— Away I not expected.

Fra. His passion labours for vent.

Iph. Is there a hope you will not give your self

To Almerin.

Fra. My Lord this ayre is common;

The walks within are pleasanter. — *(Exit)*

Iph. — Invitation!

God of desires, be kind and fill me now

With language, such thou lend'st thy Favorites

When thou would'st give them ease victories

And I forgive thee all thy cruelties. — *(Exit after)*

Enter Palatin of Trock, Menfick, Almerin.

Brennoralt, Lords.

Menf. — Consider too that those

Who are necessitated to use violence,

Have first been violent by necessity.

Pal. — But still you judge not right

Of the Prerogative; "For oft it stands

"with Pow'r and Law, as with our Faith and Reason: —

"It is not all against, that is above. *(my Lord)*

z. Lord. You Lithuanians had of all least reason;

For would the King be unjust to you he cannot:

Where there's so little to be had. —

Alm. Where there's least there's liberty *(my Lord)*

And 'tis more injury to pull hairs

From the bald, then from the bushy heads. *(they go off talking)*

Pal. Of Tro, Brennoralt — a word *(Trock pulls Bren)*

My Lord, the world hath cast his eye upon you, *(noralt)*

And mark'd you out one of the foremost men

Y'have buſied Fame the earlieſt of any;

And ſend her ſtill on errands,

Much of the bravery of your Nation;

Has taken up its Lodging in you

And gallant men but ſoppy from you.

Bren. Tis goodly language this, what would it mean?
Pal. of Tro. The *Lithuanians* wish you well, and wonder
 So much desert should be so ill rewarded

Bren. Good.

Pal. While all the gifts the Crown is mistress of
 Are plac'd upon the empty—

Bren. Still I take you not.

P. Then to be plain, our army would be proud of you
 Pay the neglected scores of merit double.
 All that you hold here of command, and what
 Your fortune in his *Sigismond* has suffer'd,
 Repair, and make it fairer then at first.

Bren. How?

Then nothing, Lord; trifle below ill Language :
 How came it in thy heart to tempt my honour?

P. My Lord?

Bren. do'st think 'cause I am angry
 With the King and State sometimes
 I am fallen out with vertue, and my self?
 Draw, draw, or by goodness—

P. What means your Lordship?

Bren. Draw I say.

— He that would think me a villain is one : *En. K. of*
 And I do wear this toy to purge the world. *Pal. Lords*

Of such, th'have say'd the; wert thou good natur'd *Melid.*
 Thou wouldst love the K. the better during Life. *Miesla,*

K. If they be just, they call for gracious answers;
 Speedy, thow'e're, we promise. *(They all kiss the*

All. Long live great *Sigismond* *(Kings hand.)*

Bren. — The *Lithuanians* Sir,
 Are of the wilder sort of creatures, must
 Be rid with Cavilons, and with harsh curbs.
 And since the war can only make them try'd,
 What can be used but swords? where men have fall'n
 From not respecting Royalty, unto
 A liberty of offending it? what though
 Their numbers (possibly) equal yours Sir?
 And now forc't by necessity, like Cats

In narrow rooms they fly up in your face ?
Think you Rebellion and Loyalty
Are empty names and that in Subjects hearts
They don't both give and take away the courage
Shall we believe there is no difference
In good and bad? that there's no punishment,
Or no protection forbid it Heaven!
If when great *Polands* honor, safety too,
Hangs in dispute, we should not draw our Swords.
Why were we ever taught to wear e'm Sir,

Mi. This late commotion in your Kingdom Sir
Is like a growing Wen upon the face,
Which as we cannot look on but with trouble.
So take't away we cannot but with danger.
War there hath foulest face, and I most fear it
Where the pretence is fairest. Religion
And Liberty, most specious names, they urge,
Which like the bills of subtle Mountebanks,
Fil'd with great promises of curing all,
——— I though by the wise

Pass'd by unread as common consenage,
Yet by th'unknowing Multitude their still
Admir'd and flock'd unto. ———

K. Is there no way
To disabuse, (*Melid.*) All is now too late.
'The Vulgar in Religion are like
'Unknown Lands those that first possess them, have them
Then Sir, consider, justness of cause is nothing.
When things are risen to the point they are;
'Tis either not examin'd or believ'd
Among the warlike. ———

The better cause the *Grecians* had of *Tore*;
Yet were the Gods themselves divided in't,
And the foul Ravisher found as good protection
As the much injur'd husband. ———
Nor are you Sir, assur'd of all behind you
For though your person in your subjects hearts
Stands highly honour'd and belov'd, yet are

There certain acts of State, which men call grievances
 Abroad; and though they bear them in the times
 Of peace, yet will they now perchance seek to
 Be free, and throw them off. "For know dread Sir,
 "The common people are much like the Sea,
 "That suffers things to fall and sink unto
 "The bottom in a Calm, which in a storm
 "Stir'd and enrag'd it lifts, and does keep up.
 Then: Time distemper cures more safely Sir,
 Then Physick does, or instant letting blood,
 Religion now is a young Mistress there,
 For which each man will fight, and dye at least,
 Let it alone a while, and 'twil become
 A kind of married wife; people will be
 Content to live with it in quietness.
 (If that at least may be) my voice is therefore Sir,
 For Peace. ———

Mns. Were Sir the question simply War or Peace,
 It were no more then shortly to be askt,
 Whether we would be well or ill:
 Since War the sickness of the Kingdom is,
 And peace the health but here I do conceive
 'Twil rather lye, whether we had no better.
 Endure sharp sickness for a time to enjoy
 A Perfect strength, then have it largish on us,
 For peace and war in an incestuous line
 Have still begot each other——
 Those men that highly now have broke all Laws,
 (The great one only 'tis 'twixt man and man)
 What safety can they promise, though you give it?
 Will they not still suspect, (and justly too)
 That all those civil bonds (new made) should be
 Broken again in them? so being still
 In fears and jealousies themselves, they must
 Infect the people. "For in such a case
 "The private safety is the publick trouble,
 Nor will they ever want pretence, "Since he
 "That will maintain it with his sword he's injur'd."

May

"May say't at any time——

Then Sir, as terrible as war appears,
My vote is for't, nor shall I ever care
How ugly my Physicians face shall be,
So he can do the cure

Lord. In entering Physick,
I think Sir, none so much considers
The Doctors Face, as his own body.
To keep on foot the war with all your winks,
Is to let blood, and take strong potions
In dangerous sickness.

King. I see, and wonder not to find, my Lord,
This difference in opinion; the Subjects large:
Nor can we there too much dispute; where when
We erre, 'tis at a Kingdoms charges; Peace
And war are in themselves indifferent
And time doth stamp them either good or bad;
But here the place is much considerable
"War in our own is like to too much heat
"Within it makes the body sick, when in
"Another Countrey 'tis but exercise,
"Conveys that heat abroad and gives it health.
To that I bend my thoughts but leave it to
Our greater Council, which we now assemble;
Meantime exchange of Pris'ners only we
Assent unto——

Lord Nothing of Truce Sir? [*K.*] No, we'l not take up
Quiet at int'rest, perfect peace, or nothing.
"Cessations for short times in war, are like
"Small Fits of health in desperate maladies,
Which while the instant pain seems to abate,
Flatters into debauch and worse estate——*Exeunt.*

Enter Iphigene as leading to her Chamber, Francellio
Servants with light, Moras, and another

Soldier.

Iph. I have not left my self a fair retreat,
And must be now the blest object
Of your Love or subject of your scorn.

Franc. I fear some treachery,
 And that mine eyes have given intelligence.
 Unless you knew there would be weak defence,
 You durst not think of taking in a heart,
 As soon as you set down before it.

Iph. Condemn my Love not of such fond ambition,
 It aims not at a conquest;

But exchange, *Francetia*—*(whisper,*

Mor. They'r very great in this short time.

Sol. 'Tis ever so

Young and handsome

Have made acquaintances in Nature:

So when they meet, have the lets to do.

It is for age or ugliness to make approaches,

And keep a distance.

Iph. When I shall see other perfection,
 Which at the best will be but other vanity,
 Not more I shall not love it——

Fra. 'Tis still one step not to despair, my Lord

Exeunt Iphig, Franc, servants.

Morat. Does he think he will fight?

Sol. Troth it may be not:

Nature in those fine peices does as painters,

Hangs out a pleasant excellence

That takes the eye, which is indeed,

But a coarse canvas in the naked truth,

Of some slight stuff.

Morat. I have a great mind to taste him.

Sol. Fy! a prisoner?

Morat. by this hand if I thought——*(Enter Iph. waiting*
 He courted my Colonels Mrs in earnest. *(woman coming*

Wom. My Lord, my Lord, *(after him.*

My Lady thinks the Gassemine walks

Will be the finer, the freshness

Of th' morning takes off the strength

O' th' heat she says.

Iph. 'Tis well.

Mor. Mew —— do it so? I suspect vildly,

e'l follow him, and see if he be

So farr quallified towards a souldier,
As to drink a crass in's chamber——

(*Raguelin puts the*

R. Where are those keys?

(*waiting woman*

Wom. Harke you, I dare not do it.

(*back.*

R. How?

Wom. My Lady will find

R. Scruples?

Are my hopes become your fears?

There was no other way I should be any thing

In this lewd world,—and now——

'Sfoot, I know she longs to see him too.

Wom. Does she?

R. Do you think he would desire it else?

Wom. I, but——

R. Why, let me secure it all,

Ple say I found the Keys, or stole them: Come—

Wom. Well, if you ruine all now——

Here, these enter the garden from the works,

That the Priy walks, and that the back stairs.

Then you know my chamber.

K. Yes I know your chamber.——

Exeunt.

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. He comes not.

One wise thought more, and I return:

I cannot in this act seperate the foolish

From the bold so farre, but still it tastes o'th rash.

Why let it taste, it tasts of love too,

And to all actions't gives a pretty relish, that.

Enter Raguelin.

Rag. My Lord?

Bren. Oh——here,

Rag. 'Sfoot y'are upon our Centries,
Move on this hand.——

Exeunt.

Enter (again) Bren, and Raguel.

Bren Where are we now?

Ra, Entring part of the Fort,

Your Lordship must be wet a little.——

Exeunt.

Bren

(Enter again.)

Bren. Why are there here no guards?**Ra.** There needs none:

You presently must pass a place,
Where one's an Army in defence,
It is so steep and strait;

Bren. 'Tis well,

Ra. These are the steps of danger!
Look to your way my Lord.

Bren. I do not find such difficulty,*Francelia (asin a Bed)***Brin.** Waites me hereabouts —(he draws the
curtains.)

So Misers look upon their gold,

Which while they joy to see, they fear to lose:

The pleasure of the sight scarce equaling

The jealousy of being dispossess'd by others;

Her face is like the milkie way i, th' skie,

A meeting of gentle lights without name.

Heavens! shall this fresh ornament

Of the World, this precious loveliness

Pass with other common things

Amongst the wafts of time? what pitty 't were. (*She wakes*)**Franc.** Blesse me!Is it a Vision, or *Brennoralt*?**Bren.** *Brennoralt*, Lady.

Franc. *Brennoralt*? innocence guard me;
What is't you have done my Lord?

Bren. Alas I were in too good ellate,
If I knew what I did,
But why ask you Madam?

Franc. It much amazes me to think
How you came hither,
And what could bring you to endanger thus
My honor, and my own life?

Nothing but saving of my brother
Could make me now preserve you.

Bren. Reproach me not the follies, you your self
Make me commit —

I am reduc'd to such extremity,
That love himself (high Tyrant as he is)
If he could see, would pity me.

Fran. I understand you not.

Bren. Would heaven you did, for 't is a pain to tell you:
I come t' accuse you of injustice (Madam)
You first begot my passion, and was
Content (at least you seem'd so) it should live;
Yet since would ne're contribute unto it,
Not look upon't, as if you had desired,
Its being for no other end but for
The pleasure of its ruine——

Fran. Why do you labor thus to make me guilty of
An injury to you, to you, which when it is one,
All mankind is a like engag'd, and must
Have quarrel to me?

Bren. I have done ill; you chide me justly (Madam)
I'll say't not on you, but on my wretched self,
For I am taught that heavenly bodies
Are not malicious in their influence,
But by the disposition of the Subject.
They tell me you must marry *Almerin*.
Sure such excellence ought to be
The recompence of vertue;
Not the sacrifice of Parents wisdom,
Should it not Madam?

Fran. 'T would injure me, were it thought otherwise.

Br. And shall he have you then that knew you yesterday?
Is there in Martyrdom no juster way
But he that holds a finger in the fire
A little time should have the Crown for them
That have indur'd the flame with constancy?

Fran. If the discovery will ease your thoughts
My Lord, know *Almerin* is as the man
I never saw. (*Bren.*) You do not marry then?
Condemn'd men thus hear, and thus receive
Reprieves. One question more, and I am gone.
Is there to latitude of error

A hope for Brennoralt?

Fran. My Lord?

Bren. Have I a place at all,
When you do think of men?

Fran. My Lord, a high one,
Must be singular did I not value you:
The world does set great rates upon you,
And you have first deserv'd them.

Bren. Is this all?

Fran. All.

Bren. Oh be less kind, or kinder:
Give me more pitty or more cruelty, *Francelia*,
I cannot live with this, nor die—

Fran. I fear my Lord
You must not hope beyond it.

Bren. Not hope? This, sure, is not the body to *(views*
This soul; it was mistaken, shuff'd in *himself.*
Through haste, Why (else) should that have so much love,
And this want loveliness, to make that love
Receiv'd? ——— I will raise honour to a point
It never was do things *(Studies*

Of such a vertuous greatness she shall love me,
She shall ——— I will deserve her, though
I have her not: There's something yet in that,
Madam, wilt please you, pardon my offence?

————— (Oh Fates!
That I must call thus my affection!)

Fran. I will do any thing so you will think
Of me, and of your self (my Lord) and how
Your stay indangers both *(Bren.)* Alas!
Your pardon is more necessary to

My life, then life to me: but I am gone.

Blessings, such as my wishes for you, in
Their extasies, could never reach, fall on you.

May every thing contribute to preserve
That excellence (my destruction) till't meet joyes
In love, great in the torments I have in't. *Exit.*

ACT.

of Brennoralt.

ACT IV. SCENE I:

Enter Brennoralt.

Bren. **W**HY so, 'tis well, Fortune I thank thee still,
I dare not call the Villaine neither.

'Twas plotted from the first,

That's certain, — it looks that way?

Hum — caught in a trap?

Here's something yet to trust to — (To his sword,

This was the entry, these the stairs :

But whether afterwards,

He that is sure to perish on the land,

May quit the nicetie of Card and Compass.

And safe, to his discretion, put to Sea:

We shall have my hand to't.

Exit.

Enter Raguelin, Orilla, (the
waiting woman)

Ra. Look :

By this light 'tis day.

Oril. Not by this, by t'other 'tis indeed.

Ra. Thou art such another piece of temptation

My Lord raves by this time,

A hundred to one the Centinels

Will discover us too,

Then I do pray for night watch,

Oril. Fic upon thee,

Thou art as fearful as a young Colt;

Boglest at every thing, fool.

As if Lovers had considered hours : I'll peep in — (She peeps.

Ra. I am as weary of this wench,

As if I were married to her,

She hangs upon me like an Ape upon a horse —

She's as common too as a Barbers glasse —

Conscienc't too like a Dy-dapper.

Orilla. — there's no body within :

My

My Lady sleeps this hour at least.

Ra. Good, the Devils even with me—
Not be an honest man neither—*Enter Bren, and a guard.*
What course now?

S. Nay Sir, we shall order you now.

Bren. Dogges. ————— *Enter Fresolin.*

Fres. What tumult's this—ha! *Brennoralt!* 'tis he
In spite of his disguise: what makes he here?

Hee's lost for ever if he be discover'd;
How now Companions why do you use my friend thus?

S. Yout friend my Lord, if he be your friend
H'as us'd us as ill;

H'as plaid the Devil amongst us;
Six of our men are Surgeons work this month;
We found him climbing the walls.

2. S. He had no word neither,
Nor any language but a blow.

Fres. You will be doing these wild things (my Lord)
Good faith y'are to blame; if y'had desir'd,
To view the walls, or Trenches, 'twas but
Speaking; we are not nice:

I would my self have waited on you:
Th'are the new out-works you would see perchance,
Boy, bring me black Tempest round about,
and the great Barbary; a Trompet come along too;
My Lord, wee'l take the nearer way,
And privater, here through the Sally-Port.

Bre. What a Devil is this? sure I dream— *Exeunt.*

S. Now, you are so officious. *(Manet sola.)*

2 S. Death! could I guess he was a friend?

S. 'Twas ever to be thought,
How should he come there else?

2 S. Friend or no friend, he might have left us
Something to pay the Surgeon with:
Grant me that, or i'll beat you to't. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Fresolin, and Brennoralt.

Fres. *Brennoralt*—start not:
I pray the back a life I owe the,

And bless my Stars, they gave me power to do't;
The debt lay heavy on me.

A horse waits you there ——— a Trumpet too,
(Which you may keep lest he should prate)
No Ceremony, 'tis dangerous.

Bren. Thou ha'st astonish't me!

Thy youth hath triumph'd in one single act,
O're all the age can boast; and I will stay
To tell thee so, were they now firing all
Their Canons on me; farewell gallant *Fresollin*,
And may reward, great as thy vertue, crown thee.

Exeunt divers ways.

Enter Iphigene, Francelia.

Franc. A peace will come,
And then you must be gone;
And whether when you once are got upon the wing,
You will not stoop to what shall rise,
Before ye flye to some lure

With more temptation garnisht, is a sad question.

Iphi. Can you have doubts, and I not my fears;
By this — the readiest and the sweetest oath, I swear
I cannot so secure my self of you,
But in my absence I shall be in pain.
I have cast up what it will be to stand
The Govenors anger; and which is more hard,
The love of *Almerin*.

I ho'd the now but by thy own free grant,
A slight security, alas it may fall out,
Giving thy self, not knowing thine own worth,
Or want of mine, thou may'st, like Kings deceiv'd,
Resume the gift of better knowledg back.

Franc. If I so eas'ly change, I was not worth your loves
And by the loss you'gain.

Iphi. But when y're irrecoverably gone,
'Twill be slight comfort to perswade my self
You had a fault, when all that fault must be
But want of love to me; and that agen
Find in my much defect, so much excuse,

That it will have no worse name
Then discretion if inconcern'd do
Cast it up---I must have more assurance,

Franc. You have too much already.
And sure my Lord you wonder, while I blush,
At such a growth in young affections,

Iphi. Why should I wonder (Madam)
Love that from two breasts sucks,
Must of a child quickly become a Gyant.
Dunces in love stay at the Alphabet,
Th'inspir'd know all before;
And do begin still higher.

Enter waiting woman.

Woman. Madam;

Almerin. returned, has sent to kiss
Your hands. I told him you were busie?

Franc. Must I my Lord be busie?
I may be civil though not kind.
Tell him I wait him in the Gallery.

Iphi. May I not kiss your hand this night? (*Whisper.*)

Franc. The world is full of jealous eyes my Lord;
And were they all lockt up; you are a spye
Once entred in my chamber at strange hours.

Iphi. The vertue of *Francelia* is too safe,
To need those little Arts of preservation.
Thus to divide our selves, is to distrust our selves
A Cherubin dispatches not on earth
Th'affairs of heaven with greater innocence,
Then I will visit; 'tis but to take a leave,
I beg,

Fra. When you are going my Lord — *Exeunt.*

Enter Almerin. Morat.

Alm. Pish. Thou liest, thou liest.
I know he plays with woman kind, not loves it.
Thou art impertinent——

Mor. 'Tis the camp talk my Lord though.

Alm. The camp's an ass, let me hear no more on't

Exeunt talking

Enter

Enter *Granivert*, *Villanor*, *Marin*.

Gran. And shall we have peace?

I am no sooner sober but the State is so too:

If't be thy will, a truce for a Month only.

I long to refresh my eyes, by this hand

They have been so tir'd with looking upon faces

Of this Country.

Vila. And shall the *Demazilla*

To whom we wish so well,

Look babies agen in our eyes?

Gran. Ah. — a sprightly *Girl* above fifteen,

That melts when a man but takes her by the hand

Eyes full, and quick, with breath

Sweet as double Violets,

And wholesome as dying Leaves of Strawberries,

Thick silken eye-brows, high upon the forehead

And cheeks mingled with pale streaks of red,

Such as the blushing morning never wore.

Vila. Oh my chops, my chops

Gran. With narrow mouth, small teeth;

And Lips swelling as if she panted

Vila. Hold, hold, hold;

Gran. Hair curling, and cover'd like buds of *Marioram*

Part tyed in negligence,

Part loosely flowing

Marin. Tyrant, tyrant, tyrant!

Gran. In a pink colour taffaty petticoat;

Lac't smock-sleeves dangling,

This vision stoln from her own bed,

And rustling in ones chamber

Vila. Oh good *Granivert*, good *Granivert*.

Gran. With a wax candle in her hand,

Looking as if she had lost her way

At twelve at Night.

Marin. Oh any hour, any hour.

Gran. Now I think on't, by this hand;

Ple marry, and be long-liv'd.

Vila. Long-liv'd he

Grain. Oh he that has a Wife, eats with an appetite,
 'Has a very good Stomack to 't first;
 This living at large is very destructive;
 Variety is like rare sauces: provokes too far,
 And draws on surfeits more then th'other.

Enter Dorant.

Dor. So; is this a time to fool in?

G. What's the matter?

Dor. Draw out your choise men, and away to
 Your Coronell immediately. There's work
 Towards my boyes, there's work.

Grain. Art in earnest?

Dor. By this light.

Grain. There's something in that yet.

This moisty VVar

Twilight,

Neither night nor day,

Pox upon it;

A storm is worth a sleep and

Of your calm;

Theres more variety in it.

Exit

Enter Almerin, Francelia, as talking earnestly.

Alm. Madam, that shews the greatness of my passion

Fran. The imperfection rather: Jealousies

No better sign of love (my Lord) then feavers are

Of Life, they shew there is a Being, though

Impair'd and perishing: and that, affection

But sick and in disorder, I like't not.

Your servant———*Exit.*

Al. So short and sowre? the change is visible

Enter Iphigene.

Iph. Dear Almerin welcome, y' have been absent long

Alm. Not very long.

Iph. To me it hath appeard so;

What sayes our Camp? am I not blamed there?

Alm. They wonder———

Iph. While we smile———

How have you found the King inclining?

Alm. Well.

The Treaty is not broken, nor holds it.

Things are where they were;

²Thas a kind of face of peace,

You my Lord may when you please return.

Iph. I *Almerin*.

Alm. Yes my Lord, I'll give you an escape,

Iph. 'Tis least in my desires.

Alm. Hum!

Iph. Such prisons are beyond all liberty,

Alm. Is't possible?

Iph. Seems it strange to you?

Alm. No, not at all.

What? you find the Ladies kind?

Iph. Civil. ———— *(smiles)*.

A. You make love well ———— so they say (my Lord)

Iph. Pass my time.

Alm. Address unto *Francelia*?

Iph. Visit her.

Al. D' you know she is my Mistress Palatine?

Iph. Ha?

Alm. D' you know she is my Mistress?

Iph. I have been told so.

Alm. And do you court her then?

Iph. Why? ———— *(smiles)*.

If I saw the enemy first.

Would you not charge?

Alm. He do's allow it too by Heaven:

Laughs at me too; thou filcher of a heart,

False as thy Title to *Francelia*,

Or as thy friendship, which with this I do ———— *(dreams)*.

Throw by ———— draw.

Iph. What do you mean?

Alm. I see the cunning now of all thy Love,

And why thou camest so tamely kind,

Suffering surprise. Draw.

Iph. I will not draw, kill me;

And I shall have no trouble in my death.

Knowing 'tis your pleasure:
As I shall have no pleasure in my Life,
Knowing it is your trouble.

Alm. Oh poor—I look't for this.
I knew th'would'st find 'twas easier to do a wrong
Then justify it—but—

Iph. I will not fight—hear me:
If I love you not more then I love her;
If I do love her more then for your sake
Heaven strangely punish me.

Alm. Take heed how thou do'st play with heaven.

Iph. By all that's just, and fair, and good;
By all that you ho'd dear, and men hold great;
I never had lascivious thought, or ere
Did action that might call in doubt my Love
To *Almerin*.

Alm. That tongue can charm me into any thing;
I do believe, prethee be wiser then;
Give me no further cause of Jealousie,
Hurt not mine honour more, and I am well.

Iph. But well—— Of all
Our passions, I wonder nature made
The worst, foul Jealousie, her favorite.
And if it be not so, why took she care
That every thing should give the Monster Nourishment,
And left us nothing to destroy it with?

Alm. Prethee no more thou plead'st so cunningly
I fear I shall be made the guilty,
And need thy pardon.

Iph. If you could read my heart you would.
I will be gone to morrow if that will satisfy. I deed
I shall not rest until my innocence
Be made as plain as objects to the sense

Alm. ———— Come,
You shall not go I'll think upon't no more.
'Distrusts ruine not friendship,
'But build it fairer then it was before. ————

Exeunt.
(Enter

Enter Brennoralt, Captain, Stratheman, Doran.

Bren. No more but ten from every company,
For many hands are thieves, and rob the glory,
While they take their share how goes the Night?

Stray, Half spent my Lord
We shall have straight
The Moons weaker Light.

Bren. 'Tis time then, call in the Officers:
Friends if you were men that's must be talkt
Into a courage, I had not chosen you;
Danger with its vizard oft before this time
Y^e have looked upon and outfac'd it too;
We are to do the trick agen that all
Here ——— (draws his sword)
And yet we will not swear,
For he that shrinks in such an action
Is Damn'd without the help of perjury.
Doran, if from the Virgin Fow'r thou spielt
A flame, such as the East sends forth about
The time the day should break, go tell the King
I hold the Castle for him; bid him come on
With all his force, and he shall find a victory
So cheap 'twill loose the value. If I fall;
The world has lost a thing it us'd not well;
And I, a thing I ear'd not for; that world.

Stray, Lead us on Corönel;
If we we do not fight like ———

Bren, No like.
We'l be our selves similitude,
And time shall say when it would tell
That men did well, they fought like us.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Agen.

Bren. **W**HAT made the stop?
One in's falling sickness had a fit

Which choak'd the passage but all is well :
Softly, we are near the place.

Exeunt.

*Alarm within, and fight, then enter Almerin
in his Nightsgown.*

Alm. What noise is here to night ?
Something on Fire — What hoe,
Send to the Virgin-tower, there is disorder —
Thereabouts. *(Enter Sold.*

Sold. All's lost, all's lost ?
The Enemies upon the place of armes,
And is by this time master of that,
And of the Tower.

Alm. Thou liest. — *(Strikes him.*

— *Enter Morat.*

Mor. Save your self my Lord, and hast unto the Camp
Ruine gets in on every side.

Alm. There's something in it when this fellow flies,
Villains, my arms, I'll see what Devil reigns.

Enter Iphigene Francelia.

Iph. Look the day breaks.

Fran. You think I'll be so kind, as swear
It does not now. Indeed I will not —

Iph. Will you not send me neither
Your picture when y'are gone ?
That when my Eye is famish'd for a look,
It may have where to feed,
And to the painted Feast invite my heart.

Fran. Here, take this Virgin bracelet of my hair,
And if like other men thou shalt hereafter
Throw it with negligence;
'Mongst the Records of thy weak female conquests,
Laugh at the kind words, and mystical contrivements.
If such a time shall come,
Know I am fighting then thy absence *Iphigene*,
And weeping o're the false but pleasing Image.

Enter Almerin.

Alm. *Francelia, Francelia.*
Rise, rise, and save thy self the enemy

That does not know thy worth, may else destroy it.
(throws open the door.)

Ha ! mine eyes grow sick.

A plague has, through them, stolen into my heart ;
And I grow dizzie ; feet, lead me off agen,
Without the knowledg of my body.
I shall act I know not what else—*Exit.*

Franc. How came he in ?

Dear *Iphigene* we are betrayd ;
Lets raise the Castle, lest he should return.

Iph. That were to make all publique.
Fear not, Ile satisfy his anger :
I can do it.

Franc. Yes, with some quarrel ;
And bring my honor, and my love in danger--- } *Enter*
Look he returns, and wrecks of fury, } *Almerin.*
Like hurried clouds over the face of heaven,
Before a tempest, in his looks appears.

Alm. If they would question what our rage doth act,
And make it sin, they would not thus provoke men.
—— I am too tame.

For if they live I shall be pointed at,
Here I denounce a war to all the World,
And thus begin it —— (*runs at Iphigene*)

Iphi. What hast thou done —— (*falls*)

Franc. Ah me, help, help —— (*wounds Francelia*)

Iphi. Hold.

Alm. 'Tis too late.

Iphi. Rather then she shall suffer,
My fond deceits involve the innocent ;
I will discover all.

Alm. Ha ! what will he discover ? ——

Iph. That which shall make thee curse
The blindnets of thy rage.— *I am a woman.*

Alm. Ha, ha, ha, brave and bold !
Because thy perjury deceived me once,
And saved thy life, thou thinkest to escape agen.
Impostor, thus thou shalt, —— (*runs at him,*

Iphi. Oh hold---- I have enough.
Had I hope of life, thou should'st not have this secret.

Franc. What will it be now?

Iphi. —My Father having long desir'd
A son to heir his great possessions,
And in six births successively deceiv'd,
Made a rash vow; oh how rash vows are punished!
That if the burthen then my mother went with
Prov'd not a male, he ne're would know her more,
Then was unhappy *Iphigene* brought forth,
And by the womens kindness nam'd a Boy;
And since so bred: (a cruel pity as
It hath fallen out.) If now thou find'st that, which
Thou thought'st a friendship in me, Love; forget it,
It was my joy, —and —death —(*saints.*)

Alm. — For curiosity

'Tis save thee, if I can, and know the end
If't be but loss of blood; — Breasts!

By all that's good a woman? — *Iphigene,*

Iphi. I thank thee, for I was false asleep; before
I had dispatch. Sweetest of all thy sexe,

Francelia, forgive me now; my love

Unto this man, and fear to loose him, taught me
A fatal cunning, made me court you, —and
My own destruction. (*Franc.*) I am amaz'd.

Alm. And can it be? Oh mockery of heaven!
To let me see what my soul often wish'd;
And mak't my punishment, a punishment,
That were I old in sins, were yet too great.

Iphi. Would you have lov'd me then? Pray say you
For I, like testie sickmen at their death, (You would;
Would know no news but health from the Physician.

Alm. Can'st thou doubt that,
That hast so often seen me extas'd,
When thou wert dress'd like woman,
Unwilling ever to beleive the man?

Ipb. I have enough.

Alm. Heavens;

What thing shall I appear unto the world !
Here might my ignorance find some excuse.

But there,
I was distracted, None but one enrag'd
With anger to a savageness, would ere
Have drawn a sword upon such gentle sweetness;
Be kind, and kill me ; kill me one of you :
Kill me if't be but to preserve my wits
Dear *Iphigene*, take thy revenge, it will
Not misbecome thy sexe at all ; for 'tis
An act of pity, not of cruelty,
Thus to dispatch a miserable man ;

Franc. And thou wouldst be more miserable yet,
While like a bird made prisoner by it self,
Thou beate'st and beate'st thy self against every thing,
And do'st pass by that which should let thee out.

Alm. ————— Is it my fault ?
Or heaven's ? Fortune, when she would play upon me,
Like ill Musicians, wound me up so high.
That I must crack sooner then move in tune.

Franc. Still you rave,
While we for want of present help may perish.

Alm. Right,
A Surgeon, I'll goe find one instantly.
The Enemy too — I had forgot —
Oh what fatality govern'd this night.

Exit

Franc. How like an unthrif's case will mine be now ?
For all the wealth he loses sh'fts but's place :
And still the world enjoys it : and so wil't you
Sweet *Iphigene*, though I possess you not.

Iphi. What excellence of Nature's this ! have you
So perfectly forgiven already ; as to
Consider me a loss ? I doubt which Sex
I shall be happier in. Climates of Friendship
Are not less pleasant, 'cause they are less scorching
Then those of Love ; and under them we'll live :
Such poetrious links of that we'll tye our souls
To, ether with, that the chains of the other

Shall be grosse fetters to it. [*Franc.*] But I fear
I cannot stay the making Oh would you
Had never undeceiv'd me, for I had dy'd with
pleasure, believing I had been your Martyr.
Now ———

Iphi. She looks pale *Francelia*——

Franc.————I cannot stay;
A hasty summons hurries me away:
And——gives——no—— (*dies*)

Iphi.————Shee's gone,
She's gone. Life like a dial's hand hath stoln } *A noise within.*
From the fair figure e're it was perceiv'd. } *Enter Soldiers.*
What will become of me?—too late, too late } *She thinks them*
Y'are come: you may perswade wild birds, that wing } *Almer.*
The air, into a Cage, as soon as call
Her wandering spirits back.——ha!
Those are strange faces; there's a horror in them:
And if I stay, I shall be taken for
The murd'erer. O in what streights they move
That wander 'twixt death, fears and hopes of love.

Exit

Enter Brennovalt, Granivlet, Soldiers.

Bren. Forbear, upon your lives, the place:
There dwells divinity within it. All else,
The Castle holds, is lawful prize,
Your valors wages. This I claim as mine,
Guard you the door——

Grani. Coronel, shall you use all the women your self?

Bren. Away——'tis unseasonable—— (*draws the curtain*)

Awake fair Saint and blesse thy poor Idolator.
Ha!——pale?——and cold?——dead
The sweetest guest fled, murdered by heaven;
The purple streams not dry y'er.
Some villain has brok in before me,
Rob'd all my hopes; but I will find him out,
And kick his soul to hell——He doe't—— } *dragging out*
Speak, } *Iphigene.*

Iphi. What should I say?

Bren. Speak or by all——

Iphi.

Iph. Alas, I do confess my self the unfortunate cause.

Bren. Oh d'you so.

Hadst thou been cause of all the plagues
That vex mankind, th'adst been an Innocent
To what thou art, thou shalt not think repentance. *(kills her)*

Iph. Oh, thou wert too suddain.

And——— *(dies.)*

Bren. Was I so?

The lustful youth would sure have spoil'd her honor;
Which finding highly guarded, rage, and fear
To he reveal'd counsel'd this villany. *Exeunt.*
Is there no more of them?

Enter Almerin.

Alm. Not enter?

Yes dog, through thee—— ha! a Goarse laid out
Instead of *Iphigene*, *Francelia* dead too?—— *Enter Bren.*
Where shall I begin to curse.

Bren. Here——If he were thy friend.

Alm. Brennoralt.

A gallant Sword could ne're have come
In better time.

Bren. I have a good one for thee,
I that will serve the turn.

Alm. I long to try it,
That sight doth make me desperate;
Sick of my self and the world.

Bren. Didst value him?
A greater villain did I never kill.

Alm. Kill?

Bren. Yes.

Alm. Art sure of it?

Bren. May be I do not wake.

Alm. Th'ast taken then a guilt off from me,
Would have weigh'd down my sword,
Weakned me to low resistance.
I should have made no sports, hadst thou conceal'd it.
Know Brennoralt thy sword is stain'd in excellence,
Great as the world could coast.——

Bren.

Bren. Ha——ha——how thou art abus'd?
 Look there, there lies the excellence
 Thou speak'st of muredred; by him too;
 He did confess he was the caute.

Alm. Oh Innocence ill understood, and much worse us'd
 She was alas by accident, but I,
 I was the cause indeed.

Bren I will beleive thee too, and kill thee——
 Destroy all causes till I make a stop
 In Nature; for to what purpose should she
 Work agen.

Alm. bravely then?
 The Title of a Kingdom is a trifle
 To our quarrel Sir, know by sad mistake
 I kil'd thy Mistress *Brennoralt*,
 And thou kild'st mine.

Bren. Thine?

Alm. Yes, that *Iphigene*,
 Though shown as man unto the world,
 Was woman, excellent woman——

Bren. I understand no riddles, guard thee—— (*Fight and*

Alm. O could they now look down, (*pause.*
 And see how we two strive,
 Which first should give revenge,
 They would forgive us something of the crime
 Hold prethee give me leave
 To satisfie a curiosity——

I never kissed my *Iphigene* as woman.

Bren. Thou motion'st well, nor have I taken leave (*Rising*
 It keeps a sweetness yet——

As stills from Roses, when the flowrs are gone.

Alm. Even so have two faint Pilgrims torcht with heat
 Unto some neighbor fountain stept aside,
 Kneel'd first, then laid their warm Lips to the Nymph,
 And from her coldness took fresh Life again,
 As we do now——

Bren. Lets on our journey if thou art refresht

Alm. Come, and if there be a place reserved.

For heightened spirits better then other.

May that which wearies first of ours have it. (*Fight a-*

Bren. If I grow weary laugh at me, that's all. (*Good while*

Alm. ——— Brave souls above which will (*Alm. falls.*

Be (sure) inquisitive for news from earth,

Shall get no other but that thou art brave.

Enter *King, Stratheman, Lords, Minse.*

Str. To preserve some Ladies as we guest.

King. Still gallant *Brennoralt*, thy sword not sheath'd yet
Busie still? ———

Bren. Revenging Sir

The foulest murder ever blasted ears,
Committed here by *Almerin* and *Iphigene*.

Alm. False, false, the first created purity
Was not more innocent then *Iphigene*.

Bren. Lives heagen?

Alm. Stay thou much wearied guest,
Till I have thrown a truth amongst them ———

We shall look back else to posterity.

King. What says he?

Lord. Something concerning this he labors to
discover.

Alm. Know it was I that kild *Francelia*.
I alone ———

Alm. O barbarous return of my civilities!
Was it thy hand?

Alm. Hear and forgive me *Minse*.

Entring this morning hastily

With resolution to preserve

The fair *Francelia*, I found a thief

Stealing the treasure as I thought

Belong'd to me. Wild in my mind

As ruin'd in my honor, in much mistaken rage

I wounded both; then (oh) too late I found

My error: Found *Iphigene* a woman,

Acting stolln Love, to make her own love safe,

And all my Jealousies impossible,

Whilst I ran out to bring them cure;

Francelia dyes; and *Iphigene* found here;
I can no more——— (*dies*)

King. Most strange and intricate !
Iphigene a woman ?

Mat. With this story I am guiltily acquainted.
The first concealments, since her Love
And all the ways to it I have been trusted with
But Sir my grief joyned with the instant business
Beggs a deferment.

King. I am amaz'd till I do hear it out.
—— But it's mean time,
Least in these mists merit should lose it self,
—— Those forfeitures

Of *Trock* and *Menfack* and *Brenmoralt* are thine.

Bren. A Princely guilt ! But Sir it comes too late.
Like Sun-beams on the blasted blossoms, do
Your favours fall: you should have given me this
When't might have rais'd me in mens thoughts, and made
Me equal to *Francelia's* Love; I have
No end, since she is not ——
Back to my private Life I will return.

"Cattel, though weary, can trudge homewards, after.

King. This melancholy, time must cure: Come take
The bodies up, and lead the prisoners on;
Triumph and Funerals must walk together,
Cypresse and Laurel twin'd make up one chaplet.
—— For we have got

The day, but bought it at so dear a rate
The victory it felt's unfortunate.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

made

r.
c

W.H.

THE LAST
REMAINS
OF

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Being a Full
COLLECTION
Of all his

POEMS and LETTERS

Which have been so long Expected, and
never till now Published.

WITH
The *License* and *Approbation* of his
Noble and Dearest

FRIENDS.

LONDON:

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Princes
Arms in *St. Pauls Church-yard*. 1659.

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THE
STATIONER
TO THE
READER.

Among the highest and most refin'd
Wits of the Nation, this Gentile
and Princely Poet took his Ge-
rous Rise from the Court; where,
having flourish'd with Splendor and Repu-
tation, he liv'd only long enough to see the
Sun set of that Majesty, from whose Auspi-
cious Beams he deriv'd his Lustre, and with
whose Declining State his own Loyal For-
tunes were obscured. But after the several
Changes of those Times, being Sequestred
from the more Serene Contentments of his
Native Country, he first took care to secure
the Dearest and Choicest of his Papers in the
several Cabinets of his Noble and Faithful
Friends; and among other Testimonies of his
Worth, these Elegant and Florid Pieces of
his Fancy, were preserv'd in the Custody of
his

To the Reader.

his Truly Honourable and Vertuous Sister ; with whose free permission they were Transcribed, and now Published exactly according to the Original.

This might be sufficient to make you acknowledge that these are the Real and Genuine Works of Sir John Suckling. But if you can yet doubt, let any Judicious Soul seriously consider the Freedom of the Fancy, Richness of the Conceit, Proper Expression, with that Air and Spirit diffus'd through every part, and he will find such a Perfect Resemblance with what hath been formerly known, that he cannot with Modesty doubt them to be his.

I could tell you further, (for I my self am the best Witness of it) what a thirst and general Enquiry hath been after what I here present you, by all that hath either seen, or heard of them: And by that time you have read them, you will believe me, who have (now for many years) annually Published the Productions of the best Wits of our Own, and Foreign Nations.

H. M.

The

The Invocation.

YE juster Powers of Love and Fate;
Give me the reason why
A Lover cross;
And all hopes lost,
May not have leave to dye.

It is but just, and Love needs must
Confess it is his part,
When she doth spie,
One wounded lie,
To pierce the others heart;

But yet if he so cruel be
To have one breast to hate;
If I must live,
And thus survive,
How far more cruel's Fate?

In this same state I find too late
I am; and here's the grief:
Cupid can cure,
Death heal I'm sure,
Yet neither sends relief.

To live, or die, beg only I,
Just Powers some end me give;
And Traitor-like,
Thus force me not
Without a heart to live.

7. S.

(2)

Sir F. S.

1.
Out upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

2.
Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world agen
Such a constant Lover.

3.
But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no staies,
Had it any been but she.

4.
Had it any been but she,
And that very Face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

Sir Toby Matthews.

1.
Say, but did you love so long?
In troth I needs must blame you;
Passion did your Judgment wrong,
Or want of Reason shame you.

But

(3)

2.

Truth, times fair and witty Daughter,
Shortly shall discover,
Y'are a Subject fit for laughter,
And more Fool than Lover.

3.

But I grant you merit praise
For your constant Folly :
Since you doted three whole days,
Were you not melancholy ?

4.

She to whom you prov'd so true,
And that very very face,
Puts each minute such as you
A dozen dozen to disgrace.

Love turn'd to Hatred.

I Will not love one minute more I swear,
No not a minute ; not a sigh or tear
Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look agen,
Though thou shouldst court me to't, and wouldst begin,
I will not think of thee but as men do
Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too :
For thy sake woman shall be now to me
Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be :
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
Treason to love that man that loves a she ;
Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
That's in thy sex, because it doth lie there ;
Their very vertue, grace, discourse and wit,
And all for thee ; what, wilt thou love me yet ?

f. s.

The

The careless Lover.

NEver believe me if I love,
 Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;
 And yet in faith I lye, I do,
 And she's extreamly handsom too:
 She's fair, she's wondrous fair,
 But I care not who knows it,
 'Ere I'll die for love, I'll fairly forgo it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,
 My foolish heart could never bear:
 One sigh imprison'd ruines more
 Than earthquakes have done heretofore:
 She's fair, &c.

When I am hungry I do eat,
 And cut no fingers 'stead of meat;
 Nor with much gazing on her face,
 Do ere rise hungry from the place;
 She's fair, &c.

A gentle round fill'd to the brink,
 To this and t'other Friend I drink;
 And when 'tis nam'd anothers health,
 I never make it hers by stealth:
 She's fair, &c.

Black Fryars to me, and old *Whitehall*,
 Is even as much as is the fall
 Of fountains on a pathless grove,
 And nourishes as much as my love;
 She's fair, &c.

I visit, talk, do business, play,
 And for a need laugh out a day :
 Who does not thus in *Cupids* School,
 He makes not Love, but plays the Fool :
 She's fair, &c.

Love and Debt alike troublesom.

THis one request I make to him that sits the clouds above,
 That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love :
 Then for to dance, to drink & sing, I should be very willing;
 I should not owe one Lass a kiss, nor ne'er a knave a shilling.
 'Tis only being in love and debt, that breaks us of our rest;
 And he that is quite out of both, of all the world is blest :
 He sees the golden age wherein all things were free and
 common ;
 He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no man nor
 woman.
 Though *Cræsus* compassed great wealth, yet he still crav-
 ed more,
 He was as needy a beggar still as goes from dore to dore.
 Though *Ovid* were a merry man, Love ever kept him sad;
 He was as far from happiness, as one that is stark mad.
 Our Merchant he in goods is rich, and full of gold and
 treasure ;
 But when he thinks upon his Debts, that thought destroys
 his pleasure.
 Our Courtier thinks that he's preferr'd, whom every man
 envies ;
 When Love so rumbles in his pate, no sleep comes in his
 eyes.
 Our Gallants case is worst of all, he lies so just betwixt them;
 For he's in Love, and he's in Debt, and knows not which
 most vex him.

But

But he that can eat Beef, and feed on Bread which is so
brown,

May satisfie his appetite, and owe no man a crown :
And he that is content with Lasses clothed in plain woollen,
May cool his heat in every place, he need not to be sullen,
Nor sigh for love of Lady fair; for this each wise man knows,
As good stuff under Flanel lies, as under Silken clothes.

J. S.

Song.

I Prethee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine :
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one brest lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh Love, where is thy sympathie,
If thus our breasts thou sever!

But Love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out :
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell wo,
I will no longer pine :
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.

J. S.

*To a Lady that forbade to love
before Company.*

WHat no more favours, not a Ribband more,
 Not Fan nor Muff to hold as heretofore?
 Must all the little blisses then be left,
 And what was once Loves gift, become our theft?
 May we not look our selves into a trance,
 Teach our sou's parley at our eyes, not glance,
 Not touch the hand, not by soft wringing there,
 Whisper a Love that only yes can hear?
 Not free a sigh, a sigh that's there for you,
 Dear must I love you, and not love you too?
 Be wise, nice, fair; For sooner shall they trace
 The feather'd Choristers from place to place,
 By prints they make in th' Air, and sooner say
 By what right line the last Star made his way
 That fled from Heaven to Earth, than ghes to know
 How our Loves first did spring, or how they grow.
 Love is all spirit, Fairies sooner may
 Be taken tardy, when they night-tricks play,
 Than we, we are too dull and lumpish rather,
 Would they could find us both in bed together!

7. S.

The guiltless Inconstant.

MY first Love whom all beauties did adorn,
 Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn;
 Since like the tinder in my breast it lies,
 By every sparkle made a sacrifice.

Each

Each wanton eye can kindle my desire,
 And that is free to all which was entire,
 Desiring more by the desire I lost,
 As those that in Consumptions linger most.
 And now my wandering thoughts are not confin'd
 Unto one woman, but to womankind:
 This for her shape I love, that for her face;
 This for her gesture, or some other grace:
 And where that none of all these things I find,
 I chuse her by the kernel, not the rind:
 And so I hope since my first hope is gone,
 To find in many what I lost in one;
 And like to Merchants after some great loss,
 Trade by retail, that cannot do in gross.
 The fault is hers that made me go astray,
 He needs must wander that hath lost his way:
 Guiltless I am; she doth this change provoke,
 And made that Charcoal, which to her was Oak.
 And as a Looking-Glass from the Aspect,
 Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
 But being crackt or broken, there are grown
 Many less faces, where there was but one:
 So love unto my heart did first prefer
 Her Image, and there placed none but her;
 But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
 Many less faces in her place are born.

7. S.

Love's Representation.

Leaning her hand upon my Brest,
 There on Loves Bed she lay to rest;
 My panting heart rock'd her asleep,
 My heedful eyes the watch did keep,

Then

Then Love by me being harboured there,
 No hope to be his Harbinger,
 Desire his rival, kept the door;
 For this of him I begg'd no more,
 But that, our Mistress to entertain,
 Some pretty fancy he would frame,
 And represent it in a dream,
 Of which my self should give the Theam.
 Then first these thoughts I bid him show,
 Which only he and I did know,
 Arrayed in duty and respect,
 And not in Fancies that reflect,
 Then those of value next present,
 Approv'd by all the World's consent;
 But to distinguish mine asunder,
 Apparell'd they must be in wonder.
 Such a device then I would have,
 As service, not reward, should crave,
 Attir'd in spotless Innocence,
 Not self-respect, nor no pretence:
 Then such a Faith I would have shown,
 As heretofore was never known,
 Cloath'd with a constant clear intent,
 Professing always as it meant.
 And if Love no such Garments have,
 My mind a Wardrobe is so brave,
 That there sufficient he may see
 To cloath Impossibility.
 Then beamy Fetters he shall find,
 By admiration sub'tly twin'd,
 That will keep fast the wanton'st thought,
 That ere Imagination wrought:
 There he shall find of Joy a chain,
 Fram'd by despair of her disdain,
 So curiously that it can't tie
 The smallest hopes that thoughts now spie.

There

There acts as glorious as the Sun,
 Are by her veneration spun,
 In one of which I would have brought
 A pure unspotted abstract thought.
 Considering her as she is good,
 Not in her frame Flesh and Blood.
 These Atoms then, all in her sight,
 I bad him joyn, that so he might
 Discern between true Loves Creation,
 And that Loves form that's now in fashion.
 Love granting unto my request,
 Began to labour in my Brest;
 But with the motion he did make,
 It heav'd so high that she did wake.
 Blush'd at the favour she had done,
 Then smil'd, and then away did run.

J. S.

S O N G.

THe crafty Boy that had full oft assay'd
 To pierce my stubborn and resisting Brest,
 But still the bluntness of his Darts betrayed,
 Resolv'd at last of setting up his rest,
 Either my wild unruly heart to tame,
 Or quit his Godhead, and his Bow disclaim.

So all his lovely Looks, his pleasing Fires;
 All his sweet Motions, all his taking Smiles;
 All that awakes, all that inflames Desires,
 All that sweetly Commands, all that beguiles,
 He does into one pair of Eyes convey,
 And there begs leave that he himself may stay.

And

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And there he brings me, where his ambush lay
Secure, and careles to a stranger Land;
And never warning me, which was foul play,
Does make me close by all this Beauty stand.

Where first struck dead. I did at last recover;
To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess,
The blinde Lads power, whilst he inhabits there;
But I'll be even with him ne'rtheless,
If ere I chance to meet with him elsewhere.

If other eyes invite the Boy to tarry,
I'll flie to hers as to a Sanctuary.

*Upon the black Spots worn by my
Lady D. E.*

Madam,

I Know your heart cannot so guilty be,
That you should wear those spots for vanity;
Or as your Beauties Trophies, put on
For every murder which your eyes have done;
No, they're your Mourning-weeds for Hearts forlorn,
Which though you must not love, you could not scorn;
To whom since cruel Honor could deny
Those joyes could only cure their misery;
Yet you this noble way to grace them found,
Whilst thus your grief their Martyrdom hath crown'd;
Of which take heed you prove not Prodigal,
For if to every common Funeral,

By your eyes martyr'd, such grace were allow'd;
Your Face would were not Patches but a Cloud.

J. S.

S O N G

IF you refuse me once, and think again,
(I will complain.
You are deceiv'd, Love is no work of Art,
It must be got and born,
Not made and worn,
By every one that hath a heart.

Or do you think they more then once can dye,
Whom you deny.
Who tell you of a thousand deaths a day,
Like the old Poets feign
And tell the pain
They met, but in the common way.

Or do you think't too soon to yield,
And quit the field.
Nor is that right they yield that first intreat;
Once one may crave for Love,
But more would prove
This heart too little, that too great.

Oh that I were all Soul, that I might prove
For you as fit a Love,
As you are for an Angel; for I know
None but pure spirits are fit loves for you.

You

You are all Ethereal, ther's in you no dross,

Nor any part that's gross,

Your courtest part is like a curious Lawn,

The Vestal Relicks for a covering drawn.

Your other parts, part of the purest fire,

That ere Heaven did inspire;

Makes every thought that is refined by it,

A quintessence of goodness and of wit.

Thus have your Raptures reach'd to that degree

In Love's Philosophy,

That you can figure to your self a fire

Void of all heat, a Love without desire,

Nor in Divinity do you go less.

You think, and you profess,

That Souls may have a plenitude of Joy,

Although their Bodies meet not to employ.

But I must needs confess, I do not find

The motions of my mind

So purified as yet, but at the best

My Body claims in them an interest.

I hold that perfect joy makes all our parts

As joyful as our hearts.

Our senses tell us, if we please not them,

Our Love is but a dotage or a Dream.

How shall we then agree, you may descend,

But will not, to my end.

I fain would tune my fancy to your Key,

But cannot reach to that obstructed way.

There rests but this, that whilst we sorrow here,

Our bodies may draw near:

And when no more their joys they can extend,

Then let our souls begin where they did end.

J.S.

Profer'd Love rejected.

IT is not four years ago,
I offered Forty crowns
To lie with her a night or so:
She answer'd me in frowns.

Not two years since, she meeting me
Did whisper in my ear,
That she would at my service be
If I contented were.

I told her I was cold as snow
And had no great desire,
But should be well content to go
To Twenty, but no higher.

Some three moneths since, or thereabout,
She that so coy had bin,
Berhought her self and found me out,
And was content to sin.

I smil'd at that, and told her, I
Did think it something late:
And that I'de not repentance buy
At above half the rate.

This

This present Morning early she
Forsooth came to my bed,
And gratis there she offered me
Her high-priz'd Maidenhead.

I told her that I thought it then
Far dearer then I did,
When I at first the Forty crowns
For one Nights Lodging bid.

J. S.

Desdain.

1.

A Quoy servent d'artifices
Et serments aux vent iettez,
Si vos amours & vos services
Me sont des importunitez.

2.

L'amour a d'autres vœux mi appella
Entendez Jamais rien de moy,
Ne pensez nous rendre infidels,
A mi tesmoignant vostre foy.

3.

L'amant qui mon amour possède
Est trop plein de perfection,
Et doublement il vous excède
De merit & d'affection.

4.

Jt ne puis estre refroidie,
Ni rompre un cordage si deux.

B 3

N

*Ni le rompre sans perfidie,
In d' estre perfidi pour vous.*

5.

*Vos attentes sons toutes en vain,
Le vous dire est nous obliger,
Pour vous faire espergner vos peines
Du vous & du temps mesniager.*

English'd thus by the Author.

1.

TO what end serve the promises
And oaths lost in the air,
Since all your proffer'd services
To me but tortures are,

2.

Another now enjoys my Love,
Set you your heart at rest:
Think not me from my faith to move,
Because you faith protest,

3.

The man that doth possess my heart,
Has twice as much perfection,
And does excel you in desert,
As much as in affection.

4.

I cannot break so sweet a bond,
Unless I prove untrue:
Nor can I ever be so fond,
To prove untrue for you.

3.
Your attempts are but in vain,
(To tell you is a favor :)
For things that may be, rack your brain;
Then lose not thus your labor,

J.S.

L U T E A A L L A N S O N :

Si sola es, nulla es.

THough you, *Diana*-like, have liv'd still chaste,
Yet must you not (Fair) die a Maid at last;
The Roses on your Cheeks were never made
To bless the eye alone, and so to fade;
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being
To please no other sense then that of seeing:
You were not made to look on, though that be
A bliss too great for poor mortalitie:
In that alone those rarer parts you have,
To better uses sure wise Nature gave
Then that you put them to; to love, to wed,
For *Hymens* rights, and for the Marriage-bed
You were ordain'd, and not to lie alone;
One is no number, till that two be one.
To keep a Maiden-head but till fifteen,
Is worse then murder, and a greater sin
Then to have lost it in the lawful sheets
With one that should want skill to reap those sweets:
But not to lose't at all, by *Venus*, this,
And by her son, inexpressible is;

B 4

And

And should each Female guilty be o'th' crime,
The World would have its end before its time.

J.S.

Perjury excus'd.

As it is too late ! I can no more
Love now, then I have lov'd before :
My *Flora*, 'tis my Fate; not I;
And what you call Contempt, is Destiny.
I am no Monster here, I cannot show
Two hearts, one I already ow :
And I have bound my self with Oaths, and vowed
Oftnr, I fear, then Heaven hath e're allowed,
That Faces now should work no more on me,
Then if they could not charm, or I not see.
And shall I break them ? shall I think you can
Love, if I could, so foul a perjur'd man ?
Oh no, 'tis equally impossible that I
Oshould love again, or you love Perjury.

J.S.

A Song.

Hast thou seen the Down in the Air,
when wanton blasts have tost it ?
Or the Ship on the Sea,
when ruder winds have crost it ?
Hast thou markt the Crocodiles weeping,
or the Foxes sleeping ?

(19)

Or hast view'd the Peacock in his pride,
or the Dove by his Bride,
when he courts for his lecherie?
Oh so fickle, oh so vain, oh so false, so false is she!

J.S.

Upon T. C. having the P.

TRoth, *Tom*, I must confess I much admire
Thy water should find passage through the fire:
For fire and water never could agree,
These now by nature have some sympathie:
Sure then his way he forces; for all know
The *French* ne're grants a passage to his Foe.
If it be so, his valor I must praise,
That being the weaker, yet can force his ways;
And wish that to his valor he had strength,
That he might drive the fire quite out at length:
For (troth) as yet the Fire gets the day,
For evermore the water runs away.

J.S.

Upon the first sight of my Lady

SEIMOR.

Wonder not much if thus amaz'd I look,
Since I saw you, I have been Planet-struck:
A Beauty, and so rare I did describe,
As should I set her forth, you all as I
Would lose your hearts; for he that can
Know her and live, he must be more than man.

La

An Apparition of so sweet a Creature,
 That credit me, she had not any feature
 That did not speak her Angel. But no more
 Such heavenly things as these we must adore,
 Nor prattle of; lest when we do but touch,
 Or strive to know, we wrong her too too much.

J.S.

Upon L.M. weeping.

Whoever was the cause your tears were shed,
 May these my curses light upon his head:
 May he be first in love, and let it be
 With a most known and black deformity,
 Nay, far surpass all Witches that have bin
 Since our first Parents taught us how to sin!
 Then let this Wretch be coy, and he run mad
 For that which no man else would ere have had;
 And in this Fit may he commit the thing
 May him impenitent to th' Gallows bring!
 Then might he for one tear his Pardon have,
 But want that single grief his life to save!
 And being dead, may he at Heaven venter,
 But for the guilt of this one fact ne'r enter.

J.S.

The deformed Mistress.

I Know there are some Fools that care
 Not for the body, so the face be faire;

Some

Some others too that in a female creature
 Respect not beauty, but a comely feature :
 And others too, that for those parts in sight
 Care not so much, so that the rest be right.
 Each man his humor hath ; and Faith 'tis mine
 To love that woman which I now define.
 First I would have her Waincot Foot and Hand
 More wrinkled far then any pleited band,
 That in those furrows, if I'de take the pains,
 I might both sow and reap all sorts of grains :
 Her Nose I'de have a Foot long, not above,
 With pimples embroder'd, for those I love ;
 And at the end a comely Pearl of Snot,
 Considering whether it should fall or not :
 Provided next that half her Teeth be out,
 Nor do I care much if her pretty Snout
 Meet with her furrow'd Chin, and both together
 Hem in her Lips, as dry as good whit-leather :
 One Wall-Eye she shall have ; for that's a signe
 In other Beasts the best, why not in mine ?
 Her Neck I'le have to be pure Jet at least,
 With yellow spots enammel'd ; and her Breast
 Like a Grasshoppers wing both thin and lean,
 Not to be touch'd for dirt, unless I swept clean :
 As for her Belly, 'tis no matter, so
 There be a Belly, and ———
 Yet if you will, let it be something high,
 And always let there be a timpanie.
 But soft, where am I now ! here I should stride,
 Lest I fall in the place must be so wide ;
 And pass unto her Thighs, which shall be just
 Like to an Ants that's scraping in the dust :
 Into her Legs I'de have Loves issues fall,
 And all her Calf into a gouty Small :
 Her feet both thick, and Eagle-like displaid.
 The symptoms of a comely handsome Maid.

As for her parts behind, I ask no more,
 If they but answer those that are before,
 I have my utmost wish, and having so,
 Judge whether I am happy, yea or no.

J. S.

Non est mortale quod opto
Upon Mrs. A. L.

THou thinkst I flatter when thy praise I tell,
 But thou dost all Hyperboles excel:
 For I am sure thou art no Mortal creature,
 But a Divine one thron'd in humane feature.
 Thy Piety is such, that Heaven by merit,
 If ever any did, thou shouldst inherit:
 Thy modesty is such, that hadst thou bin
 Tempted as *Eve*, thou wouldst have shunn'd her sin:
 So lovely fair thou art, that sure Dame Nature
 Meant thee the Pattern of the Female creature:
 Besides all this, thy flowing Wit is such,
 That were it not in thee, 't had bin too much
 For Woman-kind: should Envy look thee ore,
 It would confess thus much, if not much more.
 I love thee well, yet wish some bad in thee,
 For sure I am thou art too good for me.

J. S.

His

His Dream,

ON a still silent night, scarce could I number
 One of the Clock, but that a golden slumber
 Had lockt my senses fast, and carried me
 Into a World of blest felicitie,

I know not how : First to a Garden, where
 The Apricock, the Cherry, and the Peare,
 The Strawberry, and Plumb, were fairer far
 Then that eye-pleasing Fruit that caus'd the jar
 Betwixt the Goddesses, and tempted more
 Then fair *Atlanta's* Ball, though gilded ore,
 I gaz'd a while on these, and presently
 A Silver stream ran softly gliding by,

Upon whose banks, Lillies more white then snow
 New faine from Heaven, with Violets mixt, did grow;
 Whose scent so cha'd the Neighbor-air, that you
 Would surely swear *Arabick* Spices grew
 Not far from thence, or that the place had been
 With Musk prepar'd to entertain Loves Queen.

Whilst I admir'd, the River past away,
 And up a Grove did spring, green as in *May*,
 When *April* had been moist : upon whose bushes
 The pretty Robins, Nightingals, and Thrushes
 Warbled their Notes so sweetly, that my ears
 Did judge at least the musick of the Sphears.

But here my gentle Dream conveyed me
 Into the place which I most long'd to see,
 My Mistres's bed; who, some few blushes past,
 And smiling frowns, contented was at last
 To let me touch her Neck; I not content
 With that, slipt to her breast, thence lower went,
 And then----I awak'd,

J. S.

Open

Upon A.M.

Yield all, my Love; but be withal as coy,
 As if thou knew'st not how to sport and toy:
 The Fort's resign'd with ease, Men Cowards prove
 And lazie grow. Let me besiege my Love,
 Let me despair at least three times a day,
 And take repulses upon each assay:
 If I but ask a kiss, strait blush as red
 As if I tempted for thy Maidenhead:
 Contract thy smiles, if that they go too far,
 And let thy frowns be such as threaten war.
 That Face which Nature sure never intended
 Should e're be marr'd, because 't could ne're be mended.
 Take no corruption from thy Grandame Eve;
 Rather want faith to save thee, then believe
 Too soon: For, credit me, 'tis true,
 Men most of all enjoy, when least they do.

J.S.

A Canille.

There is a thing which in the Light
 Is seldom us'd, but in the Night
 It serves the Maiden Female crew,
 The Ladies, and the Good-wivestoo:
 They use to take it in their hand,
 And then it will uprightly stand;
 And to a hole they it apply,
 Where by its good will it would dye:

It spends, goes out, and still within
It leaves its moisture thick and thin.

J.S.

The Metamorphosis.

THE little Boy, to shew his might and power,
Turn'd *Io* to a Cow, *Narcissus* to a Flower;
Transform'd *Apollo* to a homely Swain,
And *Jove* himself into a golden Rain.
These shapes were tolerable, but by th' *Moss*
H'as metamorphos'd me into an *Ais*.

J.S.

To B, C.

VVhen first, fair Mystres, I did see your face,
I brought, but carried no eyes from the place:
And since that time God *Cupid* hath me led,
In hope that once I shall enjoy your bed.
But I despair; for now, alas, I find,
Too late for me, The blind does lead the blind.

J.S.

Upon

*Upon Sir John Laurence's bringing
Water over the hills to my L. Mid-
dlesex his House at Witten,*

ANd is the Water come? sure't cannot be;
It runs too much against Philosophie;
For heavy bodies to the Centre bend,
Light bodies only naturally ascend.
How comes this then to pass? The good Knights skill
Could nothing do without the Waters will:
Then 'twas the Waters love that made it flow,
For Love will creep where well it cannot go.

J. S.

A Barber.

IAm a Barber, and I'd have you know,
A Shaver too, sometimes no mad one though:
The reason why you seem now thus bare,
Is 'cause I always trade against the haire,
But yet I keep a state; Who comes to me,
Where ere he is, he must uncover'd be,
When I'm at work, I'm bound to find discourse
To no great purpose, of great *Swedens* force,
Of *Vitel*, and the Burtle, and what 'twill cost
To get that back which was this Summer lost,
So fall to praising of his Lordships haire,
Ne'r so deform'd, I swear 'tis *sans* compare;

I tell him that the Kings doth sit no fuller;
 And yet his is not half so good a color :
 Then reach a pleasing Glais, that's made to lye
 Like to its Master, most notoriously :
 And if he must his Mistress see that day,
 I with a Powder send him strait away.

J.S.

A Soldier.

I Am a man of war and might,
 And know thus much, that I can fight,
 Whether I am i'th' wrong or right,
 devoutly.

No woman under heaven I fear,
 New Oaths I can exactly swear,
 And forty Healths my brains will bear
 most stoutly.

I cannot speak, but I can doe
 As much as any of our crew ;
 And if you doubt it, some of you
 may prove me.

I dare be bold thus much to say,
 If that my bullets do but play,
 You would be hurt so night and day,
 Yet love me.

J. S.

*To my Lady E.C. at her going out of
England.*

I Must confess, when I did part from you,
 I could not force an artificial dew
 Upon my cheeks, nor with a gilded phrase
 Express how many hundred several ways
 My heart was tortur'd, nor with arms across
 In discontented garbs set forth my loss :
 Such loud expressions many times do come
 From lightest hearts; great griefs are always dumb;
 The shallow Rivers roar, the deep are still
 Numbers of painted words may shew much skill,
 But little anguish and a cloudy face
 Is oft put on, to serve both time and place :
 The blazing wood may to the eye seem great,
 But 'tis the Fire rak'd up that has the heat,
 And keeps it long; True sorrow's like to wine,
 That which is good does never need a signe.
 My eyes were channels far too small to be
 Conveyers of such Floods of miserie :
 And so pray think ; or if you'd entertain
 A thought more charitable, suppose some strain
 Of sad repentance had, not long before,
 Quite emptied for my sin, that watry store.
 So shall you him oblige that still will be
 Your servant to his best abilitie.

I. S.

A Pedler of Small wares.

A Pedler I am, that take great care
 And mickle pains for to sell Small-ware :
 I had need so, when women do buy,
 That in small wares trade so unwillingly.

L.VV.

A Looking-glass, wil't please you Madam buy,
 A rare one 'tis indeed ; for in it I
 Can shew what all the world besides can't do,
 A Face like to your own, so fair, so true.

L. E.

For you a Girdle, Madam ; but I doubt me
 Nature hath order'd there's no Waste about ye :
 Pray therefore be but pleas'd to search my Pack,
 There's no ware that I have that you shall lack.

L. E. L. M.

You Ladies, want you Pins ? If that you do,
 I have those will enter, and that stiffly too :
 It's time you choose in troth, you will bemone
 Toolate your tarrying, when my Pack's once gone.

L. B. L. A.

As for you Ladies, there are those behind
 Whose ware perchance may better take your mind :
 One cannot please ye all ; the Pedler will draw back,
 And wish against himself, that you may have the knock.

I. S.

*An Answer to some Verses made in his
Praise.*

THe ancient Poets, and their learned rimes,
We still admire in these our later times,
And celebrate their fames: Thus though they die,
Their names can never taste mortalitie:
Blind *Homer's* Muse, and *Virgil's* stately Verse,
While any live, shall never need a herse.
Since then to these such praise was justly due
For what they did, what shall be said to you?
These had their helps; they writ of Gods and Kings,
Of Temples, Battels, and such gallant things:
But you of Nothing; how could you have writ,
Had you but chose a Subject to your wit?
To praise *Achilles*, or the *Trojan* crew,
Shewed little Art, for praise was but their due.
To say she's fair that's fair, this is no pains:
He shews himself most Poet, that most feigns:
To find out vertues strangely hid in me;
I, ther's the Art and learned Pœtrie,
To make one striding of a Barbed Steed,
Prancing a stately round: I use indeed
To ride *Bar Jewels* Jade; this is the skill,
This shews the Poet wants not wit at will.
I must admire aloof, and for my part
Be well contented, since you do't with Art.

I. S.

Love

Love's burning Glass.

W^Ondering long how I could harmles see
 Men gazing on those beams that fired me ;
 Atlast I found, it was the Chrystal Love
 Before my heart, that did the heat improve ;
 Which by contracting of those scatter'd rayes
 Into it self, did so produce my blaze.
 Now lighted by my Love, I see the same
 Beams dazle those, that me are wont t'inflame.
 And now I bless my Love, when I do think
 By how much I had rather burn then wink.
 But how much happier were it thus to burn,
 If I had liberty to choose my urn !
 But since those beams do promise only fire,
 This flame shall purge me of the dross Desire.

The Miracle,

I^F thou be'st Ice, I do admire
 How thou couldst set my heart on fire ;
 Or how thy fire could kindle me,
 Thou being Ice, and not melt thee ;
 But even my flames, light at thy own,
 Have hardned thee into a stone !
 Wonder of Love, that canst fulfill,
 Inverting nature thus, thy will ;
 Making Ice one another burn,
 Whilst it self doth harder turn :

J. S.

C 2

E

Εἰ μὴν μαθεῖν
 Ἄ δὲ παθεῖν
 Καὶ μὴ παθεῖν
 Καλὸν ἢ τὸ μαθεῖν
 Εἰ γὰρ δὲ παθεῖν
 Ἄ δὲ μαθεῖν
 Τί δὲ μαθεῖν
 Χεῖρ γὰρ παθεῖν.

*Scire si liceret quæ debes subire,
 Et non subire, pulchrum est scire :
 Sed si subire debes quæ debes scire,
 Quorsum vis scire, nam debes subire ?*

Englised thus.

If man might know
 The ill he must undergo,
 And shun it so,
 Then it were good to know :
 But if he undergo it,
 Though he know it,
 What boots him know it,
 He must undergo it ?

J.S.

SONG.

WHEN, Dearest, I but think of thee,
 Methinks all things that lovely be

Are

Are present, and my soul delighted :
 For Beauties that from worth arise,
 Are like the grace of Dieties,
 Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus whilst I sit, and sigh the Day
 With all his borrowed Lights away,
 Till Nights black wings do overtake me,
 Thinking on thee, thy Beauties then,
 As sudden Lights do sleeping men,
 So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
 No absence can subsist with Loves
 That do partake of fair perfection;
 Since in the darkest night they may
 By Loves quick motion find a way
 To see each other by reflection.

The waving Sea can with each flood
 Bathe some high Promont that hath stood
 Far from the Main up in the River :
 Oh think not then but Love can do
 As much, for that's an Ocean too,
 Which flows not every day, but ever.

J. S.

The Expoſtulation.

TELL me ye juſter Dieties,
 That pity Lovers miſeries,
 Why ſhould my own unworthineſs
 Fright me to ſeek my happineſs?

C 4

It

Are

It is as natural, as just,
 Him for to love, whom needs I must :
 All men confels that Love's a fire,
 Then who denies it to aspire ?

Tell me, if thou wert Fortunes thrall,
 Wouldst thou not raise thee from the fall ?
 Seek only to orelook thy state
 Whereto thou art condemn'd by Fate ?
 Then let me love my *Coridon*,
 And by Love's leave, him love alone :
 For I have read of Stories oft,
 That Love hath wings and soars aloft.

Then let me grow in my desire,
 Though I be martyr'd in that fire :
 For grace it is enough for me
 But only to love such as he :
 For never shall my thoughts be base,
 Though luckless, yet without disgrace :
 Then let him that my Love shall blame,
 Or clip Loves wings, or quench Loves flame.

I. S.

Detraction execrated.

THou vermin Slander, bred in abject minds
 Of thoughts impure, by vile tongues animate,
 Canker of conversation ! couldst thou find
 Nought but our Love, whereon to shew thy hate ?
 Thou never wert, when we two were alone ;
 What canst thou witness then ? thy base dull aid
 Was uselefs in our conversation,

When

Where each meant more then could by both be said.
 Whence hadst thou thy intelligence, from earth?
 That part of us ne'r knew that we did love:
 Or from the air? Our gentle sighs had birth
 From such sweet raptures as to joy did move:
 Our thoughts, as pure as the chaste Mornings breath,
 When from the Nights cold arms it creeps away,
 Were cloth'd in words; and Maidens blush that hath
 More purity, more innocence then they.
 Nor from the water couldst thou have this tale,
 No briny tear hath furrowed her smooth cheek;
 And I was pleas'd, I pray what should he aile
 That had her Love, for what else could he seek?
 We shortned days to moments by Love's Art,
 Whilst our two souls in amorous extasie
 Perceiv'd no passing time, as if a part
 Our Love had been of still Eternity.
 Much less could have it from the purer fire,
 Our heat exhales no vapor from courle sense,
 Such as are hopes, or fears, or fond desires;
 Our mutual Love it self did recompence.
 Thou hast no correspondencie in heaven,
 And th' Elemental world thou seest is free:
 Whence hadst thou then this talking Monster? even
 From hell, a harbor fit for it and thee.
 Curst be th' officious Tongue that did address
 Thee to her ears, to ruine my content:
 May it one minute taste such happinels,
 Deserving loof'd unpierced it lament!
 I must forbear her sight, and to repay
 In grief, those houres Joy shortned to a dram:
 Each minute I will lengthen to a day,
 And in one year out-live *Methusalem*.

I.S.

Seng!

SONG

UNjust Decrees, that do at once exact
 From such a Love as worthy hearts should own,
 So wild a passion,
 And yet so tame a presence
 As holding no proportion,
 Changes into impossible obedience.

Let it suffice, that neither I do love
 In such a calm observance, as to weigh
 Each word I say,
 And each examin'd look t' approve
 That towards her doth move,
 Without so much of fire
 As might in time kindle into desire.

Or give me leave to burst into a flame,
 And at the scope of my unbounded will
 Love her my fill,
 No Supercriptions of Fame,
 Of honor, or good name,
 No thought but to improve
 The gentle and quick approaches of my Love.

But thus to throng and overlade a soul
 With Love, and then to leave a room for fear,
 That shall all that controll,
 What is it but to rear
 Our passions and our hopes on high,
 That thence they may descric
 The Noblest way how to despair and die.

*A Prologue of the Authors to a Masque
at VVitten.*

EXpect not here a curious River fine,
Our wits are short of that: alas the time!
The neat refined language of the Court
We know not; if we did, our Country sport
Must not be too ambitious; 'tis for Kings,
Not for their Subjects, to have such rare things.
Besides though, I confels, *Parnassus* hardly,
Yet *Helicon* this Summer-time is dry:
Our wits were at an ebb, or very low,
And, to say troth, I think they cannot flow.
But yet a gracious influence from you
May alter Nature in our Brow-sick crew.
Have patience then, we pray, and sit a while;
And, if a laugh be too much, lend a smile.

Letters

LETTERS

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS

OF

HONOR.

BY

ST JOHN SUCKLING.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *Hampbrey Moseley*, at the Prince's Arms
in *St. Pauls Church-yard*. 1659.

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MY LORD,

BUT that you do and say things in *Scotland* now (my Lord) unfit for a good Subject to hear, I should have hoped your Lordship by a true relation of the passages there, would have disabused your humble Servant here. Distance and mens fears have so enlarged the truth, and so disproportioned every thing about the Town, that we have made the little Troop of Discontents a gallant Army; and already measure no *Scotchman*, but by his evening shadow.

We hear say you have taken *Livery* and *Seisin* of *Northumberland*, and there are that have given in *Cumberland* for quietness sake, and are content to think it part of *Scotland* because it is so barren. *London* Scriveners begin to wish they had *St. Michael-Mounts* Mens security for the Borderers they have standing-bound in their Shops; and the *Wishingtons* and *Howards* Estates are already freely disposed to the needier Rebels. Much of this part of the World is in Agues, but not all my Lord: There are that have read the Chronicles, and they finde the English oftner march'd into *Edenburgh*, then the *Scots* into *London*.

Your old Friend Alderman () (a learned Bard, and a great Inn seer into times) saith, It is a Byle broken out in the Breech of the Kingdom, and
that

(4)

that when it is ripe, it will heal of it self: Others use a handsomer Similitude, and compare *Scotland* to a Hive of swarming Bees, which they say the King watches to reduce them for the better. There is a sawcy kind of intelligence about the Town, of Ten thousand pounds that should be sent by my Lord *M.* for redemption of affairs there: But this the wiser sort suspects; for besides that his Majesty buyes his own again, they say none but the King would give so much for it.

Some are scandalized at the word of *Union*, and protest they find no resemblance betwixt this New Covenant and our *Saviours*. Others wonder why they would make use of Religion, rather than their Poverty, for the cause of their mutining, since the one is ever suspected, and the other none would have disputed.

In short, while one part of the Town is in whisper, and serious, the other part smiles. I therefore desire your Lordship to send me word in what state things stand there, that I may know of which side to be: But I beseech you think it not any inbred love to mischief, that I now send to enquire how Rebellion prospers; but impute it to a certain foolish and greedy curiosity in mans nature of news, and remember that he that hath this disease about him is

Your humble Servant.

Good

Good Mr. Alderman,

IT is most true (I confess) that we do say things here unfit for you to hear there, and for this very reason I will forbear particulars: But this I do (Mr. Alderman) not so much out of fear for my self, as care for you; for though you write in the *Presentense*, and use the *particle* (*now*) which is a kind of an exclusive word, yet it is well enough known a *scotchman* at all times might speak what an *Englishman* durst not hear. It seems (Sir) strange to me, that in the beginning of your Letter you give us the name of Rebels, when none are more his Majesties most humble Subjects then we, as in the front of our Petitions and Messages most plainly appears: True it is, that in case the King will not do what we would have him, we have provided Arms; and have perswaded those here, and sent to others abroad to assist us: But that we have at any time denied our selves to be his most faithful Subjects (by your favor Mr. Alderman) I think will hardly appear. For the taking of *Livery* and *Seisin* of *Northumberland* (if there be any such thing) neither you nor my Lord () ought to be troubled at it, for that is a business belongs to the Law, and upon a tryal had here in *Edenburgh* before any of the Covenant, no question but their will be a speedy end of it. The thing I most wonder at, is, that our old Friend should be so much mistaken, as to call *Scotland* the breech of the Kingdom, since you know that is a part of all the rest.

D

most

most subject, and is still put to endure the lash; so that in all likelihood it should rather be your Countrey then ours.

For your Simily of the Bees, and reducing us to the better, you may assure his Majesty from me, that it will not quit cost: For both his Predecessors and himself have found sufficiently, that hived or unhived, we yield not much Honey.

Now Sir, for our New Covenants having relation to the other, you must know, That though it is not absolutely alike in all, yet in some things it doth not disagree; and in this especially it suits, That there is but little care taken for setting High-Commission Courts in either.

The last scruple that troubles you is, why in this case we have made use of Religion (which every one is apt to doubt) rather than Poverty (which no man would have disputed;) and to say truth in this, I was something unsatisfied myself, untill I had spoken with one of the Learned of the Covenant, who told me, That he had observed very few to thrive by publishing their poverty, but a great many by pretending Religion. And now I doubt not, but I have in part satisfied your curiosity; there remains onely that I give you my opinion, concerning which party you ought to be of; and according to the friendship that is betwixt us, I will deal plainly with you, that if you had no more to lose then some of us have, this would be no ill site, (for you see how God hath blest the *Hollanders*.) But as you are, *London* is no ill place; for should you bring your money higher, the

Temptation

Temptation would be too strong for the men: And like a hungry man brought to a strange Table, we should fall to, without much enquiring whose the meat was.

An Answer to a Gentleman that sent to enquire after the Scottish business.

SIR,

THAT you may receive an Account of the Scottish business, and why there hath been such irresolution and alteration about the Leavies lately; it is fit you know that this Northern storm (like a new disease) hath so far pos'd the Doctors of State, that as yet they have not given it a name, though perchance they all firmly believe it to be Rebellion: And therefore (Sir) it is no wonder, if these do here as the learned in Physick, who when they know not certainly the grief, prescribe Medicines sometimes too strong, sometimes too weak. The truth is, we here consider the Scottish affair much after the rate that Mortals do the Moon; the simpler thing is no bigger then a Bushel, and some (too wise) imagine it a vast World, with strange things undiscovered in it; certainly two ill ways of casting it up, since the first would make us too secure, the other too fearful. I confess I know not how to meet it in the middle, gr set it right, nor do

I think you have: since I should believe the question to be rather *A King or no King*, there, then *A Bishop or no Bishop*. In great Mutinies or Insurrections of this nature, Pretensions speciously conscionable were never wanting, and indeed are necessary; for Rebellion itself is so ugly, that did it not put on the vizard of Religion, it would fright rather than draw people to it; and being drawn, it could not hold them without it.

Imaginary cords that seem to fasten Man to Heaven, have tied things here below surer together than any other obligation. If it be Liberty of Conscience they ask, 'tis a foolish request, since they have it already, and must have it in despite of power: For as *Theoderic* he Goth said to the Jews, *Nemo cogitur credere in vultus*. If the exercise of that Liberty, 'tis dangerous. For not three men are of the same opinion in all, and then each family must have a war within it self. Look upon their long preparations, (and consider withal Prophecie is seal'd, and therefore they could not forget this Book should be sent unto them) and you will conclude they rather employed Conscience, then Conscience employed them. Enquire after their Leaders, and you will hardly find them Apostles, or men of such sanctity, that they should order Religion. *L. sy* himself (if his story were search'd) would certainly be found one, who because he could not live well there, took up a trade of killing men abroad, and now is return'd for Christ's sake to kill men at home. If you will have my opinion, I think their quarrel

to the King is, that which they may have to the Sun ; He doth not warm and visit them, as much as others. God and Nature have placed them in the shade, and they are angry with the King of *England* for it. To conclude, this is the case: The great and wise Husbandman hath planted the Beasts in Out-fields, and they would break hedges to come into the Garden. This is the belief of

Your humble Servant

SIR,

VVE are at length arrived at that River, about the uneven running of which, my Friend Mr. *William Shakespear* makes *Henry Hotspur* quarrel so highly with his Fellow-Rebels ; and for his sake I have been something curious to consider the scantlet of ground that angry Monsieur would have had in, but cannot find it could deserve his choler, nor any of the other side ours, did not the King think it did. The account I shall now give you of the war will be but imperfect, since I conceive it to be in the state that part of the Four and twenty hours is in, which we can neither call night nor day : I should judge it dawning towards earnest, did not the Lords Covenanters Letters to our Lords here something divide me. So (Sir) you may now imagine us walking up and down the banks of *Tweed* like the Tower-Lions in their Cages, leaving the people to think what we could do if we were let loose. The Enemy

is not yet much visible, (It may be it is the fault of the Climate, which brings men as slowly forwards as Plants:) But it gives us fears that the men of Peace will draw all this to a dumb shew, and so destroy a handsome opportunity which was now offered, of producing glorious matter for future Chronicle.

These are but Conjectures, Sir :The last part of my Letter I reserve for a great and known Truth, which is, That I am (Sir)

Your most humble Servant, &c.

My Lord,

AT this instant it is grown a Calm greater than the Storm, and if you will believe the Soldier, worse ; Good Arms and Horses are already cheap, and there is nothing risen in value but a *Scotchman*. Whether it be (my Lord) the word *Native*, or the Kings good nature, we know not ; but we find, they really have that mercy on Earth, which we do but hope for from heaven ; nor can they sin so fast, as they are forgiven.

Some (and not unreasonably) per chance will imagine that this may invite good Subjects to be ill ; and that as the Sun melts Ice, but hardens Clay, Majesty, when it softens Rebellion, may make Allegiance stubborn. If (my Lord) they shall more straitly now besiege the Kings ear, and more boldly ingross

ingross fuits; Posterity must tell this miracle, That there went an Army from the South, of which there was not one man lost, nor any man taken prisoner but the King.

All we have to raise the present joys above the future fears, is, that we know Majesty hath not swallowed down so severe Pills, as it was thought Necessity would prescribe for the purging and setting it self right.

Your humble Servant.

SIR,

THe little stops or progresses which either love of the Publick, private Fears, Niceties of Honor or Jealousie, have caused in the Treaty now on foot, arrive at me so slowly, that unless I had one of Mr. *Davenants* Barbary-Pigeons, (and he now employs them all, he says, himself for the Queens use) I durst not venture to send them, Sir, to you; lest coming to your hands so late, you should call for the Map to see whether my Quarters were in *England* or in *Barbary*. The truth is, I am no first Favorite to any Lord of Secrets at this time; but when they come from Council, attend the short turn with those that are; and as in discharge of Peeces, see a whisper go off some good space of time before I hear it; to satisfy my thirst of Novelty from the stream, nor from the fountain.

Our very thoughts are hardly news, and while I now intend to write you other mens (for my own are not worthy of knowledge) it is not without some fear that they have already sent them to *White-bell* themselves.

There are, Sir, herethat have an opinion, Necessity, not good nature, produc'd this Treary; and that the same Necessity which made them thus wise for Peace, will make them as desperate for War, if it succeed not suddenly.

Some conceive little distrusts among themselves will facilitate the work, and that the danger now grown nearer, will divide the Body, by perswading each man to look to his own particular safety: So we see Men in Ships, while there is hope, assist each other; but when the wrack grows visible, leave the common care, and consult onely their own escape.

There are some imagine, this Treaty of either side is not so much to beget a good Peace as a good Cause; and that the Subject could do no less than humbly petition, not to appear a Rebel; nor the King no less then graciously to hear those Petitions, not to appear a Tyrant; and that when one Party shall be found unreasonable, the other will be thought excusable.

F. S.

SIR,

SIR,

I Send to you now to know how we do here ; for in my Lady *Kents* well-being, much of ours consists : if I am the last, you must impute it to the tenderness of my fears, which durst not enquire into so great a misfortune, or to the coming of bad news, which ever comes latest thither, whether it knows it shall be most unwelcome. For I confess, the report of so great a sickness as my Lady *Kents*, would give me more trouble then half the Sex, although amongst the rest a Mistress or two took their Fortunes : And though such excellence cannot change but for the better, yet you must excuse us that enjoy the benefit of her conversation here, if we are content Heaven should onely give her the blessing of the Old Testament, and for a while defer those of the new. The onely comfort I have had in the midst of variety of reports hath been, that I have seen nothing of extraordinary in the Elements of late ; and I conceived it but reasonable, that so general an ill as my Lady *Kents* death would be, should be proclaimed by no less then what foretels the evil of great Princes, or the beginning of great Plagues, when so unlucky a minute shall arrive, I would conclude, the virtuous and better sort of people have lost some of their power

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Power and credit above; and that the sins are more
Particularly punished of him that is

Her much obliged,

And Sir

your most humble Servant.

J. S.

Ladies,

THe opinion of things, is the measure of their
value; as was wisely said of a Neece of King
Gorbudukes. Know then, that if another then the
Coronet had received this Script, he would not
perchance have valued it so highly. The *Sybil*
Leaves had not so much consultation about them,
nor were they half so chargable as these are like to
be. We have first sent them to Secretary *Cook*,
imagining nothing but a State-key could unlock
those Mysteries. Now we are in quest of an *Arabic*
Figure-Caster, for as much of it as we conceive is
Chaldee or *Syriack*: The Coronet believes there are
noble things in it; but what *Beaumont* said of worth
wrapt up in rivelled skin, he saith of this, Who
would go in to fetch it out? Indeed the opinions
about it have been different, some thought it a little
against the State; others a Ballad with the Pictures

the wrong way ; and the most discreet have gueſt it to be a collection of Charms and Spells, and have adventured to cut it into Bracelets, to be diſtributed and worn by poor people, as remedies againſt Cramps and Tooth-aches, onely we will preſerve the Faces. And for Miſtreſs *Delana's*, we do not deſpair but *Vandike* may be able to Copy it ; Threeſcore pounds we have offered, and I think Fourſcore will tempt him. For Miſtreſs *T.* there are in that, *certaine je ne ſçay quoy*s, which none but thoſe that have ſtudied it, can diſcover, and Sir *Anthony* ſhall hold his hand till *Mr. H.* comes to Town. This is all the favor can be done in this buſineſs by

Your Humble Servant.

J. S.

SIR,

LEaſt you think I had not as perfectly forgot you, as you glory to have done me : Let theſe Lines aſſure you, That if at any time I think of you, it is with as much ſcorn, as you vainly hitherto may have ſuppoſed 't has been with affection. A certain general Compaſſion in me, and Pity of poor follies, of which number I take this to be one, A Triumph where there has been no Conqueſt, has perſwaded me to let you know thus much.

And

(16)

And now if that you have had so much Faith, that you could believe a thing so impossible as that of my loving of you, would you but reduce yourself to believe a thing so reasonable, as that there never was any such matter, you would make me step into a belief, that you never yet had the good thoughts of

J.S.

THere was (O seldom happy word of was! a time when I was not *Mountferrat*, and sure there was a time too, when all was handsome in my heart; for you were there (dear Princess) and filled the place alone. Were there--- Oh wretched word again, and should you leave that Lodging more wretched then *Mountferrat* needs must be

Your humble Servant

J.S.

To T.C.

THough writing be as tedious to me, as no doubt reading will be to thee, yet considering that shall drive that trade thou speak'st of to the *Indies*

and for my Beds and Rattles have a return of Gold
and Pearl; I am content for thy sake, and in private
thus to do penance in a sheet:

Know then, Dear *Caren*, that at Eleven last night,
flowing as much with Love as thou hast ebbed, thy
Letter found me out. I read, considered, and ad-
mired, and did conclude at last; That *Horseley* Air
did excel the Waters of the *Bath*; just so much as
Love is a more noble disease then the Pox.

No wonder if the Countesses think time lost,
till they be there: Who would not be where such
Cures flow! The care thou hast of me, that I should
traffick right, draws me by way of Gratitude to per-
swade thee to bottle up some of that, and send it
hither to Town; thy returns will be quicker then
those to the *Indies*, nor need'st thou fear a vent
since the disease is Epidemical.

One thing more, who knows (wouldst thou be
curious in the search) but thou maist find an Air of
contrary Vertue about thy House, which may, as
this destroys, so that create Affection; if there
couldst,

*The Lady of High-gate then should embrace
The disease of the Stomach; and the word of disgrace:*

Gredeline and Grass-green

Shall sometimes be seen

Its Arms to in-twine

About the Woodbine.

In honest Prose thus: We would carry our selves
first, and then our Friends manage all the little
Loves

Loves at Court, make more *Tower*-work, and be the Duke of B. of our Age, which without it, we shall never be. Think on't therefore, and be assured, That if thou joyn'st me in the Patent with thee, in the height all my greatness I will be thine, all but what belongs to *Desdemonna*, which is just as I mean to venture at thy Horse-race Saturday come Seven night.

F. S.

IT is none of the least discourtesies money hath done us Mortals, the making things easie in themselves, and natural, difficult: Yong and handsome people would have come together without half this trouble, if that had never been: This would tell you, Madam, that the offer having nothing about it of new, begot in our yong Lover very little of any thing else but Melancholy, (which notwithstanding I could easily perceive) grew rather from a fear of his Fathers minde, then a care of satisfying his own, that perswaded me to throw in all: And added the last reserve which fortunately turned the Scale, the Cavalier setting a great rate, and truly, upon the kindness of it, then upon the thing; and in that shewed the courtesie of his Judgment, as well as his Ability; the Uncle is no less satisfied then the Nephew, and both are confident to draw---- to the same thoughts, to whom, as it was fit, I have left the office.

And

(19)

And now, Madam, you may safely conclude the
cause to be removed out of *Pluro's* Court into *Cu-*
pids ; from the God of Moneys, to the God of
Love ; who if he break not off old Customers, will
quickly dispatch them, since he seldom delays those
that have past their trials in the other place.

Your humble Servant

J. S.

The End.

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THE
SAD ONE.
A
TRAGEDY.

BY
Sr. JOHN SUCKLING.



LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Arms
in *St. Pauls Churchyard*, 1659.

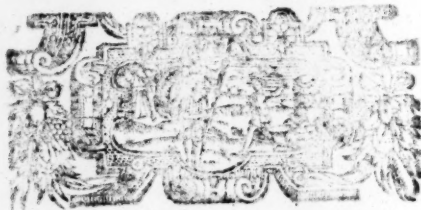
THE

SAD ONE

TRAGEDY.

BY

JOHN STICKLING.



LONDON

Printed for H. Smith, at the New York Office, No. 10, New York Street.

1845.

THE
ARGUMENT

Introducing to the following

SCENES.

S*icily* had been a long time tormented with Civil VVars, and the Crown was still in dispute, till *Aldebrand* getting the upper hand in a set Battel, establish himself in the Throne, and gave a Period to all those troubles in shew only; for the old Factions were set on foot again shortly after, and the House of the *Floretties* and the *Cleonaxes* strove now as much who shou'd be most powerful with the King, as before who should make

E 2

him:

him. In conclusion, the favor of *Al-*
debrand inclining to the *Cleonaxes*,
and by degrees resting wholly up-
on them, the *Floretties* took Arms
but in a set Field lost all; The Fa-
ther and the Son being both taken
prisoners, the one was banish'd, the
other condemned suddenly to lose
his head.

Thus far the Author drew the
curtain; the rest of the Plot is wrapt
up in the following *Scenes*.

The

The Actors.

A *Aldebrand* — King of *Sicily*.
Cleonax senior — Treasurer.
Cleonax junior ----- His Son.
Bellamino ----- Favorite of Pleasure, and Cousin to
Cleonax.
Clarimont ----- An old Lord.
Clarimont junior ----- His Son.
Fidelio ----- Friend to *Clarimont*.
Florelia ----- A Lord married to *Francelia*.
Florelia junior ----- His Brother.
Lorenzo --- An ambitious Courtier.
Parmenio --- His supposed Creature.
Drollio { --- Two Courtiers.
Lepido {
Doco Discopio ----- One that pretends to be a great
 Statesman.
Signior Multecarni ----- The Poet.
Petruchio --- - Servant to *Florelia*.
 Ambassador from *Spain*.
 Actors -----
Amasia ----- Queen to *Aldebrand*.
Francelia ----- Daughter to *Clarimont*.
 Keeper.

The Scene, SICILY.

E 3

The



The Sad One.

Act. I. Scen. I.

*Enter old Clarimont in Prison, in his Night-Gown,
his Servant following him.*

Condemn'd unheard! Just heavens, it
cannot be:

Why Tyranny it self could do no more;
The pale ghosts of *Tiberius* and *Nero*

Would blush to see an act so foul and horrid,
So full of black ingratitude as this.

'Twas I that set the Crown upon his head,

And bid him live King of his Enemies,

When he durst hardly hope it:

E 4

And

The S A D O N E.

And does he thus requite me! Now I see,
Who by the Compass of his Merit sails,
May guide his Fraught of Hopes in seasons fair
And calm; but when storms come,
All his good deeds, with his good days, must perish:
Oh my unhappy Stars! ----

(Beats his Breast.)

Ser. My Lord, let not a fruitless passion
Make you to die less Man than you have lived.

Clar. Who art thou?

Ser. I was lately one, my Lord,
Of the vast Crowd that waited on your fortunes,
But am now become the whole Train,
The rest have left you.

Clar. Prethee do thou leave me too.

(Servant exit.)

The clap o'th' Vulgar, and loud popular applause,
Are not the Echo of our Acts, but Fortunes.
Great men but Dials are, which when the Sun
Is gone, or hides his face, are hardly look't upon.
But yesterday I was Times Minister;
On me the whole Court gaz'd, as at
Some Comet set in *Cassopeia's* chair:
Who but old *Clarimont* could with Nodds create,
And with a speaking Eye, command bare heads,
and knees?

But now-----

(Beats his breast again.)

Greatness is but the shadow of the beams
Of Princes favors, nourish'd in extreams;
First taught to creep, and feed on hopes, to live
Upon the glance, and humbly to observe

Each

The S A D O N E,

Each Under-Minion, till its own desire
Work near enough to set it self on fire.

(Studies a little.)

Fain would I make my Audit up with Heaven,
For 'tis a large one; but the small vain hopes
Which yet I have of life and of revenge,
Smother these thoughts within me
Faster then they are born.

Enter Fidelio disguised like a Friar.

----- A Ghostly Father !

My minutes are but few, I see by this.

Sir, you are welcom :

I was but now considering how to die,

And, trust me, I do find it something hard,

I shall extreamly need some such good help

As yours, to do it well.

Fid. Faith, my Lord, Divines do hold,
The way to die well, is to live well first.

(Discovers himself)

Clar. *Fidelio !*

Fid. Not too loud, there's danger in't :
The King has promised life, but none as yet
Must know't ; the Enemies are too potent,
And must be softned by degrees.

Clar. Why then I see, he hath not quite forgot
Past services :

Fid. --- Not too much of that :
This is not gratitude, or if it be, it does

As

As thankfulness in great ones use to do,
It looks asquint and seems to turn to favors,
But regards new ends.

Clar. Prethee unriddle.

Fid. Why to be short, it is your daughters beauty,
Not your merit.

Clar. My fears prompt me too quick;
She's not turn'd whore, is she?

Fid. No, but her honesty is so strait beset,
That if she be not victualled well within
And have some sudden succors,
She will I fear ere long surrender.

Clar. O *Fidelio*, when Kings do tempt,
Th'had need be Angels that endure the shock,
Not women —

Fid. 'Tis true, my Lord,
Yet let not uncertain fears create new griefs:
Doubt is of all the sharpest passion,
And often turns distempers to diseases:
Collect your self, and be assur'd my zeal
Shall watch abroad; and when I may reveal
My self your servant, I'll not do't in breath,
But with the adventure of my life or death.

Clar. Oh you are noble, Sir, I know't
And mean to hope the best, Fa ewell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Leronzo and his Father with servants,
whispering together and frowning, pass
over the Stage, Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Lorenzo solus ; as going to Prison.

Arm'd with the love of sovereignty and revenge,
He ravish Fortune and all Engines trie
That heaven or hell have yet discovered,
But I will scale my end, and plant desire
As high as any thought durst ere aspire:
The dotage of the King shall not secure thee, poor
old man;

Clarimont, I come ; this night our quarrel ends,
Nothing but death could ever make us friends.

[*Knocks at the Prison-door.*]

Enter the Keeper.

Where's old *Clarimont* ?

Keep. In's bed, my Lord,

Lor. In's grave, thou wouldst have said,

Keep. Must he then die to night ?

Lor. The King will have it so,

He fears the people love him, and to save
His life may prove tumultuous.

Keep. Poor Gentleman ! how quick is Fate come
on him !

How sudden is all woe !

Bad days have wings, the good on crutches go.

My Lord, wilt please you walk into that private
chamber ?

The

The Executioner shall strait be here.

(Lorenzo goes forth, murders
him within, enters again.)

Lor. You must be sure to keep it secret now ;
Perchance the King, to try your honesty,
And blind his daughters eyes, will send to ask
Of's welfare.

Keep. Oh my Lord !

Lor. Nay, I know you understand, Farewel.

(Turns back again.)

One thing I had forgot : if any ask
What groan that was, say 'tis an usual thing
Against great mens death to hear a noise
At midnight -----

So, now Royal Letcher set you safe,
'Tis your death must secure my life :
I'll be on, Danger is but a bug-word,
My Barque shall through,
Did mountains of black horrors me surround,
----- When Fortunes hang in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

Act, 2, Scæn. 1.

Lerenzio, Parmenio attending.

A LL leave the chamber ; if any come
I'm busie. *Parmenio*, be nigher, nigher yet :
What dar'st thou do to make thy Master King,
Thy self a Favorite ?

Par. 'Tis something blunt, my Lord, (*Studies*)
Why, I dare do ----
That which I dare not speak.

Lor. By all my hopes, spoke like the man I
want !

'Twould be lost time to use much circumstance
To thee: shall we this night dispatch the King :

Par. This minute, were he my Father ;
He's not the first, nor shall he be the last.

Lor. Soul of my soul ! My better Angel sure
Forefaw my wants, and sent thee hither.

Parmenio, there's none but he
Stands 'twixt a Crown and me :

2. The Cloud that interpos'd betwixt my Hopes
before,

is like a Vapor faln, and seen no more.

The

The house of *Clarimont* is lost,
 The King hath sent one Son to banishment,
 And I have sent the Father.

Par. How Sir! ----- You have not murdered
 him! [Starts]

Lor. Why?

Par. Nothing my Lord, onely I'm sorry
 I had no hand in't.

S'death, hath the villain killed him? [Aside]

Lor. Oh thou art jealous,
 Thy hand comes well enough; this night
 I have determined that soon, ere
 The Royal Bloods atilt, you shall to horse,
 'Tis ealie to out-ride---

Par. Imaginat ion it self, my Lord.

Lor. For then report will say thou kildst him,
 No matter----

Par. Oh none at all my Lord.

Lor. When I am King,
 I can restore at ease.

Par. True, my Lord.
 What if your Excellence cast out when I'm gone,
 That *Clarimonts* youngest Son did this, and took
 His flight upon't. His discontent's known well
 enough

To make of a Suspicion a most received Truth;
 Besides, wheresoev'r I go, I'll swear 'twas he.

Lor. By *Jove* most rare, when I am King
 shall

Be poorer then I am, by giving thee
 Thy due: Away, let's lose no time in words.

We'll

The S A D O N E.

9

We're both resolv'd to put this cause to swords :
I'll to the King ; thou to prepare for night,
Four hours hence wait me in the Gallery.

Exeunt.

Act. 2. Scen. 2.

Enter Clarimont solus.

BREAK heart and burst ! My Father murdered,
And in the midst of all his hopes of life !
Methinks I see millions of Furies stand
Ready to catch my Rages sacrifice :
O for a man that could invent more plagues
Then Hell could hold ---
I have conceiv'd of wrong, and am grown great
Already : O sweet Revenge ! I humbly thee intreat
Be my Griefs midwife ; let the mother die,
So thou bringst forth her long'd for Progenie.
Methinks I feel the Villain grow within me,
And spread through all my veins :
How could I murder now, poison, or stab !
My head is full of mischief, sulphur and flaming pitch
Shall be but mercy to those deaths I'll give.

Exit.

Act. 2.

Act. 1. Scen. 3.

Enter the King, Fidelio.

Fidel. **T**Hough it be not safe for Subjects
 To prye into the secrets of their Prince,
 Much less to question about them,
 Yet the implicate faith of blind obedience,
 Poison'd with pleasing oft.----*Fid.* And't like
 Your Majesty, why do you court this Lady thus?

King. Why dost thou ask?

Fid. I know 'tis insolence to make reply,
 Yet hear me as the eccho of the Court, great Sir,
 They call your last giv'n mercy, and those favors
 But fairer ends to Lust.

King. Thy zeal hath got thy pardon:

(Starts upon him.)

No more, he that does offer to give direction
 To his Prince, is full of pride, not of discretion.

Exit.

Fid. So, to give Kings good advice,
 May shew, I see, men faithful, but not wise:
 I'm honest yet, and I do fare the worse for't,
 Oh the Court! - - -

There humors reign, and merits only serve
 To mock with idle hopes those best deserve.

Exit.

Act. 2.

Act. 2. Scæn. 4.

Enter Francelia, Bellamino.

Franc. SIR, leave your complement ; (mean.
Methinks the sweetest speech is that that's

Bell. Wrong not my Love, best Creature, so,
to think

My words are not the true Embassadors
Of my heart ; by thy fair self I swear,
Nature has been too partial
In robbing heaven and earth to give you all.

Franc. Their weaknesles you mean, and I confess
my Lord

Bell. Their richest graces, sweetest,
Oh do not rack me thus :

I love, can you give love again?

Franc. Yes, any love that you dare ask,
Or I dare give, my Lord.--- (bounds;

Bell. Oh but, fair Lady; Love must have no
It pines in prison.

Franc. Oh but, my Lord, hot Loves, if not
contained,

Like fiery meteors, promise no good to others,
And are themselves consum'd.

(*Enter the King and Lords attend.*)

Bell. O leave me not in doubts distracting trance.

King. How, my boy, what, courting!

Bell. No, Sir.

King. What was he doing then, *Francelia*?

Franc. So please your Grace, he was i'th' midst
Of all your praises, when your Highness entred.

Bell. Hum ----

There's yet some hope then. (*Aside*)

King. Oh you are glad we are come then!
That discourse was tedious.

Franc. No, my Lord, I should have been well
pleased

To have heard him longer.

King. You are grown a Courtier, fair one!
Sileo, are the Coaches ready?

Sil. Yes, And't please your Majesty.

King. Come, we'll abroad then,
This day invites us forth; where's our Queen?

Exeunt.

Act, 2. Scæn. 5.

Enter Clarimont, Fidelio, Young Florelio.

Clar. -- **T**hen with a pause fill'd up with sighs,
Ask him how strong his Guards are;
but above all,

Be sure t' apply inflaming Corrosives,
Scree up his anger to the height,
And make his fears be double;
Officious friends and mediation
May else prove remedies.

Fid.

The S A D O N E.

13

Fid. Enough; If we do fail to act
Our parts to th' life in's tragedy,
May all those horrors that do threaten him
Fall upon us, Farewell.

Exeunt.

Clar. So, my revenge flies high:
The Villain first shall kill his Father,
And while his hands are hot i' th' blood,
This sword shall pierce him.

-----Murdered he shall sink quick to hell,
I will not give him leave t' unload himself
Of one poor single sin of thought:

But lest he should wake out
O's great security, and shun his fate,
I will rock him on -----

Mischiefs are like the Cockatrices eye,
If they see first, they kill; if seen, they dye.

Exit.

F 2

Act. 3.

Act. 3. Scene, 1.

Enter King, young Florelia, Fidelio.

King. A ND must the Villain kill me too?
Flor. This very night. (had more?)

King. Why 'tis not possible, what would he have
 He had my heart, and might have had
 All but the name of King:

Oh, heaven had tyed
 So strict a friendship, we could not part with't;
 I durst have thought that I had merited
 Fidelity from him.

Fid. O my Lord, let ne'r so many drops
 Sweet as the morning-dew fall on the sea,
 The brinish water turns them all to salt:
 Where ther's an ocean of ingratitude,
 Favors must needs be lost.

King. Thou speak'st but truth;
 Who does to merit trust,
 But writes an obligation in the dust.
 Your counsels now my faithful life preserve,
 Is there a way for pardon? (here)

Fid. Faith Sir, it would pollute mercy to use it
 The fact's so foul, it calls it self for death.

King. And it shall have it:
 Traitor's enough; but when Ungrateful comes,
 It stops the mouth of pity: Go take our guards
 And apprehend him straight.

Flor. Soft, great Sir,
 'Twere fit your Justice should consider
 What way is made, if you shall apprehend him,

For Treason unborn, and which he only did intend:
 Foolish report which never was i'th' right,
 May clear his guiltiness, and censure Majesty.
 If you'd permit him to approach the Chamber,
 (Yet who'd advise Treason should come so near?)
 You would take him in the act,
 And leave no place for foul suspicion:
 Then if your grace sent for his father,
 And kept him with pretence of business by you,
 Till he became the witness of the attempt,
 Envy it self could have no cause to bark.

King. Thou art my Oracle; I cannot tell
 Whether my debt be greater to thy faith,
 Or to thy counsel: Go and watch abroad,
 And let these cares wait upon fate and me.
 The Captain of the Guard 'twere fit you sounded,
 He may do mischief: *Florelia*, you
 Shal to his father, the rest is mine to manage. *Exeunt.*
 These men are honest, and must be rewarded,
 They do deserve it; 'tis most rare to find
 A Greatness that enjoys true friends:
 For commonly it makes us fear'd and hated;
 The one doth breed offence, th'other leaves naked.
 Let the impartial eye but look upon
 All we call ours, and then again behold
 The many hungry eyes of expectation
 That wait upon our bounty, and it shall find
 That we have scarce enough to keep mens hopes up;
 We are rich if we can purchase friends: (high,
 Thrones, though they advance their glory ne'r so
 Are but the seats of fear and misery. *Exit.*

Act, 3. Scen. 2.

Enter Parmenio, Lorenzo.

Par. **I**N deep security, my Lord,
The Lady's at one window courted;
The King with *Florelia* and the Favorite;
Contriving of a Masque, which he must never see.

Lor. Good! which he must never see.
Oh thou dost hug my Fates:
How I am ravisht to think upon
Ensuing Joys! ---.

Parmenio, he's dead already.

Par. Six hours ago, my Lord, you cannot think
How much ado I had to keep my self
From saying, And't shall please your Majesty,
I th' open presence to you:
Methinks one while I see your Highness sit
Like *Jupiter* in state,
With all the petty gods about you;
And then again in a more tempting shape
Then was the shower of gold,
Lie in some *Danae's* lap
More wanton then *Europa's* Bull;
Another time with some great train,
As if you went to battel,
Rockt in a douny coach, go take the air,
And have the thronging City

Crowded

Crowded into a handfull,
Looking along to bless your eyes,
And striving who shall cry loudest,
God bless your Majesty !

Lor. And all the while thou, like my Ganimede
Shalt tast *Ambrosia* with me, while the petty gods,
Burst with repining at thy happiness :

Thou shalt dispose of all, create, displace,
Recall'd my Boy, revel and mask, what not ?

Oh for one half year I will not speak unto the
people,

Take you that office, keep that part for yours,

Oh how I long for night !

Thou canst not name the pleasure

Could make the time not tedious.

Away unto thy watch, and when the King's abed,
Be here.

Par. I shall, my Lord,
And't please your Majesty, I shall,

Exeunt.

Act. 3. Scæn. 3.

*Enter the Queen Amasia, Bellamino her Favorite,
Drollio Attendants.*

Bell. **W**Hat is the matter, Madam, that the
Court

Is in such clouds to night? The King
Feigns mirth and freeness, but withall
Flashes of fury make escapes.

Q. 'Tis strange, my Lord, you should not know;

Bell. Faith Madam, I know nothing.

Q. Troth not I, but I suspect:

The Clock no sooner struck, but all the Statesmen
Started, as if they had been to run a race,

And the King told me 'twere fit I took my rest;

There's something in't; but these designs of State

We women know no more then our own fate,

To turn our talk, Faith my Lord, where lies

That Beauty that so captivates you all?

She has a graceful garb, 'tis true.

Bell. Who, Madam, *Francelia*?

Oh she has a dainty foot,

And daintier hand, an eye round as a globe

And black as jet, so full of Majesty and life,

That when it most denies, it most invites.

Q. These parts she has indeed, but is here all?

Bell. All! heaven forbid:

Her hair's so preciouslly fair and soft,

That

The S A D O N E

That were she falln into some river and
In danger, one would make a conscience
To save her life, for fear of spoiling it.
Her lips are gently swelled like unto
Some blushing cherry, that hath newly tasted
The dew from heavens; and her cheeks ----

Q. Hold, hold my Lord, all this is Poetry,
A Painter could not flatter more:
To my eye now she is so slender,
She's scarce, I think, a span about it^h middle.

Bell. Oh, Madam, you must think wise Nature
Of such rich mould as she was framed
Would make as little wast as could be.

Q. So, so,
What think you of the upper part o^th^r nose then;
Does it not look as if it did give way
The eyes should shortly have an interview?

Bell. You're too severe a Critick, Madam;
So good a wit as yours could make,
Where there were any, all blest perfections.
After all, next to your Highness, I'm resolved to
think
She is chiefest Beauty.

Q. Not next to me, my Lord, now I am sure
you flatter.
But 'tis too late to chide you for it,
Goodnight ---

Exeunt.

Act. 3

The S A D O N E.

Act, 3. Scæn: 4.

*Enter the King going to bed, Cleonax, Lords,
Attendants.*

King. GOD night to all. Lord *Cleonax*, a word in
private; [Whisper]
Take away the lights and shut the door. *Exeunt.*

Enter Parmenio and Lorenzo.

Lor. Is the King gone to bed?

Par. An hour ago, my Lord.

Lor. What if he should not be asleep yet?

Par. No matter; ere his tongue can speak, our
swords

Shall kill: What though he calls us Traitors?

I will be his last, and may be pardoned.

Come Sir, bravely on!

----- Fear's worse then death,

You're Lord of all, or not of your own breath.

Lor. Nay if I fear, may I not live.

Follow -----

The King calls out Treason? Old
Cleonax rising to go out at the door to
call for help, is met by his son, who
took him for the King and kill'd him;
Lorenzo is presently of set purpose run
through by *Parmenio*.

Act. 3

Act. 3. Scen. 5.

*Enter the King in his Night-gown, Lords,
Attendants.*

King. **T**Rust me, most sad and strange!
A flood of grief beats at my eyes for
vent.

Poor *Cleonax*, I'm truly sorry for thee.

Lords. So are we all.

King. This accident commands our pity,
But what is done, is done:

Let it not be as yet divulged;

Remove the corps, and let it be the care

Of thee *Florelia*, to see his burial

Honourable and private. -----

Good thanks to all the rest,

Clarimont, stay you with me.

Exeunt.

The Traitor's dead by *Parmenio*; but you must
know,

There's one yet lives within me, I love, *Clarimont*.

Clar. That passion of all others, Sir, heaven
easiest pardons;

He lives not sure, that loves not.

King. I, but my love's not pure,

'Tis great, not good, *Clarimont*,

I love ----- *Francelia*.

Clar. Take heed of unchast fires, great Sir,

They mischeif, Sir; Forget her, faith forget her:

Since

Such fits as these are ever cur'd like Agues;
 But when they are most starved :
 If you shall give them their desired fuel,
 They'l not be quencht with ease, and it is ever seen
 (Heaven keep my Sovereign !)
 The house they're bred in, feels them first and ever.

King. Clarimont, thou wert ne'r in Love;
 Thou art Philosophical, and wouldst have Reason
 Guide where it was never yet Companion:
 Thou shewst thy want of Love,
 But helpest not mine: Councel is now too late,
 It's like Smiths water flung upon the coals
 Which more inflames, here -----
 Thou twice hast sav'd my life, if thou now speed'st;
 Go to *Francelia*, and present
 This Jewel to her, and withall my Love,
 (Gives him a Jewel)

Do't with thy best of language and respect .

Fair means at first we'll use,

But foul shall come, if she the fair refuse :

Goodnight, and good success.

Exit.

Clar. Obedience is the best of what I am,
 Your will's my Law, Sir.

Clarimont solus.

-- Why then it must be :

Was there no women in the Court

To feed thy lust with, but my siste'r,

And none to be the Bawd but I ?

Couldst thou not think of any other way

To

The SAD ONE.

123

To express thy greatness, but by doing me wrong :
My fathers angry ghost, I see,

Is not full appeased yet :

(Studies)

Why should I make, of murder thus begun,
A Massacre ? —

He did my father right in his revenge ;

I, but he wrong'd him first, and yet who knows

But it was Justice to attempt by force ?

The removal of great Favourites, though enemies
to th' State,

Is not so warrantable, ---- I'm in a maze :

Something I'll do, but what I cannot tell,

I fear the worst, Lust never ended well.

Exit

Act.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

Enter Francelia and Bellamino.

Franc. **F**ie, leave this importunity, my Lord,
I shall yield else, by this kiss I shall.

Bell. By this, and this, and this, thou shalt:
Heavens, what a breath is here!

Thy father fed on musk and amber
When he begot thee, sure; the wanton air
Chaf'd by the hot scents of Arabick spices
Is nothing nigh so sweet; the *Ambrosia*
The Gods themselves were drunk with
Dwells on thy lips.

(Enter Florelia senior,)

Franc. Come, come, you flatter,
Tis on yours, my Lord.

Bell. On mine! Alas, Nature gave us the prickles;
You theroses, but meant that they should grow to-
gether. [Kisses again.]

Franc. So, so, what if the King or *Florelia*
saw ye?

Bell. What if they did? I can fear nothing now
But surfeits: Come, we lose time, my Fairest,
Do we not? this is the minute — *(Kisses her again)*
Flor.

Flor. By heaven this is not fair, Madam.

Franc. Wonder strikes me dumb.

Exit.

Flor. How does she kiss, Favorite?

Bell. Who, my Lord?

Flor. My wife, my Lord: draw, draw, or by all my hopes,

My rage will make me turn a murderer.

Bell. Not so easily ——— (They fight)

Flor. Hold, let's breathe: Why should I do him right,

Who has done me such wrong? or die for her

That will not live for me ——— (Puts up)

Go enjoy her ---- (Offers to go out)

Bell. Soft ---- (Pulls him back)

You have stolne a secret here

That you must give again, or take my life----draw.

Flor. Prethee disturb me not.

Bell. No, unless you promise never to disclose

What you have here discover'd,

This must be the passage. [Stands betwixt the door and him.]

Flor. Hum! I will be mute, credit me.

I will not speak one word. [Offers to go out again]

Bell. Nay---- [Pulls him back]

You must swear it too.

Flor. If I must, I must,---By heaven

And by my honor- - How tame a thing

A Cuckold is!

Exit:

Bell. S'death, why did I let him go?

We can no more subsist together

Then Fire and Water---

--O.

— One of us two must die ;
 And charity tells me, better he than I,
 But how ? it is not for my honor
 To kill him basely ————— (Studies)
 Nor is it for hers to kill him otherwise ;
 The whole Court will ghefs the quarrel,
 If it be a Duel ————— (Studies again)
 It is decreed ; No matter which way, so he fall :
 Mine, in respect of hers, are no respects at all.

Exit.

Act. 7. Scæn. 2.

Enter Docodisapio, Drollio.

Doc. **A** Bused, grossly abused ! a base affront,
 Believe it, *Drollio*.

Droll. Why, what's the matter, Signior ?

Doc. Why, do you hear nothing ?

Droll. No, why what should it be ?

Doc. *Pisaro* is the man.

Droll. Fie, fie, it cannot be ;

The State could not commit so great an oversight,
 Neglect a man of merit for *Pisaro*, fie, fie !

Doc. Want of judgement, *Drollio* ;

An unlearned Council, I ever told you so,

Never more heads, nor never less wit, believ'r.

Droll.

The S A D O N E.

Droll. Say you so, Seignior, that's hard:
What say you to *Diano*?

Doc. Alas, an ordinary Brain,
Talks and talks it's true;
But speaks more then he is, believe't,
Betwixt you and I, a meer prapler.
There's *Falorio* too; why, he cannot read his own hand;
Vasquez cannot speak sence without two days
Premeditation, *Sillio*, *Vechio*, *Caronno*,
All Stones in their Head —

Droll. If I should tell these Lords now, Seignior,
What you say, it might cost an *Earensa*.

Doc. I, why there's another abuse i th' State,
A man shall have his ears cut off for speaking
A truth. A sick Government, *Drollio*,
And a weak one believe't; it never thrived
Since *Spain* and we grew so great.

There's a mystery in that too, *Drollio*. (money)

I will kno wall, before they have any more of my
Doll. Peace Seignior, the King. *Exeunt,*

*Enter the King, Queen, Lords, an Ambassador
from Spain, who has his Audience; after which
the King goes out talking with Fidelio, the rest
follow. Then enters the two Brothers, the Flo-
rellies, the elder speaks earnestly*

Fl. j. I prethee leave me, by all that's good
Thou canst not know it, why shouldst thou thus
In vain torment thy self and me. (They Whisper.

Fl. j. Well, I ghes, and 'tis enough. *Exit.*

[The elder Florellin goes out
at another door.]

Act. 4. Scæn. 3.

Enter Clarimont, Francelia.

Franc. **T**Hink not, good Sir, your elegant im-
 forcements

Can seduce my weaker innocence ; it's a resolution
 grounded,

And sooner shall the fixed Orbs be lifted off their
 hinges,

Then I be mov'd to any act
 That bears the name of foul :

You know the way you came Sir.

Clar. Is this all the respect the King shall have ?
 No, you would do well to clothe his harsh denial
 In better language.

Franc. You may please to say,
 I owe my life unto my Sovereign,
 And should be proud to pay it in
 At any warning, were it ne're so short:
 But for my Chastity, it doth so much concern an-
 other,

I can by no means part with it :

So fare you well Sir-----

Exit.

Clar. By heaven a Saint, no woman;
 Sure she was born o' th' virtues of her Mother,
 Not of her Nieces ; the whole sex
 May come to be thought well of for her sake.
 I long to meet *Florelie* ; my joy is not compleat
 Till I have cured his jealousies as well as mine.

*Exit.**Exit.*

Enter Florelia, and a Boy.

Flor. There was a time when Snakes and Adders
had no being,

When the poor Infant-world had no worse reptiles

Then were the Melon and the Strawberry:

Those were the golden times of Innocence,

There were no Kings then, nor no lustful Peers,

No smooth-fac'd Favorites, nor no Cuckolds sure.

Oh!-- -how happy is that man, whose humbler
thoughts

Kept him from Court, who never yet was taught

The glorious way unto damnation;

Who never did aspire

Further then the cool shades of quiet rest,

How have the heavens his lower wishes blest?

Sleep makes his labours sweet, and innocence

Does his mean fortunes truly recompence:

He feels no hot Loves, nor no Pallie-fears,

No fits of filthy Lusts, or of pale Jealousies:

He wants, it's true, our clothes, our masks, our diet,

And wants our cares, our fears, and our disquiets.

But this is all but raving,

And does distemper more; I'll sleep:

[Lies all along on the ground.]

Boy, sing the Song I gave you.

G²

A

A Song to a Lute.

Hast thou seen the Downy Air,
 When wanton blasts have tost it;
 Or the Ship on the Sea,
 When ruder waves have crost it?
 Hast thou markt the Crocodiles weeping,
 Or the Foxes sleeping?
 Or hast thou view'd the Peacock in his pride,
 When he courts for his leachery?
 Oh so fickle, oh so vain, oh so false, so false is she!
 Good Boy, leave me.

(Boy exits.)

Enter Clarimont.

Clar. How now Florelia, Melancholy?

Florelia. No, I was studying, prethee resolve me
 Whether it be better to maintain
 A strong implicit faith;
 That can by no means be oppress'd;
 Or falling to the bottom at the first,
 Arm'd with disdain and with contempt, to scorn
 the worst?

Clar. This is a subtil one; but why studying
 about this? (head-ach.)

Florelia. Faith, I would find a good receipt for the
 That's all.----

Clar. Hum, I know now whereabouts you are;
 No more on't, I am come to clear those doubts,
 Your wife is chaste, chaste as the Turtle-dove.

Florelia. Ha, ha, ha!

Clar.

The S A D Q U E.

31

Clar. Ha, why do you laugh? I know she is, 'tis not
So many hours, since I tempted her with all my
eloquence,

And for the King, yet found her cold as ice.

Flor. Ha, ha, ha!

Clar. You do not well to tempt a Friend,
You do forget, she is my sister.

Flor. I would I ne're had known you had one.

Clar. You'll give a reason now for this.

Flor. None.

Clar. By all that's good, since our dear father left us,
We are become his scoon; look you Sir, [Draw]
I dare maintain it.

Flor. But I dare not; put up, put up, young man,
When thou hast known a woman, thou wilt be
ramer. *Exit.*

Clar. Ha! what should this mean?
I know he's valiant, wife, discreet, and what of that?
Passion, when it hath got the bit, doth oft-times
throw the Rider.

--- Yet why should I be peremptory?
She may, for ought I know, be yet un-

With some unworthy Groom. [Studies]
What if I stole into some corner, and heard her at

Confession?

'T would not be amiss---

For souls, at such a time, like ships in tempests,

Throw out all they have. And now I think on't,

Her trial shall be quick: Friend, I'll do thee right,

Come on't what will, she dies if she be right.

[Exit,
A2]

Act. 4. Scen. 4.

Enter Signior Multecarni the Poet, and two of the Actors.

Mul. VVELL, if there be no Remedy, one must act two parts;

Rossio shall be the Fool and the Lord,
And **Tisso** the Citizen and the Cuckold.

1. Act. That cannot be, Signior, you know,
One still comes in, when the other goes out.

Mul. By *Fove* 'tis true; let me see,
We'll contrive it, the Lord and the Usurer,
The Citizen and the Politician,
And sure they never are together;
But who shall act the honest Lawyer?
'Tis a hard part, that.

2. Act. And a tedious one,
It's admired you would put it in, Squire;
And 'tis against your own rules,
To represent any thing on the Stage,
That cannot be.

Mul. Why, dost think 'tis impossible for a Lawyer to be honest?

1. Act. As 'tis for a Lord Treasurer to be poor,
Or for a King not to be Cozened.

There,

There's little *Robin*, in debt within these three years,
Grown fat and full by the trade:
And than there's *Barocchio*, an unknown man,
Got it all by speaking loud and bawling:
Believe it, Signior, they have no more conscience
Then an Inn-keeper. ----

Mul. I grant you all this; An old Cook, and a
good, will please all palates:

There's that for the young Tapers of the Law;
Then there's a bawdy Jest or two
Extraordinary for the Ladies;
And when it comes to be acted in private,
I'll have a jerk at the State
For the Country-Gentleman; If it does not take,
My masters, it lies not upon me,
I have provided well;
And if the stomach of the times be naught,
The fault's not in the meat or in the Cook;
Come, let's find out *Lepida*
And dine at the Mermaid ----
Come let us have one Rowle, my Joves, in *Aristippus*.
We shall conceive the better afterwards.

Act. Agreed, agreed ---- (Exeunt singing)

Come, come away, to the Tavern I say,

For now at home is Washing-day;

Leave your prittle-prattle, let's have a Poële,

We are not so wise as Aristotle.

Act. 4. Scæn. 5.

Enter Clarimont, Floridio.

Clar. BY heaven she's false, false as the tears of
Crocodiles, G 4 Of

34 *The S A D O N E*

Or what is yet more feign'd: I do confess,
Your pardon, *Florelia*, come pray your pardon,
Perchance I may deserve it.

Flo. You have it, so has she; would heaven
would do it as easily as I.

Clar. Heaven cannot do so foul an act.
She has oh, she has done too much.
And should not I see justice done,
The gods would punish me. Brother, clear up,
The world shall not be one day elder
Ere I see thy injuries revenged:
This night the King will revel
And be gamesome; he will change beds with thee,
Deny him not, and leave the rest to me.

Flo. Thy youth I see doth put thee on too fast,
Thou hast too much of passion, gentle brother:
Thinkst thou the death of a poor lustful King
Or Peer can give me ease?
No, for if it could, my hand durst go as far that way
As thine ---

Had she been chaste, there had no tempests bin,
Or if there had, I had not thought it sin.
Draw not thy sword at all. I do beseech thee,
I will not deserve one drop of Noble blood;
Forget it, do, for my sake. ---

Clar. May heaven forget me then!
Where is the courage of thy house becom?
When didst thou cease to be thy self?
Shall two brave Families be wrong'd,
Most basely wrong'd ---

And

The S A D O N E.

And shall we tamely like Philosophers
Dispute it without reasons?
First may I live the scorn of all the world,
Then die forgotten. --- No, no,
Were there as many Actors in thy wrong,
As does the vast Stage of the world now bear,
Not one should 'scape my rage, I and my ghost
Would persecute them all.
By all our ties of Love, of Brother, Friend,
By what thou holdst most dear, I do conjure thee
To leave this work to me;
And if e're thou canst think
That I present thee not a full revenge,
Then take it out on me.

Flor. Thy zeal hath overcome me,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Clar. Nothing but this; Obey the King in all
He shall desire, and let your servants be at my
dispose

This night; one of your faithfull & Confidants
Send hither presently.

Flor. Well I shall, but what you'l do, heaven
knows,

I know not, nor will I :- ---

It is enough that I, against my will,
Am made a passive instrument of ill.
Farewell ---

Exit,

Clar. So, there is but this,
The wanton King this night, thinks to embrace
My sister; his bed shall prove his grave,

H 2

His own Favorite shall make it so:

I have perswaded him she yields,

And this night doth expect him:

He, to make sure o' th' Husband,

By my advice, as if he did intend

Some jest, means to change lodgings

With wrong'd *Florelio*, the Favorite.

Enter Petruchio.

Oh *Petruchio*, welcom! You have other clothes.

These I should borrow for a little while,

In Masquing times Disguises are in fashion:

I have a pretty plot in hand, and if it take,

'Twill be some Crowns in thy way.

Petr. I shall pray hard it may, Sir.

My Clothes howsoever are at your service.

Clar. And I at yours, *Petruchio*;

But you must be dumb

And secret now.

Pet. As any Statue, Sir.

Clar. Come then, let's about it.

Exeunt

Act 5.

Act. 5. Scen. 1.

Enter Lepido, Drollio.

Droll. A Rare Masque no doubt, who contriv'd it?

Lep. Marry he that says 'tis good, how-
soere he has made it,Signior *Multicarni*.

Droll. Who, the Poet Laureat?

Lep. The same.

Droll. Oh then 'twere blasphemy to speak against
it:What, are we full of *Cupids*?
Do we sail upon the vast, and resail,
And fetch the Masque from the clouds?

Lep. Away Critick, thou never understood him.

Droll. Troth I confess it; but my comfort is,
Others are troubled with the same disease,
'Tis Epidemical, *Lepido*, take't on my word,
And so let's in, and see how things go forward.

Exeunt.

Act. 5.

Act, 3. Scen. 2.

Enter Francelia sola weeping.

SWell on my griefs, and O ye gentler tears
 Drop still, and never cease to fall
 Till you become a boundless Ocean;
 Then drown the Source that sent you out, and hide
 Francelia from her husbands sight,

Her wronged Husbands:

Oh could my *Florelia* but see

How all hot flames within me are gone forth,

Sure he would love again:

Yes sure he would not: Heavens! how just you are,
 And oh how wicked I am!

My heart beats thick as if my end were nigh,

And would it were! a better time death

Cannot take; an Absolution I have had,

And have confess'd my unchaste Love

Unto my ghostly Father; my peace is made above,

But here below---What mak'st thou here

Petruchio?--- (*Enter Clarimont like to Petruchio*)

Clar. She weeps, the whore repents perchance:

Madam, it is my Masters pleasure that this night

You keep your chamber.

(*same,*

Franc. Thy voice and countenance are not the
 They tell me that thy Master is disp eas'd.

Clar. Madam, it may be so; but that to me
 Is as unknown as is the new-found world,
 I am his servant and obey commands.

Frank

Franc. And so am I, I prethee tell him so,
I will not stir.-----

Exit.

Clar. How cunning is the Devil in a Womans
shape!
He had almost again perswaded me
To have become her brother.

Enter Servant.

Ser. *Petruchio* the Favorite is lighted at the door,
And asks to see my Lady.

Clar. My Lady is retired, where is he?
This to my hearts desire falls out.

Enter Bellamino the Favorite.

Bell. Where's *Francelia*?

Clar. My Lord, she is not well,
And craves your Lordships Pardon.

Bell. What, sick upon a Masque-night,
And when the King sends for her!

Come, come, that must not be;

Which way is she?

[*Clarimont steps to him
and whispers.*]

Bell. By heaven---

[*He starts.*]

Clar. By heaven, nor will she ever see you more,
if he---

Bell. Understand you, I am *Bellamino*;
if ere he see the morning,
I had decreed it, nor should he have surviv'd
Three days, had he been ne're so silent:

This

This night's his last, *Petruchio*;

This arm shall make it so,

I will not trust my brother with the act.

Clar. Nobly resolv'd; but how, or where, my Lord?

Bell. No matter where; rather then fail;
I'll make the Presence-chamber be
The place of execution.

Clar. Still nobly, but my Lord ----

Bell. But again, *Petruchio*,

Clar. ---- And again, my Lord, why
Think you that *Petruchio*, when he is
Entrusted in a business, will not see
It rightly done, and for his Ladies honor?
You'll kill him, and in publick, then forsooth
When you're i'th' saddle, all the Court shall cry
Francelia was weary of her husband:
No, no, my Lady loves you well,
But loves her honor too; and there are ways, I hope,
To keep the one, and yet not lose the other:
Do not I know my Lady lies alone,
And will feign her self sick this night,
And all on purpose too: am not I to let you
Into her chamber, and to give out, the fact once
done,
That he killed himself. ----

FINIS.

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